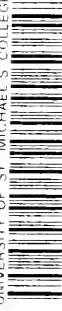
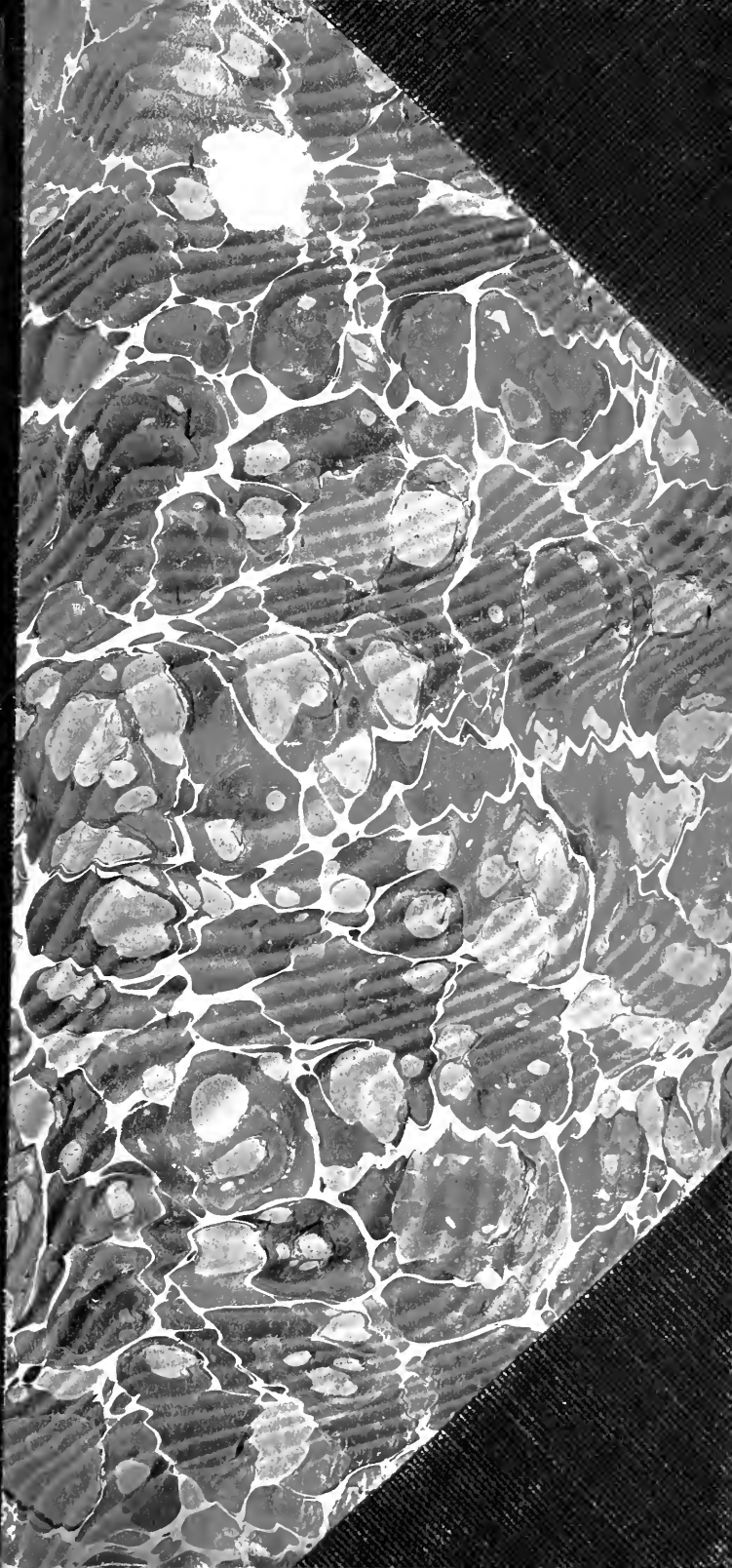


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POEMS OF GOETHE











# Poetical Works

## Reynard the Fox

By  
J. W. VON GOETHE

Translated by  
John Storer Cobb

Edited by Nathan Haskell Dole

VOLUME VII



Robertson, Ashford and Bentley

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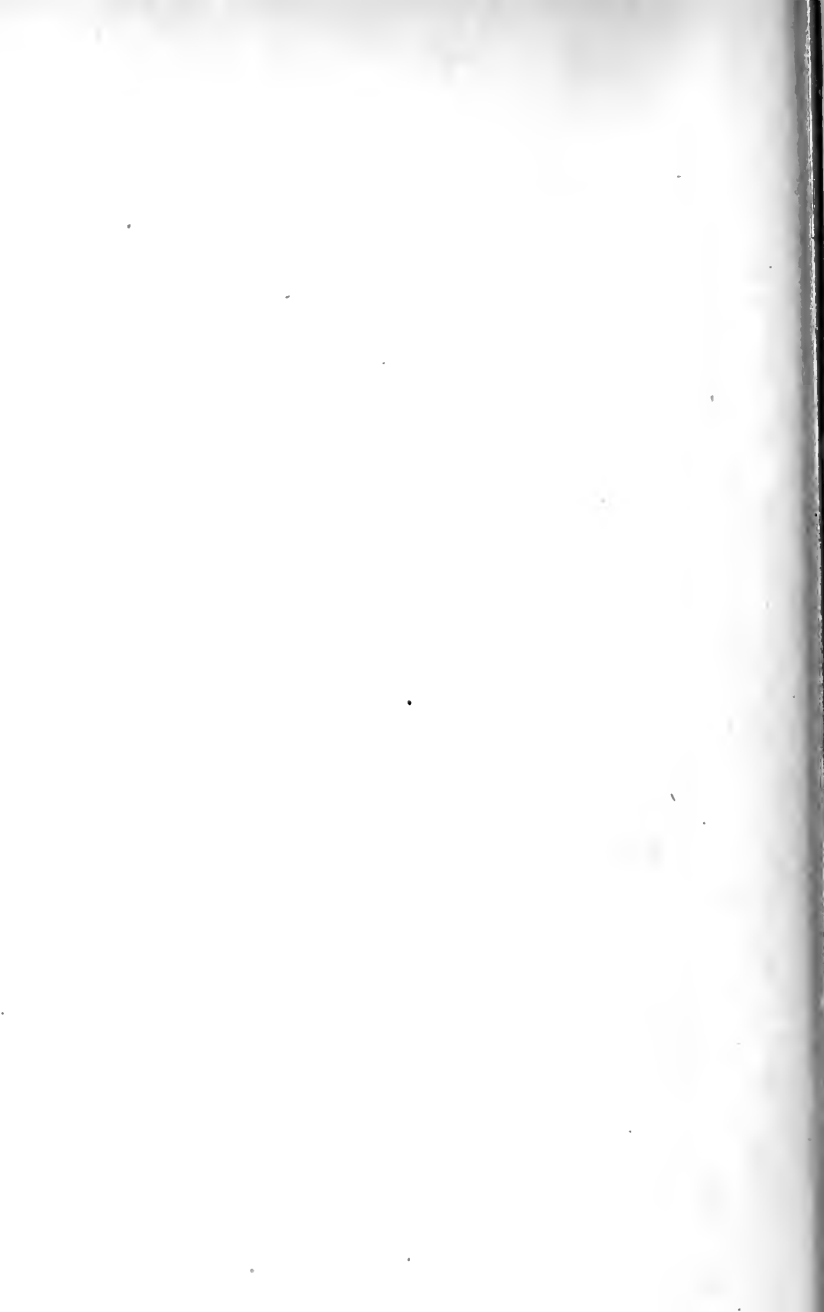
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# Poems of Goethe

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## DEDICATION.

### I.

THE morning came. Its footsteps scared away  
The gentle sleep that hovered lightly o'er me;  
I left my quiet cot to greet the day,  
And gaily climbed the mountainside before me.  
The sweet young flowers! how fresh were they and  
tender,  
Brimful with dew upon the sparkling lea;  
The young day opened in exulting splendour,  
And all around seemed glad to gladden me.

### II.

And, as I mounted, o'er the meadow ground  
A white and filmy essence 'gan to hover;  
It sailed and shifted till it hemmed me round,  
Then rose above my head, and floated over.  
No more I saw the beauteous scene unfolded —  
It lay beneath a melancholy shroud;  
And soon was I, as if in vapour moulded,  
Alone, within the twilight of the cloud.

### III.

At once, as though the sun were struggling through,  
Within the mist a sudden radiance started;

Here sunk the vapour, but to rise anew,  
 There on the peak, and upland forest parted.  
 Oh, how I panted for the first clear gleaming,  
 Made by the gloom it banished doubly bright!  
 It came not, but a glory round me beaming,  
 And I stood blinded by the gush of light.

## IV.

A moment, and I felt enforced to look,  
 By some strange impulse of the heart's emotion;  
 But more than one quick glance I scarce could brook,  
 For all was burning like a molten ocean.  
 There, in the glorious clouds that seemed to bear her,  
 A form angelic hovered in the air;  
 Ne'er did my eyes behold a vision fairer,  
 And still she gazed upon me, floating there.

## V.

"Dost thou not know me?" and her voice was soft  
 As truthful love, and holy calm it sounded.  
 "Know'st thou not me, who many a time and oft  
 Poured balsam in thy hurts when sorest wounded?  
 Ah, well thou knowest her, to whom for ever  
 Thy heart in union pants to be allied!  
 Have I not seen the tears — the wild endeavour  
 That even in boyhood brought me to thy side?"

## VI.

"Yes! I have felt thy influence oft," I cried,  
 And sank on earth before her, half-adoring;  
 "Thou brought'st me rest when passion's lava tide  
 Thro' my young veins like liquid fire was pouring.  
 And thou hast fanned, as with celestial pinions,  
 In summer's heat, my parched and fevered brow;  
 Gav'st me the choicest gifts of earth's dominions,  
 And, save through thee, I seek no fortune now.

## VII.

“ I name thee not, but I have heard thee named,  
 And heard thee styled their own ere now by many ;  
 All eyes believe at thee their glance is aimed,  
 Though thine effulgence is too great for any.  
 Ah ! I had many comrades whilst I wandered —  
 I know thee now, and stand almost alone :  
 I veil thy light, too precious to be squandered,  
 And share the inward joy I feel with none.”

## VIII.

Smiling, she said — “ Thou seest ’twas wise from thee  
 To keep the fuller, greater revelation :  
 Scarce art thou from grotesque delusions free,  
 Scarce master of thy childish first sensation ;  
 Yet deem’st thyself so far above thy brothers,  
 That thou hast won the right to scorn them ! Cease.  
 Who made the yawning gulf ’twixt thee and others ?  
 Know — know thyself — live with the world in  
 peace.”

## IX.

“ Forgive me ! ” I exclaimed, “ I meant no ill,  
 Else should in vain my eyes be disenchanted ;  
 Within my blood there stirs a genial will —  
 I know the worth of all that thou hast granted.  
 That boon I hold in trust for others merely,  
 Nor shall I let it rust within the ground ;  
 Why sought I out the pathway so sincerely,  
 If not to guide my brothers to the bound ? ”

## X.

And as I spoke, upon her radiant face  
 Passed a sweet smile, like breath across a mirror,  
 And in her eyes’ bright meaning I could trace  
 What I had answered well, and what in error.

She smiled, and then my heart regained its lightness,  
 And bounded in my breast with rapture high :  
 Then durst I pass within her zone of brightness,  
 And gaze upon her with unquailing eye.

## XI.

Straightway she stretched her hand among the thin  
 And watery haze that round her presence hovered ;  
 Slowly it coiled and shrunk her grasp within,  
 And lo ! the landscape lay once more uncovered —  
 Again mine eye could scan the sparkling meadow,  
 I looked to heaven, and all was clear and bright ;  
 I saw her hold a veil without a shadow,  
 That undulated round her in the light.

## XII.

“ I know thee ! — all thy weakness, all that yet  
 Of good within thee lives and glows, I've measured ; ”  
 She said — her voice I never may forget —  
 “ Accept the gift that long for thee was treasured.  
 Oh ! happy he, thrice-blessed in earth and heaven,  
 Who takes this gift with soul serene and true,  
 The veil of song, by Truth's own fingers given,  
 Enwoven of sunshine and the morning dew.

## XIII.

“ Wave but this veil on high, whene'er beneath  
 The noonday fervour thou and thine are glowing,  
 And fragrance of all flowers around shall breathe,  
 And the cool winds of eve come freshly blowing.  
 Earth's cares shall cease for thee, and all its riot ;  
 Where gloomed the grave, a starry couch be seen ;  
 The waves of life shall sink in halcyon quiet ;  
 The days be lovely fair, the nights serene.”



## XIV.

Come then, my friends, and whether 'neath the load  
Of heavy griefs ye struggle on, or whether  
Your better destiny shall strew the road  
With flowers, and golden fruits that cannot wither,  
United let us move, still forward striving ;  
So while we live shall joy our days illumine,  
And in our children's hearts our love surviving  
Shall gladden them, when we are in the tomb.

A. M.

## TO THE KIND READER.

No one talks more than a poet ;  
Fain he'd have the people know it,  
Praise or blame he ever loves ;  
None in prose confess an error,  
Yet we do so, void of terror,  
In the Muses' silent groves.

What I erred in, what corrected,  
What I suffered, what effected,  
To this wreath as flowers belong ;  
For the aged and the youthful,  
And the vicious and the truthful,  
All are fair when viewed in song.

## SOUND, SWEET SONG.

SOUND, sweet song, from some far land,  
Sighing softly close at hand,  
Now of joy, and now of woe !  
Stars are wont to glimmer so.  
Sooner thus will good unfold ;  
Children young and children old  
Gladly hear thy numbers flow.

## THE MODERN AMADIS.

THEY kept me guarded close, while yet  
 A little tiny elf,  
 And so I sat, and did beget  
 A world within myself,  
 All I cared to see.

Golden fancy then unfurled  
 Endless sights to me,  
 And a gallant knight I grew ;  
 Like the Prince Pipi,  
 Roamed throughout the world.

Many a crystal palace saw,  
 Many overthrew ;  
 My far-flashing falchion hurled  
 Through the dragon's maw.  
 Ha ! then I was a man !

Next I freed in knightly wise  
 The Princess Periban ;  
 Oh, the wonder of her eyes,  
 Smiling, as I wooed  
 Her with hearted sighs !

Her kiss, it was ambrosial food,  
 Glowed like noble wine ;  
 With love, oh, I was almost dead !  
 A golden haze divine  
 She around her shed.

Who has torn her from my sight ?  
 Can no spell delay  
 That dear vision, stay her flight ?  
 Where her home, oh, say ?  
 And thither, which the way ?

WHEN THE FOX DIES HIS SKIN COUNTS.<sup>1</sup>

WE young people in the shade  
Sat one sultry day ;  
Cupid came, and " Dies the Fox '  
With us sought to play.

Each one of my friends then sat  
By his mistress dear ;  
Cupid, blowing out the torch,  
Said : " The taper's here ! "

Then we quickly sent around  
The expiring brand ;  
Each one put it hastily  
In his neighbour's hand.

Dorilis then gave it me,  
With a scoffing jest ;  
Sudden into flame it broke,  
By my fingers pressed.

And it singed my eyes and face,  
Set my breast on fire ;  
Then above my head the blaze  
Mounted ever higher.

Vain I sought to put it out ;  
Ever burned the flame ;  
'Stead of dying, soon the Fox  
Livelier still became.

<sup>1</sup> The name of a game known in English as " Jack's Alight."

## THE COQUETTE.

O'ER the meadows tripped sweet Kitty,  
 On a dewy morn in spring,  
 Like a lark, her blithesome ditty  
 Gaily, lightly carolling,  
 So la la! Le ralla.

Lubin, as she passed beside him,  
 Offered two lambs for a kiss;  
 Roguishly awhile she eyed him,  
 Tripped away, then carolled this,  
 So la la! Le ralla.

Ribbons red young Colin proffers,  
 Robin with his heart would wile,  
 But she mocks at all their offers,  
 Singing, as she mounts the stile,  
 So la la! Le ralla.

## THE WILD ROSE.

A BOY espied, in morning light,  
 A little rosebud blowing;  
 'Twas so delicate and bright,  
 That he came to feast his sight,  
 And wonder at its growing  
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,  
 Rosebud brightly blowing!

"I will gather thee," — he cried, —  
 "Rosebud brightly glowing!"  
 "Then I'll sting thee," it replied,

“ And you'll quickly start aside  
 With the prickle glowing.”  
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,  
 Rosebud brightly blowing !

But he plucked it from the plain,  
 The rosebud brightly blowing !  
 It turned and stung him, but in vain —  
 He regarded not the pain,  
 Homeward with it going,  
 Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,  
 Rosebud brightly blowing !

### THE BREEZE.

THE mists they are scattered,  
 The blue sky looks brightly,  
 And Eolus looses  
 The wearisome chain !  
 The winds, how they whistle !  
 The steersman is busy —  
 Hillio-ho, hillio-ho !  
 We dash through the billows —  
 They flash far behind us —  
 Land, land, boys, again !

### BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

OH, my Theresa dear !  
 Thine eyes I greatly fear  
 Can through the bandage see !  
 Although thine eyes are bound,  
 By thee I'm quickly found,  
 And wherefore shouldst thou catch but me.

Ere long thou held'st me fast,  
 With arms around me cast,  
     Upon thy breast I fell ;  
 Scarce was thy bandage gone,  
 When all my joy was flown,  
     Thou coldly didst the blind repel.

He groped on every side,  
 His limbs he sorely tried,  
     While scoffs arose all round ;  
 If thou no love wilt give,  
 In sadness I shall live,  
     As if mine eyes remained still bound.

### CHRISTEL.

My senses oft-times are oppressed,  
     Oft stagnant is my blood ;  
 But when by Christel's sight I'm blest  
     I feel my strength renewed.  
 I see her here, I see her there,  
     And really cannot tell  
 The manner how, the when, the where,  
     The why I love her well.

If with the merest glance I view  
     Her black and roguish eyes,  
 And gaze on her black eyebrows too,  
     My spirit upward flies.  
 Has any one a mouth so sweet,  
     Such love-round cheeks as she ?  
 Ah, when the eye her beauties meet,  
     It ne'er content can be.

And when in airy German dance  
     I clasp her form divine,



So quick we whirl, so quick advance,  
 What rapture then like mine!  
 And when she's giddy, and feels warm,  
 I cradle her, poor thing,  
 Upon my breast, and in mine arm, —  
 I'm then a very king!

And when she looks with love of me,  
 Forgetting all but this,  
 When pressed against my bosom, she  
 Exchanges kiss for kiss,  
 All through my marrow runs a thrill,  
 Runs e'en my foot along!  
 I feel so well, I feel so ill,  
 I feel so weak, so strong!

Would that such moments ne'er would end!  
 The day ne'er long I find;  
 Could I the night too with her spend,  
 E'en then I should not mind.  
 If she were in mine arms but held,  
 To quench love's thirst I'd try;  
 And could my torments not be quell'd,  
 Upon her breast would die.

### SMITTEN.

THROUGH the wood as I was roaming,  
 There a gentle youth I spied,  
 Piping sweetly in the gloaming,  
 Till the rocks around replied,  
 So la la!

And beside him down he drew me,  
 Called me fair, and kissed me then.

“Pipe once more!” I said, and through me  
 Thrill’d his music sweet again.  
 So la la!

Now my peace is flown, and never  
 Comes a smile into mine eye,  
 And within my ears for ever  
 Rings that music, and I sigh,  
 So la la!

### RESERVATION.

My maiden she proved false to me ;  
 To hate all joys I soon began,  
 Then to a flowing stream I ran, —  
 The stream ran past me hastily.

There stood I fixed, in mute despair ;  
 My head swam round as in a dream ;  
 I well-nigh fell into the stream,  
 And earth seemed with me whirling there.

Sudden I heard a voice that cried —  
 I had just turned my face from thence —  
 It was a voice to charm each sense :  
 “Beware, for deep is yonder tide !”

A thrill my blood pervaded now,  
 I looked, and saw a beauteous maid ; —  
 I asked her name — ’twas Kate, she said —  
 “Oh, lovely Kate! how kind art thou !”

“From death I have been saved by thee,  
 ’Tis through thee only that I live ;  
 Little ’twere life alone to give,  
 My joy in life then deign to be !”

And then I told my sorrows o'er,  
Her eyes to earth she sweetly threw ;  
I kissed her, and she kissed me too,  
And — then I talked of death no more.

## RESOLVE.

ON, on across the plains and feel no dread !  
Where not the boldest hath  
Trod down a path, which thou may'st safely tread,  
Make for thyself a path !

Still thou my heart, dear love ! It will not break  
Though bent awhile it be ;  
And if it needs must be, that it shall break,  
It breaks not, love, with thee.

## TREASURE TROVE.

THROUGH the forest idly,  
As my steps I bent,  
With a free and happy heart,  
Singing as I went.

Cowering in the shade I  
Did a floweret spy,  
Bright as any star in heaven,  
Sweet as any eye.

Down to pluck it stooping,  
Thus to me it said,  
“Wherefore pluck me only  
To wither and to fade ?”

Up with its roots I dug it,  
 I bore it as it grew,  
 And in my garden-plot at home  
 I planted it anew ;

All in a still and shady place,  
 Beside my home so dear,  
 And now it thanks me for my pains  
 And blossoms all the year.

### THE MUSES' SON.

[Goethe quotes the beginning of this song in his Autobiography, as expressing the manner in which his poetical effusions used to pour out from him.]

THROUGH field and wood to stray  
 And pipe my tuneful lay, —  
 'Tis thus my days are passed ;  
 And all keep tune with me,  
 And move on in harmony,  
 And so on, to the last.

To wait I scarce have power  
 The garden's earliest flower.  
 The tree's first bloom in spring ;  
 They hail my joyous strain, —  
 When winter comes again,  
 Of that sweet dream I sing.

My song sounds far and near,  
 O'er ice it echoes clear,  
 Then winter blossoms bright ;  
 And when his blossoms fly,  
 Fresh raptures meet mine eye,  
 Upon the well-tilled height.

When 'neath the linden-tree,  
 Young folks I chance to see,  
   I set them moving soon ;  
 His nose the dull lad curls,  
 The formal maiden whirls,  
   Obedient to my tune.

Wings to the feet ye lend,  
 O'er hill and vale ye send  
   The lover far from home ;  
 When shall I, on your breast,  
 Ye kindly Muses, rest,  
   And cease at length to roam ?

## RECIPROCAL INVITATION TO THE DANCE.

### THE INDIFFERENT.

COME to the dance with me, come with me, fair one !  
   Dances a feast-day like this may well crown ;  
 If thou my sweetheart art not, thou canst be so,  
   But if thou wilt not, we still will dance on.  
 Come to the dance with me, come with me, fair one !  
   Dances a feast-day like this may well crown.

### THE TENDER.

Loved one, without thee, what then would all feasts be ?  
   Sweet one, without thee, what then were the dance ?  
 If thou my sweetheart wert not, I would dance not,  
   If thou art still so, all life is one feast,  
 Loved one, without thee, what then would the feast be ?  
   Sweet one, without thee, what then were the dance ?

### THE INDIFFERENT.

Let them but love, then, and leave us the dancing !  
   Languishing love cannot bear the glad dance.

Let us whirl round in the waltz's gay measure,  
 And let *them* steal to the dim-lighted wood.  
 Let them but love, then, and leave us the dancing!  
 Languishing love cannot bear the glad dance.

## THE TENDER.

Let them whirl round, then, and leave us to wander!  
 Wand'ring to love is a heavenly dance.  
 Cupid, the near one, o'erhears their deriding,  
 Vengeance takes suddenly, vengeance takes soon.  
 Let them whirl round, then, and leave us to wander!  
 Wand'ring to love is a heavenly dance.

## LIKE AND LIKE.

A FAIR bell-flower  
 Sprang up from the ground,  
 And early its fragrance  
 It shed all around;  
 A bee came thither  
 And sipped from its bell;—  
 That they for each other  
 Were made, we see well.

## SELF - DECEIT.

My neighbour's curtain, well I see,  
 Is moving to and fro.  
 No doubt she's listening eagerly,  
 If I'm at home or no,

And if the jealous grudge I bore  
 And openly confessed;  
 Is nourished by me as before,  
 Within my inmost breast.

Alas! no fancies such as these  
E'er crossed the dear child's thoughts.  
I see 'tis but the evening breeze  
That with the curtain sports.

## DECLARATION OF WAR.

OH, would I resembled  
The country girls fair,  
Who rosy-red ribbons  
And yellow hats wear!

To believe I was pretty  
I thought was allowed ;  
In the town I believed it  
When by the youth vowed.

Now that spring hath returned,  
All my joys disappear ;  
The girls of the country  
Have lured him from here.

To change dress and figure,  
Was needful, I found,  
My bodice is longer,  
My petticoat round.

My hat now is yellow,  
My bodice like snow ;  
The clover to sickle  
With others I go.

Something pretty, ere long  
Midst the troop he explores ;  
The eager boy signs me  
To go within doors.

I bashfully go, —  
 Who I am, he can't trace;  
 He pinches my cheeks,  
 And he looks in my face.

The town girl now threatens  
 You maidens with war;  
 Her twofold charms pledges  
 Of victory are.

### LOVER IN ALL SHAPES.

To be like a fish,  
 Brisk and quick is my wish;  
 If thou can'st with thy line,  
 Thou wouldst soon make me thine,  
 To be like a fish,  
 Brisk and quick is my wish.

Oh, were I a steed!  
 Thou wouldst love me indeed.  
 Oh, were I a car  
 Fit to bear thee afar!  
 Oh, were I a steed!  
 Thou wouldst love me indeed.

I would I were gold  
 That thy finger might hold!  
 If thou boughtest aught then,  
 I'd return soon again.  
 I would I were gold  
 That thy fingers might hold!

I would I were true,  
 And my sweetheart still new!  
 To be faithful I'd swear,  
 And would go away ne'er.



I would I were true,  
And my sweetheart still new!

I would I were old,  
And wrinkled and cold,  
So that if thou said'st No,  
I could stand such a blow!  
I would I were old,  
And wrinkled and cold.

An ape I would be,  
Full of mischievous glee;  
If aught came to vex thee,  
I'd plague and perplex thee.  
An ape I would be,  
Full of mischievous glee.

As a lamb I'd behave,  
As a lion be brave,  
As a lynx clearly see,  
As a fox cunning be.  
As a lamb I'd behave,  
As a lion be brave.

Whatever I were,  
All on *thee* I'd confer  
With the gifts of a prince  
My affection evince.  
Whatever I were,  
All on *thee* I'd confer.

As nought diff'rent can make me,  
As I *am* thou must take me!  
If I'm not good enough,  
Thou must cut thine own stuff.  
As nought diff'rent can make me,  
As I *am* thou must take me!

## THE GOLDSMITH'S APPRENTICE.

My neighbour, none can e'er deny,  
Is a most beauteous maid ;  
Her shop is ever in mine eye,  
When working at my trade.

To ring and chain I hammer then  
The wire of gold assayed,  
And think the while : " For Kate, oh, when  
Will such a ring be made ? "

And when she takes her shutters down,  
Her shop at once invade,  
To buy and haggle, all the town,  
For all that's there displayed.

I file, and maybe overfile  
The wire of gold assayed,  
My master grumbles all the while, —  
Her shop the mischief made.

To ply her wheel she straight begins  
When not engaged in trade ;  
I know full well for what she spins, —  
'Tis hope guides that dear maid.

Her leg, while her small foot treads on,  
Is in my mind portrayed ;  
Her garter I recall anon, —  
*I* gave it that dear maid.

Then to her lips the finest thread  
Is by her hand conveyed.  
Were *I* there only in its stead,  
How *I* would kiss the maid !

## ANSWERS IN A GAME OF QUESTIONS.

## THE LADY.

IN the small and great world too,  
 What most charms a woman's heart?  
 It is doubtless what is new,  
 For its blossoms joy impart;  
 Nobler far is what is true,  
 For fresh blossoms it can shoot  
 Even in the time of fruit.

## THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

With the nymphs in wood and cave  
 Paris was acquainted well,  
 Till Zeus sent, to make him rave,  
 Three of those in Heaven who dwell;  
 And the choice more trouble gave  
 Than e'er fell to mortal lot,  
 Whether in old times or not.

## THE EXPERIENCED.

Tenderly a woman view,  
 And thou'lt win her, take my word  
 He who's quick and saucy too,  
 Will of all men be preferred;  
 Who ne'er seems as if he knew  
 If he pleases, if he charms,—  
 He 'tis injures, he 'tis harms.

## THE CONTENTED.

Manifold is human strife,  
 Human passion, human pain:  
 Many a blessing yet is rife,  
 Many pleasures still remain.

Yet the greatest bliss in life,  
 And the richest prize we find,  
 Is a good, contented mind.

## THE MERRY COUNSEL.

He by whom man's foolish will  
 Is each day reviewed and blamed,  
 Who when *others* fools are still,  
 Is himself a fool proclaimed, —  
 Ne'er at mill was beast's back pressed  
 With a heavier load than he.  
 What I feel within my breast  
*That* in truth's the thing for me!

## DIFFERENT EMOTIONS ON THE SAME SPOT.

## THE MAIDEN.

I'VE seen him before me!  
 What rapture steals o'er me  
 Oh, heavenly sight!  
 He's coming to meet me;  
 Perplexed, I retreat me,  
 With shame take to flight.  
 My mind seems to wander!  
 Ye rocks and trees yonder,  
 Conceal ye my rapture,  
 Conceal my delight!

## THE YOUTH.

'Tis here I must find her,  
 'Twas here she enshrined her,  
 Here vanished from sight.  
 She came, as to meet me,  
 Then fearing to greet me,  
 With shame took to flight.

Is't hope? Do I wander?  
 Yé rocks and trees yonder,  
     Disclose ye the loved one,  
 Disclose my delight!

## THE LANGUISHING.

O'er my sad fate I sorrow,  
 To each dewy morrow,  
     Veiled here from man's sight.  
 By the many mistaken,  
 Unknown and forsaken,  
     Here wing I my flight!  
 Compassionate spirit!  
 Let none ever hear it, —  
     Conceal my affliction,  
 Conceal thy delight!

## THE HUNTER.

To-day I'm rewarded;  
 Rich booty's afforded  
     By Fortune so bright.  
 My servant, the pheasants,  
 And hares fit for presents,  
     Takes homeward at night.  
 Here see I enraptured  
 In nets the birds captured! —  
     Long life to the hunter!  
 Long live his delight!

## THE MISANTHROPE.

At first awhile sits he,  
 With calm, unruffled brow;  
 His features then I see,  
 Distorted hideously, —

An owl's they might be now.  
 What is it, asketh thou?  
 Is't love, or is't ennui?  
 'Tis both at once, I vow.

LATE resounds the early strain;  
 Weal and woe in song remain.

### DIFFERENT THREATS.

I ONCE into a forest far  
 My maiden went to seek,  
 And fell upon her neck, when: "Ah!"  
 She threatened, "I will shriek!"

Then cried I haughtily: "I'll crush  
 The man that dares come near thee!"  
 "Hush!" whispered she: "my loved one, hush!  
 Or else they'll overhear thee!"

### WHO'LL BUY CUPID?

OF all the wares so pretty  
 That come into the city,  
 There's none are so delicious,  
 There's none are half so precious,  
 As those which we are bringing.  
 Oh, listen to our singing!  
 Young loves to sell? young loves to sell!  
 My pretty loves who'll buy?

First look you at the oldest,  
 The wantonest, the boldest!

So loosely goes he hopping,  
From tree and thicket dropping,  
Then flies aloft so sprightly!  
We dare but praise him lightly!  
The fickle rogue! Young loves to sell!  
My pretty loves who'll buy?

Now see this little creature —  
How modest seems his feature!  
He nestles so demurely,  
You'd think him safer surely;  
And yet for all his shyness,  
There's danger in his slyness,  
The cunning rogue! Young loves to sell!  
My pretty loves who'll buy?

Oh, come and see this lovelet,  
This little turtle-dovelet!  
The maidens that are neatest,  
The tenderest and sweetest,  
Should buy it to amuse 'em,  
And nurse it in their bosom.  
The little pet! Young loves to sell!  
My pretty loves who'll buy?

We need not bid you buy them,  
They're here, if you will try them.  
They like to change their cages;  
But for their proving sages  
No warrant will we utter —  
They all have wings to flutter,  
The pretty things! Young loves to sell!  
Such beauties! Come and buy!

## TRUE ENJOYMENT.

VAINLY wouldst thou, to gain a heart,  
 Heap up a maiden's lap with gold ;  
 The joys of love thou must impart,  
 Wouldst thou e'er see those joys unfold.  
 The voices of the throng gold buys.  
 No single heart 'twill win for thee ;  
 Wouldst thou a maiden make thy prize,  
 Thyself alone the bribe must be.

If by no sacred tie thou'rt bound,  
 Oh, youth, thou must thyself restrain !  
 Well may true liberty be found,  
 Though man may seem to wear a chain.  
 Let one alone inflame thee e'er,  
 And if her heart with love o'erflows,  
 Let tenderness unite you there,  
 If duty's self no fetter knows.

First *feel*, oh, youth ! A girl then find  
 Worthy thy choice, — let *her* choose thee,  
 In body fair, and fair in mind,  
 And then thou wilt be blest, like me.  
 I who have made this art mine own,  
 A girl have chosen such as this ;  
 The blessing of the priest alone  
 Is wanting to complete our bliss.

Nought but my rapture is her guide,  
 Only for me she cares to please, —  
 Ne'er wanton save when by my side,  
 And modest when the world she sees.  
 That time our glow may never chill,  
 She yields no right through frailty ;



Her favour is a favour still,  
And I must ever grateful be.

Yet I'm content, and full of joy,  
If she'll but grant her smile so sweet,  
Or if at table she'll employ,  
To pillow hers, her lover's feet ;  
Give me the apple that she bit,  
The glass from which she drank, bestow,  
And when my kiss so orders it,  
Her bosom, veiled till then, will show.

And when she wills of love to speak,  
In fond and silent hours of bliss,  
Words from her mouth are all I seek,  
Nought else I crave, — not e'en a kiss.  
With what a soul her mind is fraught,  
Wreathed round with charms unceasingly !  
She's perfect, — and she fails in nought  
Save in her deigning to love me.

My reverence throws me at her feet,  
My longing throws me on her breast ;  
*This*, youth, is rapture true and sweet ;  
Be wise, *thus* seeking to be blest.  
When death shall take thee from her side,  
To join th' angelic choir above,  
In heaven's bright mansions to abide, —  
No difference at the change thou'lt prove.

#### MAIDEN WISHES.

WHAT pleasure to me  
A bridegroom would be !  
When married we are,  
They call us mamma.

No need then to sew,  
 To school we ne'er go ;  
 Command uncontrolled,  
 Have maids whom to scold ;  
 Choose clothes at our ease,  
 Of what tradesmen we please ;  
 Walk freely about,  
 And go to each rout,  
 And unrestrained are  
 By papa or mamma.

### THE FAREWELL.

[Probably addressed to his mistress Frederica.]

LET mine eye the farewell say,  
 That my lips can utter ne'er ;  
 Fain I'd be a man to-day,  
 Yet 'tis hard, oh, hard to bear !

Mournful in an hour like this  
 Is love's sweetest pledge, I ween ;  
 Cold upon thy mouth the kiss,  
 Faint thy fingers' pressure e'en.

Oh, what rapture to my heart  
 Used each stolen kiss to bring !  
 As the violets joy impart,  
 Gathered in the early spring.

Now no garlands I entwine,  
 Now no roses pluck for thee,  
 Though 'tis springtime, Fanny mine,  
 Dreary autumn 'tis to me !

## MOTIVES.

IF to a girl who loves us truly  
 Her mother gives instruction duly  
 In virtue, duty, and what not, —  
 And if she hearkens ne'er a jot,  
 But with fresh-strengthened longing flies  
     To meet our kiss that seems to burn, —  
     Caprice has just as much concern  
 As love in her bold enterprise.

But if her mother can succeed  
 In gaining for her maxims heed,  
 And softening the girl's heart too,  
 So that she coyly shuns our view, —  
 The heart of youth she knows but ill;  
     For when a maiden is thus stern,  
     Virtue in truth has less concern  
 In this, than an inconstant will.

## THE LOVELY NIGHT.

FROM the cot, where softly sleeping  
     Lies my bosom's love, I go,  
 And with noiseless footstep creeping,  
     Thread the dusty wood, when lo!  
 Bursts the moon through glade and greenwood,  
     Soft the herald zephyrs play,  
 And the waving birches sprinkle  
     Sweetest incense on my way.

How I revel in the coolness  
     Of this beauteous summer night  
 Stilly dreaming here the fulness  
     Of the panting soul's delight!

Words can paint not what my bliss is,  
 Yet, kind heaven, I'd yield to thee  
 Nights a thousand, fair as this is,  
 Would my love give one to me!

### LOVE'S DREAM.

THOU oft in dreams hast seen us stand  
 Before the altar hand in hand,  
 Thyself the bride, the bridegroom I.  
 Oft on thy lips, when none were watching,  
 I've hung, unnumbered kisses snatching,  
 In hours of waking ecstasy.

The purest rapture that we cherished,  
 The bliss of hours so golden, perished  
 Even with the hour that saw it rise.  
 What reck that mine have been such blisses?  
 Fleeting as dreams are fondest kisses,  
 And like a kiss all pleasure dies.

### LIVING REMEMBRANCE.

HALF vexed, half pleased, thy love will feel,  
 Shouldst thou her knot or ribbon steal;  
 To thee they're much — I won't conceal;  
 Such self-deceit may pardoned be;  
 A veil, a kerchief, garter, rings,  
 In truth are no more trifling things,  
 But still they're not enough for me.

She who is dearest to my heart,  
 Gave me, with well dissembled smart,  
 Of her own life a living part,  
 No charm in aught beside I trace;

How do I scorn thy paltry ware!  
 A lock she gave me of the hair  
 That wantons o'er her beauteous face.

If, loved one, we must severed be,  
 Wouldst thou not wholly fly from me,  
 I still possess this legacy,  
 To look at, and to kiss in play, —  
 My fate is to the hair's allied,  
 We used to woo her with like pride,  
 And now we both are far away.

Her charms with equal joy we pressed,  
 Her smiling cheeks anon caressed,  
 Lured onward by a yearning blest,  
 Upon her heaving bosom fell.  
 Oh, rival, free from envy's sway,  
 Thou precious gift, thou beauteous prey,  
 Remain my joy and bliss to tell!

### THE BLISS OF ABSENCE.

'Tis sweet for him, the livelong day that lies,  
 Wrapt in the heaven of his dear lady's eyes,  
 Whose dreams her image blesseth evermore,  
 Love knoweth not a sharper joy than this,  
 Yet greater, purer, nobler is the bliss,  
 To be afar from her whom we adore!

Distance and Time, eternal powers, that be  
 Still, like the stars, o'erruling secretly,  
 Cradle this tempest of the blood to peace.  
 Calm grows my soul, and calmer every hour,  
 Yet daily feels my heart a springing power,  
 And daily finds my happiness increase.

All times she lives within my heart and brain,  
 Yet can I think of her without a pain,  
     My spirit soars away serene and free,  
 And, by the strength of its divine emotion,  
 Transforms its love to all a saint's devotion,  
     Refines desire into idolatry.

The lightest cloudlet that doth fleck the sky,  
 And floats along the sunshine airily,  
     More lightly in its beauty floateth never,  
 Than doth my heart, with tranquil joy elate.  
 By fear untouched, for jealousy too great,  
     I love, oh, yes, I love — I love her ever.

#### TO LUNA.

SISTER of the earliest light,  
 Type of loveliness in sorrow,  
 Silver mists thy radiance borrow,  
 Even as they cross thy sight.  
 When thou comest to the sky,  
 In their dusky hollows waken,  
 Spirits that are sad, forsaken,  
 Birds that shun the day, and I.

Looking downward far and wide,  
 Hidden things thou dost discover.  
 Luna! help a hapless lover,  
 Lift him kindly to thy side!  
 Aided by thy friendly beams,  
 Let him, through the lattice peeping,  
 Look into the room where, sleeping,  
 Lies the maiden of his dreams.

Ah, I see her! Now I gaze,  
 Bending in a trance Elysian,

And I strain my inmost vision,  
And I gather all thy rays.  
Bright and brighter yet I see  
Charms no envious robes encumber ;  
And she draws me to her slumber  
As Endymion once drew thee.

### THE WEDDING NIGHT.

WITHIN the chamber, far away  
From the glad feast, sits love in dread  
Lest guests disturb, in wanton play,  
The silence of the bridal bed.  
His torch's pale flame serves to gild  
The scene with mystic sacred glow,  
The room with incense-clouds is filled,  
That he may perfect rapture know.

How beats thy heart, when thou dost hear  
The chimes that warn thy guests to fly ?  
How glow'st thou for those lips so dear,  
That soon are mute, and nought deny !  
With her into the holy place  
Thou hast'nest then to perfect all ;  
The fire the warder's hands embrace,  
Grows, like a night-light, dim and small.

How heaves the bosom, and how burns  
Her face at every fervent kiss !  
Her coldness now to trembling turns,  
Thy daring now a duty is.  
Love helps thee to undress her fast,  
But thou art twice as fast as he ;  
And then he shuts both eyes at last  
With sly and roguish modesty.

## MISCHIEVOUS JOY.

As a butterfly renewed,  
 When in life I breathed my last,  
 To the spots my flight I wing,  
 Scenes of heavenly rapture past,  
 Over meadows to the spring,  
 Round the hill, and through the wood.

Soon a tender pair I spy,  
 And I look down from my seat  
 On the beauteous maiden's head —  
 When embodied there I meet  
 All I lost as soon as dead,  
 Happy as before am I.

Him she clasps with silent smile,  
 And his mouth the hour improves,  
 Sent by kindly deities ;  
 First from breast to mouth it roves,  
 Then from mouth to hands it flies,  
 And I round him sport the while.

And she sees me hov'ring near ;  
 Trembling at her lover's rapture,  
 Up she springs — I fly away.  
 "Dearest ! let's the insect capture !  
 Come ! I long to make my prey  
 Yonder pretty little dear !"

## NOVEMBER SONG.

To the great archer — not to him  
 To meet whom flies the sun,  
 And who is wont his features dim  
 With clouds to overrun —



But to the boy be vowed these rhymes,  
 Who 'mongst the roses plays,  
 Who hears us, and at proper times  
 To pierce fair hearts essays.

Through him the gloomy winter night,  
 Of yore so cold and drear,  
 Brings many a loved friend to our sight,  
 And many a woman dear.

Henceforward shall his image fair  
 Stand in yon starry skies,  
 And, ever mild and gracious there,  
 Alternate set and rise.

#### TO THE CHOSEN ONE.

[This sweet song is doubtless one of those addressed to Frederica.]

HAND in hand, and lip to lip!  
 Oh, be faithful, maiden dear!  
 Fare thee well! thy lover's ship  
 Past full many a rock must steer;  
 But should he the haven see,  
 When the storm has ceased to break,  
 And be happy, reft of thee, —  
 May the gods fierce vengeance take!

Boldly dared is well-nigh won!  
 Half my task is solved aright;  
 Every star's to me a sun,  
 Only cowards deem it night.  
 Stood I idly by thy side,  
 Sorrow still would sadden me;  
 But when seas our path divide,  
 Gladly toil I, — toil for thee!

Now the valley I perceive,  
 Where together we will go,  
 And the streamlet watch each eve,  
 Gliding peacefully below.  
 Oh, the poplars on yon spot!  
 Oh, the beech-trees in yon grove!  
 And behind we'll build a cot,  
 Where to taste the joys of love!

## FIRST LOSS.

AH! who'll ever those days restore,  
 Those bright days of early love!  
 Who'll one hour again concede,  
 Of that time so fondly cherished!  
 Silently my wounds I feed,  
 And with wailing evermore  
 Sorrow o'er each joy now perished.  
 Ah! who'll e'er the days restore  
 Of that time so fondly cherished!

## APPARENT DEATH.

WEEP, maiden, weep here o'er the tomb of Love;  
 He died of nothing — by mere chance was slain.  
 But is he really dead? — oh, *that* I cannot prove:  
 A nothing, a mere chance, oft gives him life again.

## AFTER - SENSATIONS.

WHEN the vine again is blowing,  
 Then the wine moves in the cask;  
 When the rose again is glowing,  
 Wherefore should I feel oppressed?

Down my cheeks run tears all-burning,  
 If I do, or leave my task;  
 I but feel a speechless yearning,  
 That pervades my inmost breast.

But at length I see the reason,  
 When the question I would ask:  
 'Twas in such a beauteous season,  
 Doris glowed to make me blest!

### PRESENCE.

ALL things give token of thee!  
 As soon as the bright sun is shining,  
 Thou too wilt follow, I trust.

When in the garden thou walkest,  
 Thou then art the rose of all roses,  
 Lily of lilies as well.

When thou dost move in the dance,  
 Then each constellation moves also;  
 With thee and round thee they move.

Night! oh, what bliss were the night!  
 For then thou o'ershadow'st the lustre,  
 Dazzling and fair, of the moon.

Dazzling and beauteous art thou,  
 And flowers, and moon, and the planets  
 Homage pay, Sun, but to thee.

Sun! to *me* also be thou  
 Creator of days bright and glorious;  
 Life and Eternity this!

## SEPARATION.

I THINK of thee when'er the sun is glowing  
 Upon the lake ;  
 Of thee, when in the crystal fountain flowing  
 The moonbeams shake.

I see thee when the wanton wind is busy,  
 And dust-clouds rise ;  
 In the deep night, when o'er the bridge so dizzy  
 The wanderer hies.

I hear thee when the waves, with hollow roaring,  
 Gush forth their fill ;  
 Often along the heath I go exploring,  
 When all is still.

I am with thee ! Though far thou art and darkling,  
 Yet art thou near.  
 The sun goes down, the stars will soon be sparkling —  
 Oh, wert thou here.

## TO THE DISTANT ONE.

AND have I lost thee evermore,  
 Hast thou, oh, fair one, from me flown ?  
 Still in mine ear sounds, as of yore,  
 Thine every word, thine every tone.

As when at morn the wanderer's eye  
 Attempts to pierce the air in vain,  
 When, hidden in the azure sky,  
 The lark high o'er him chants his strain :

So do I cast my troubled gaze  
Through bush, through forest, o'er the lea ;  
Thou art invoked by all my lays ;  
Oh, come then, loved one, back to me !

### BY THE RIVER.

Flow on, ye lays so loved, so fair,  
On to Oblivion's ocean flow !  
May no rapt boy recall you e'er,  
No maiden in her beauty's glow !

My love alone was then your theme,  
But now she scorns my passion true.  
Ye were but written in the stream ;  
As it flows on, then flow ye too !

### THE EXCHANGE.

THE stones in the streamlet I make my bright pillow,  
And open my arms to the swift-rolling billow,  
That lovingly hastens to fall on my breast.  
Then fickleness soon bids it onwards be flowing ;  
A second draws nigh, its caresses bestowing, —  
And so by a twofold enjoyment I'm blest.

And yet thou art trailing in sorrow and sadness  
The moments that life, as it flies, gave for gladness,  
Because by thy love thou'rt remembered no more !  
Oh, call back to mind former days and their blisses !  
The lips of the second will give as sweet kisses  
As any the lips of the first gave before !

## FAREWELL.

To break one's word is pleasure-fraught,  
 To do one's duty gives a smart ;  
 While man, alas ! will promise nought,  
 That is repugnant to his heart.

Using some magic strain of yore,  
 Thou lurest him, when scarcely calm,  
 On to sweet folly's fragile bark once more,  
 Renewing, doubling chance of harm.

Why seek to hide thyself from me ?  
 Fly not my sight — be open then ?  
 Known late or early it must be,  
 And here thou hast thy word again.

My duty is fulfilled to-day,  
 No longer will I guard thee from surprise ;  
 But, oh, forgive the friend who from thee turns away,  
 And to himself for refuge flies !

## WELCOME AND DEPARTURE.

[Another of the love-songs addressed to Frederica.]

To horse ! — away, o'er hill and steep !  
 Into the saddle blithe I sprung ;  
 The eve was cradling earth to sleep,  
 And night upon the mountain hung.  
 With robes of mist around him set,  
 The oak like some huge giant stood,  
 While with its hundred eyes of jet,  
 Peered darkness from the tangled wood.

Amidst a bank of clouds, the moon  
 A sad and troubled glimmer shed ;  
 The wind its chilly wings unclosed,  
 And whistled wildly round my head.  
 Night framed a thousand phantoms dire,  
 Yet did I never droop nor start ;  
 Within my veins what living fire !  
 What quenchless glow within my heart !

We met ; and from thy glance a tide  
 Of stifling joy flowed into me :  
 My heart was wholly by thy side,  
 My every breath was breathed for thee.  
 A blush was there, as if thy cheek  
 The gentlest hues of spring had caught,  
 And smiles so kind for me !— Great powers !  
 I hoped, yet I deserved them not !

But morning came to end my bliss ;  
 A long, a sad farewell we took ;  
 What joy — what rapture in thy kiss,  
 What depth of anguish in thy look !  
 I left thee, sweet ! but after me,  
 Thine eyes through tears looked from above ;  
 Yet to be loved — what ecstasy !  
 What ecstasy, ye gods, to love !

### NEW LOVE, NEW LIFE.

[Written at the time of Goethe's connection with Lili.]

HEART ! my heart ! what means this feeling ?  
 What oppresseth thee so sore ?  
 What strange life is o'er me stealing !  
 I acknowledge thee no more,

Fled is all that gave thee gladness,  
 Fled the cause of all thy sadness,  
     Fled thy peace, thine industry —  
 Ah, why suffer it to be ?

Say, do beauty's graces youthful,  
     Does this form so fair and bright,  
 Does this gaze, so kind, so truthful,  
     Chain thee with unceasing might ?  
 Would I tear me from her boldly,  
 Courage take, and fly her coldly,  
     Back to her I'm forthwith led  
     By the path I seek to tread.

By a thread I ne'er can sever,  
     For 'tis 'twined with magic skill,  
 Doth the cruel maid for ever  
     Hold me fast against my will.  
 While those magic charms confine me,  
 To her will I must resign me.  
     Ah, the change in truth is great !  
     Love ! kind love ! release me straight !

### TO BELINDA.

[This song was also written for Lili. Goethe mentions, at the end of his Autobiography, that he overheard her singing it one evening after he had taken his last farewell of her.]

WITH resistless power why dost thou press me  
     Into scenes so bright ?  
 Had I not — good youth — so much to bless me  
     In the lonely night ?

In my little chamber close I found me,  
     In the moon's cold beams ;  
 And there quivering light fell softly round me,  
     While I lay in dreams.



And by hours of pure unmingled pleasure,  
 All my dreams were blest,  
 While I felt her image, as a treasure,  
 Deep within my breast.

Is it I, she at the table places,  
 'Mid so many lights?  
 Yes, to meet intolerable faces,  
 She her slave invites.

Ah! the Spring's fresh fields no longer cheer me,  
 Flowers no sweetness bring  
 Angel, where thou art, all sweets are near me, —  
 Love, Nature, and Spring.

#### WITH AN EMBROIDERED RIBBON.

LITTLE flowerets, little leaflets,  
 Have they woven with fairy hand,  
 Playful sunny elves of springtide,  
 Lightly called at my command.

Zephyr, bear it on thy pinions,  
 Drop it on my darling's dress,  
 So she'll pass before the mirror  
 In her double loveliness.

She, of roses still the fairest,  
 Roses shall around her see;  
 Give me but one look, my dearest,  
 And I ask no more of thee.

Feel but what this heart is feeling —  
 Frankly place thy hand in mine —  
 Trust me, love, the tie which binds us,  
 Is no fragile rosy twine.

## SECOND LIFE.

AFTER life's departing sigh,  
 To the spots I loved most dearly,  
 In the sunshine and the shadow,  
 By the fountain welling clearly,  
 Through the wood and o'er the meadow,  
 Flit I like a butterfly.

There a gentle pair I spy.  
 Round the maiden's tresses flying,  
 From her chaplet I discover  
 All that I had lost in dying,  
 Still with her and with her lover,  
 Who so happy then as I?

For she smiles with laughing eyes;  
 And his lips to her he presses,  
 Vows of passion interchanging,  
 Stifling her with sweet caresses,  
 O'er her budding beauties ranging;  
 And around the twain I fly.

And she sees me fluttering nigh;  
 And beneath his ardour trembling,  
 Starts she up — then off I hover.  
 "Look there, dearest!" Thus dissembling,  
 Speaks the maiden to her lover —  
 "Come and catch that butterfly!"

## TO MY MISTRESS.

ALL that's lovely speaks of thee!  
 When the glorious sun appeareth,  
 'Tis thy harbinger to me:  
 Only thus he cheereth.

In the garden where thou go'st,  
There art thou the rose of roses,  
First of lilies, fragrant most  
Of the fragrant posies.

When thou movest in the dance,  
All the stars with thee are moving  
And around thee gleam and glance,  
Never tired of loving.

Night! — and would the night were here!  
Yet the moon would lose her duty;  
Though her sheen be soft and clear,  
Softer is thy beauty!

Fair, and kind, and gentle one!  
Do not moon, and stars, and flowers  
Pay that homage to their sun,  
That we pay to ours?

Sun of mine, that art so dear —  
Sun, that art above all sorrow!  
Shine, I pray thee, on me here  
Till the eternal morrow!

#### FLOWER - SALUTE.

THIS nosegay, — 'twas *I* dressed it, —  
Greets thee a thousand times!  
Oft stooped I, and caressed it,  
Ah! full a thousand times,  
And 'gainst my bosom pressed it,  
A hundred thousand times!

## WITH A GOLDEN NECKLACE.

ACCEPT, dear maid, this little token,  
A supple chain that fain would lie,  
And keep its tiny links unbroken  
Upon a neck of ivory.

Pray, then, exalt it to this duty,  
And change its humbleness to pride;  
By day it will adorn your beauty,  
By night 'tis quickly laid aside.

But if another hand should proffer  
A chain of weightier, closer kind,  
Think twice ere you accept the offer;  
For there are chains will not unbind.

## MAY SONG.

How gloriously gleameth  
All nature to me!  
How bright the sun beameth,  
How fresh is the lea!

White blossoms are bursting  
The thickets among,  
And all the gay greenwood  
Is ringing with song!

There's radiance and rapture  
That nought can destroy,  
O earth, in thy sunshine,  
O heart, in thy joy!

O love! thou enchanter,  
So golden and bright —  
Like the red clouds of morning  
That rest on yon height; —

It is thou that art clothing  
The fields and the bowers,  
And everywhere breathing  
The incense of flowers!

O maiden! dear maiden!  
How well I love thee —  
Thine eye, how it kindles  
In answer to me!

Oh! well the lark loveth  
Its song 'midst the blue;  
Oh, gladly the flowerets  
Expand to the dew.

And so do I love thee;  
For all that is best,  
I draw from thy beauty  
To gladden my breast!

And all my heart's music  
Is thrilling for thee!  
Be evermore blest, love,  
And loving to me!

## ON THE LAKE.

[This little poem was composed during a tour in Switzerland in 1775. Several others in this series belong to the same period, being that when Goethe's passion for Anna Elizabeth Schönemaun, the Lili of his poems, was at its height.]

AND here I drink new blood, fresh food  
From world so free, so blest ;  
How sweet is nature and how good  
Who holds me to her breast !

The waves are cradling up our boat,  
The oars are beating time ;  
Mountains we meet that seem afloat  
In heav'nly clouds sublime.

Why, my eye, art downward turning ?  
Golden dreams, are ye returning ?  
Dream, though gold, I thee repel ;  
Love and life here also dwell.

'Neath the waves are sinking  
Stars from heaven sparkling ;  
Soft white mists are drinking,  
Distance towering, darkling,

Morning wind is fanning  
Trees by the bay that root,  
And its image scanning  
Is the ripening fruit.

## FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

[Written just after the preceding one, on a mountain overlooking  
the Lake of Zurich.]

DEAREST Lili, if I did not love thee,  
How transporting were a scene like this!  
Yet, my Lili, if I did not love thee,  
What were any bliss?

## MAY SONG.

BETWEEN wheat-field and corn,  
Between hedgerow and thorn,  
Between pasture and tree,  
Where is my sweetheart?  
Tell it me!

Sweetheart caught I  
Not at home;  
She's then, thought I,  
Gone to roam.  
Fair and loving  
Blooms sweet May,  
Sweetheart's roving,  
Free and gay.

By the rock near the wave,  
Where her first kiss she gave,  
On the greensward, to me, —  
Something I see!  
Is it she?

WITH a master all smoothly goes  
Who what he bids, himself well knows.

## EARLY SPRING.

COME ye so early,  
Days of delight ?  
Making the hillside  
Blithesome and bright ?

Merrily, merrily,  
Little brooks rush,  
Down by the meadow,  
Under the bush.

Welkin and hilltop,  
Azure and cool ;  
Fishes are sporting  
In streamlet and pool.

Birds of gay feather  
Flit through the grove,  
Singing together  
Ditties of love.

Busily coming  
From moss-covered bowers,  
Brown bees are humming,  
Questing for flowers.

Lightsome emotion,  
Life everywhere ;  
Faint wafts of fragrance  
Scenting the air.

Now comes there sounding  
A sough of the breeze,  
Shakes through the thicket,  
Sinks in the trees.



Sinks, but returning,  
It ruffles my hair ;  
Aid me this rapture,  
Muses, to bear !

Know ye the passion  
That stirs in me here ?  
Yester e'en at gloaming  
Was I with my dear !

## IN SUMMER.

How plain and height  
With dewdrops are bright !  
How pearls have crowned  
The plants all around !  
How sighs the breeze  
Through thicket and trees !  
How loudly in the sun's clear rays  
The sweet birds carol forth their lays !

But, ah ! above,  
When saw I my love,  
Within her room,  
Small, mantled in gloom,  
Enclosed around,  
Where sunlight was drowned,  
How little then was earth to me,  
With all its beauteous majesty !

## AUTUMN FEELINGS.

FLOURISH greener, as ye clamber,  
O ye leaves, to seek my chamber,  
Up the trellised vine on high !  
May ye swell, twin-berries tender,

Juicier far, — and with more splendour  
 Ripen, and more speedily !  
 O'er ye broods the sun at even  
 As he sinks to rest, and heaven  
 Softly breathes into your ear  
 All its fertilising fulness,  
 While the moon's refreshing coolness,  
 Magic-laden, hovers near ;  
 And, alas ! ye're watered ever  
 By a stream of tears that rill  
 From mine eyes, — tears ceasing never,  
 Tears of love that nought can still !

### RESTLESS LOVE.

THROUGH rain, through snow,  
 Through tempest go !  
 'Mongst steaming caves,  
 O'er misty waves,  
 On, on ! still on !  
 Peace, rest have flown !

Sooner through sadness  
 I'd wish to be slain,  
 Than all the gladness  
 Of life to sustain ;  
 All the fond yearning  
 That heart feels for heart,  
 Only seems burning  
 To make them both smart.

How shall I fly ?  
 Forestwards hie ?  
 Vain were all strife !  
 Bright crown of life,  
 Turbulent bliss, —  
 Love, thou art this !

## THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

UP yonder on the mountain,  
I dwelt for days together ;  
Looked down into the valley,  
This pleasant summer weather.

My sheep go feeding onward,  
My dog sits watching by ;  
I've wandered to the valley,  
And yet I know not why.

The meadow, it is pretty,  
With flowers so fair to see ;  
I gather them, but no one  
Will take the flowers from me.

The good tree gives me shadow,  
And shelter from the rain :  
But yonder door is silent,  
It will not ope again !

I see the rainbow bending,  
Above her old abode,  
But she is there no longer ;  
They've taken my love abroad.

They took her o'er the mountains,  
They took her o'er the sea ;  
Move on, move on, my bonny sheep,  
There is no rest for me !

## NIGHT SONG.

WHEN on thy pillow lying,  
 Half listen, I implore,  
 And at my lute's soft sighing,  
 Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

For at my lute's soft sighing  
 The stars their blessings pour  
 On feelings never-dying;  
 Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

Those feelings never-dying  
 My spirit aid to soar  
 From earthly conflicts trying;  
 Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

From earthly conflicts trying  
 Thou driv'st me to this shore;  
 Through thee I'm hither flying, —  
 Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

Through thee I'm hither flying,  
 Thou wilt not list before  
 In slumbers thou art lying:  
 Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

## COMFORT IN TEARS.

How is it that thou art so sad  
 When others are so gay?  
 Thou hast been weeping — nay, thou hast!  
 Thine eyes the truth betray.

“ And if I may not choose but weep,  
Is not my grief mine own ?  
No heart was heavier yet for tears —  
Oh, leave me, friend, alone !”

Come join this once the merry band,  
They call aloud for thee,  
And mourn no more for what is lost,  
But let the past go free.

“ Oh, little know ye in your mirth,  
What wrings my heart so deep !  
I have not lost the idol yet,  
For which I sigh and weep.”

Then rouse thee and take heart ! thy blood  
Is young and full of fire ;  
Youth should have hope and might to win,  
And wear its best desire.

“ Oh, never may I hope to gain  
What dwells from me so far ;  
It stands as high, it looks as bright,  
As yonder burning star.”

Why, who would seek to woo the stars  
Down from their glorious sphere ?  
Enough it is to worship them,  
When nights are calm and clear.

“ Oh, I look up and worship too —  
My star it shines by day —  
Then let me weep the livelong night  
The whilst it is away.”

## LONGING.

WHAT stirs in my heart so ?  
 What lures me from home ?  
 What forces me outwards,  
 And onwards to roam ?  
 Far up on the mountains  
 Lie cloudlets like snow ;  
 Oh, were I but yonder,  
 'Tis there I must go !

Now by come the ravens  
 So solemn and black ;  
 I mingle among them,  
 And follow their track :  
 By rock and by turret  
 We silently glide ;  
 Ah, there is the bower, where  
 My lady doth bide !

She walks in the greenwood,  
 That beautiful May ;  
 Like a bird singing clearly,  
 I drop on the spray.  
 She lists, and she lingers,  
 And softly says she —  
 “ How sweetly it singeth,  
 It singeth for me ! ”

The sunset is gilding  
 The peaks of the hill,  
 The day is declining,  
 Yet tarries she still :  
 She follows the brooklet  
 Through meadow and glade,  
 Till dark is the pathway,  
 And lost in the shade.

Then, then I come down, as  
A swift-shooting star ;  
“ What light glitters yonder,  
So near yet so far ? ”  
Ere yet the amazement  
Hath passed from thee, sweet,  
My quest it is ended,  
I lie at thy feet !

## THE CASTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

THERE stands an ancient castle  
On yonder mountain height,  
Where, fenced with door and portal,  
Once tarried steed and knight.

But gone are door and portal,  
And all is hushed and still ;  
O'er ruined wall and rafter  
I clamber as I will .

A cellar with many a vintage  
Once lay in yonder nook ;  
Where now are the cellarer's flagons  
And where is his jovial look ?

No more he sets the beakers  
For the guests at the wassail feast ;  
Nor fills a flask from the oldest cask  
For the duties of the priest.

No more he gives on the staircase  
The stoup to the thirsty squires,  
And a hurried thanks for the hurried gift  
Receives, nor more requires.

For burned are roof and rafter,  
 And they hang begrimed and black;  
 And stair, and hall, and chapel,  
 Are turned to dust and wrack.

Yet, as with song and cittern,  
 One day when the sun was bright,  
 I saw my love ascending  
 The slopes of yon rocky height;

From the hush and desolation  
 Sweet fancies did unfold,  
 And it seemed as they had come back again,  
 The jovial days of old.

As if the stateliest chambers  
 For noble guests were spread,  
 And out from the prime of that glorious time  
 A youth a maiden led.

And, standing in the chapel,  
 The good old priest did say,  
 "Will ye wed with one another?"  
 And we smiled and answered "Yea!"

We sung, and our hearts they bounded  
 To the thrilling lays we sung,  
 And every note was doubled  
 By the echo's catching tongue.

And when, as eve descended,  
 The hush grew deep and still,  
 And the setting sun looked upward  
 On that great castled hill;

Then far and wide, like lord and bride,  
 In the radiant light we shone —



It sank ; and again the ruins  
Stood desolate and lone !

## TO MIGNON.

OVER vale and torrent far  
Rolls along the sun's bright car.  
Ah ! he wakens in his course  
Mine, as thy deep-seated smart  
In the heart,  
Ev'ry morning with new force.

Scarce avails night aught to me ;  
E'en the visions that I see  
Come but in a mournful guise ;  
And I feel this silent smart  
In my heart  
With creative power arise.

During many a beautiful year  
I have seen ships 'neath me steer,  
As they seek the shelt'ring bay ;  
But, alas, each lasting smart  
In my heart  
Floats not with the stream away.

I must wear a gala dress,  
Long stored up within my press,  
For to-day to feasts is given ;  
None know with what bitter smart  
Is my heart  
Fearfully and madly riven.

Secretly I weep each tear,  
Yet can cheerful e'en appear,

With a face of healthy red ;  
 For if deadly were this smart  
 In my heart,  
 Ah, I then had long been dead !

### SPIRIT GREETING.

UPON a tower antique and high  
 Stood ghost of hero brave,  
 Who, as the ship went sailing by,  
 This " God-speed " to her gave.

" See ! these my sinews stark were once,  
 This heart beat fast and wild,  
 Of knightly marrow full these bones,  
 Brimful this goblet filled.

" Half of my life in storm was passed,  
 Half wasted was in ease,  
 Speed, human cargo, far and fast,  
 On, on, before the breeze !"

### TO A GOLDEN HEART HE WAS WEARING ON HIS NECK.

[Addressed, during the Swiss tour already mentioned, to a present Lili had given him during the time of their happy connection, which was then about to be terminated for ever.]

THOU, of joy that died away, the token  
 Which as yet I on my neck am wearing,  
 Longer hold'st us twain, thou mental tie that's broken ?  
 Art thou the length of love's short days repairing ?

Flee I, Lili, from thee! Must still, tied to thy fetter,  
 Like unto a debtor,  
     Roam in strange lands, through vales and forests  
     darting!  
 Ah! not so soon could this my heart from  
     My Lili's heart be parting.

Like a bird that erst did break his string,  
 And to the wood returns,  
 He drags of his prison the disgrace,  
 Still some bit of the string on his trace;  
 No longer the old bird, once born with freedom's wing;  
 Has been a slave where'er he turns.

### WANDERER'S NIGHT - SONG.

THOU that from the heavens art,  
     Every pain and sorrow stillest,  
 And the doubly wretched heart  
     Doubly with refreshment fillest,  
 I am weary with contending!  
     Why this rapture and unrest?  
 Peace descending,  
     Come, ah, come into my breast!

O'er all the hilltops  
     Is quiet now,  
 In all the tree-tops  
     Hearest thou  
 Hardly a breath;  
     The birds are asleep in the trees:  
 Wait; soon like these  
     Thou, too, shalt rest.

## ILM, THE RIVER, TO THE MOON.

FILLEST hill and vale again,  
 Still with softening light!  
 Loosest from the world's cold chain  
 All my soul to-night!

Spreadest round me far and nigh,  
 Soothingly, thy smile;  
 From thee, as from friendship's eye,  
 Sorrow shrinks the while.

Every echo thrills my heart, —  
 Glad and gloomy mood,  
 Joy and sorrow both have part  
 In my solitude.

River, river, glide along!  
 I am sad, alas!  
 Fleeting things are love and song, —  
 Even so they pass.

I have had and I have lost  
 What I long for yet;  
 Ah! why will we, to our cost,  
 Simple joys forget?

River, river, glide along,  
 Without stop or stay!  
 Murmur, whisper to my song  
 In melodious play.

Whether on a winter's night  
 Rise thy swelling floods,  
 Or in spring thou hast delight  
 Watering the young buds.

Happy he who, hating none,  
Leaves the world's dull noise,  
And, with trusty friends alone,  
Quietly enjoys

What, for ever unexpressed,  
Hid from common sight,  
Through the mazes of the breast  
Softly steals by night!

### HUNTSMAN'S EVENING SONG.

IN silence sad, from heath to hill  
With rifle slung I glide.  
But thy dear shape, it haunts me still,  
It hovers by my side.

Across the brook, and past the mill,  
I watch thee gaily fleet;  
Ah, does one shape, that ne'er is still,  
E'er cross thy fancy, sweet?

'Tis his, who, tortured by unrest,  
Roams ever to and fro,  
Now ranging east, now ranging west,  
Since forced from thee to go.

And yet at times the thought of thee,  
Like moonlight in a dream,  
Doth bring, I know not how, to me  
Content and peace supreme.

## EVENING.

[Written at night on the *Kickelhahn*, a hill in the forest of Ilmenau, on the walls of a little hermitage where Goethe composed the last act of his "Iphigenia."]

PEACE breathes along the shade  
 Of every hill,  
 The tree-tops of the glade  
 Are hushed and still ;  
 All woodland murmurs cease,  
 The birds to rest within the brake are gone.  
 Be patient, weary heart — anon,  
 Thou, too, shalt be at peace !

## TO LINA.

LINA, rival of the linnet,  
 When these lays shall reach thy hand,  
 Please transfer them to the spinnet,  
 Where thy friend was wont to stand.

Set the diapason ringing,  
 Ponder not the words you see,  
 Give them utterance by thy singing,  
 Then each leaf belongs to thee.

With the life of music fill them ;  
 Cold the written verses seem,  
 That, would Lina deign to trill them,  
 Might be trancing as a dream.

## EVER AND EVERYWHERE.

FAR explore the mountain hollow,  
High in air the clouds then follow!  
To each brook and vale the Muse  
Thousand times her call renews.

Soon as flow'ret blooms in spring,  
It wakens many a strain;  
And when Time spreads his fleeting wing  
The seasons come again.

## DELIGHT OF SORROW.

DRY not up, dry not up,  
Tears shed by love everlasting!  
Ah! to the eye that half only dried is,  
How dreary, how dead the world does appear!  
Dry not up, dry not up,  
Tears my love unhappy is shedding!

## PROXIMITY.

I KNOW not wherefore, dearest love,  
Thou often art so strange and coy!  
When 'mongst man's busy haunts we move,  
Thy coldness puts to flight my joy.  
But soon as night and silence round us reign,  
I know thee by thy kisses sweet again!

## A NIGHT THOUGHT.

I DO not envy you, ye joyless stars,  
 Though fair ye be, and glorious to the sight —  
 The seaman's hope amidst the 'whelming storm,  
 When help from God or man there cometh none.  
 No! for ye love not, nor have ever loved!  
 Through the broad fields of heaven, the eternal hours  
 Lead on your circling spheres unceasingly.  
 How vast a journey have ye travelled o'er,  
 Since I, upon the bosom of my love,  
 Forgot all memory of night or you!

## PETITION.

OH, thou sweet maiden fair,  
 Thou with the raven hair,  
     Why to the window go?  
     While gazing down below,  
 Art standing vainly there?  
 Oh, if thou stood'st for me,  
     And lett'st the latch but fly,  
 How happy should I be!  
     How soon would I leap high!

## TO HIS COY ONE.

SEEST thou yon smiling orange?  
 Upon the tree still hangs it;  
 Already March hath vanished,  
 And new-born flowers are shooting.  
 I draw nigh to the tree then,  
 And there I say: O orange,



Thou ripe and juicy orange,  
 Thou sweet and luscious orange,  
 I shake the tree, I shake it,  
 Oh, fall into my lap.

### ROLLICKING HANS.

HALLO there! A glass!  
 Ha! the draught's truly sweet!  
 If for drink go on my shoes,  
 I shall still have my feet.

A maiden and wine,  
 With sweet music and song, —  
 I would they were mine,  
 All life's journey along!

If I depart from this sad sphere,  
 And leave a will behind me here,  
 A suit at law will be preferred,  
 But as for thanks, — the deuce a word!  
 So ere I die, I squander all,  
 And that's a proper will I call.

#### HIS COMRADE.

Hallo there! A glass!  
 Ha! the draught's truly sweet!  
 If thou keepest thy shoes,  
 Thou wilt then spare thy feet.

A maiden and wine,  
 With sweet music and song,  
 On payment, are thine,  
 All life's journey along!

## TO LIDA.

THE only one whom, Lida, thou canst love,  
 Thou claim'st, and rightly claim'st, for only thee;  
 He, too, is wholly thine; since doomed to rove  
 Far from thee, in life's turmoils nought I see  
 Save a thin veil, through which thy form I view,  
 As though in clouds; with kindly smile and true,  
 It cheers me, like the stars eterne that gleam  
 Across the northern lights' far-flick'ring beam.

## RECIPROCAL.

MY mistress, where sits she?  
 What is it that charms?  
 The absent she's rocking,  
 Held fast in her arms.

In pretty cage prisoned  
 She holds a bird still;  
 Yet lets him fly from her,  
 Whenever he will.

He pecks at her finger,  
 And pecks at her lips,  
 And hovers and flutters,  
 And round her he skips.

Then hasten thou homeward,  
 In fashion to be;  
 If thou hast the maiden,  
 She also hath thee.

## THE FREEBOOTER.

No door has my house,  
No house has my door ;  
And in and out ever  
I carry my store.

No grate has my kitchen,  
No kitchen my grate ;  
Yet roasts it and boils it  
Both early and late.

My bed has no trestles,  
My trestles no bed ;  
Yet merrier moments  
No mortal e'er led.

My cellar is lofty,  
My barn is full deep,  
From top to the bottom, —  
There lie I and sleep.

And soon as I waken,  
All moves on its race ;  
My place has no fixture,  
My fixture no place.

## JOY AND SORROW.

As fisher-boy I fared  
To the black rock in the sea,  
And, while false gifts I prepared,  
Listened and sang merrily,

Down descended the decoy,  
 Soon a fish attacked the bait ;  
 One exulting shout of joy, —  
 And the fish was captured straight.

Ah! on shore, and to the wood,  
 Past the cliffs, o'er stock and stone,  
*One* foot's traces I pursued,  
 And the maiden was alone.  
 Lips were silent, eyes downcast  
 As a clasp-knife snaps the bait,  
 With her snare she seized me fast,  
 And the boy was captured straight.

Heaven knows who's the happy swain  
 That she rambles with anew !  
 I must dare the sea again,  
 Spite of wind and weather, too.  
 When the great and little fish  
 Wail and flounder in my net,  
 Straight returns my eager wish  
 In her arms to revel yet !

### MARCH.

THE snowflakes fall in showers,  
 The time is absent still,  
 When all Spring's beauteous flowers,  
 When all Spring's beauteous flowers  
 Our hearts with joy shall fill.

With lustre false and fleeting  
 The sun's bright rays are thrown ;  
 The swallow's self is cheating,  
 The swallow's self is cheating ;  
 And why ? He comes alone !

Can I e'er feel delighted  
 Alone, though Spring is near?  
 Yet when we are united,  
 Yet when we are united,  
 The summer will be here.

## APRIL.

TELL me, eyes, what 'tis ye're seeking;  
 For ye're saying something sweet,  
 Fit the ravished ear to greet,  
 Eloquently, softly speaking.

Yet I see now why ye're roving;  
 For behind those eyes so bright,  
 To itself abandoned quite,  
 Lies a bosom, truthful, loving, —

One that it must fill with pleasure  
 'Mongst so many, dull and blind,  
 One true look at length to find,  
 That its worth can rightly treasure.

Whilst I'm lost in studying ever  
 To explain these ciphers duly, —  
 To unravel *my* books truly  
 In return be *your* endeavour!

## MAY.

LIGHT and silv'ry cloudlets hover  
 In the air, as yet scarce warm;  
 Mild, with glimmer soft tinged over,  
 Peeps the sun through fragrant balm.

Gently rolls and heaves the ocean  
 As its waves the bank o'erflow,  
 And with ever restless motion  
 Moves the verdure to and fro,  
 Mirrored brightly far below.

What is now the foliage moving ?  
 Air is still, and hush'd the breeze,  
 Sultriness, this fulness loving,  
 Through the thicket, from the trees.  
 Now the eye at once gleams brightly,  
 See ! the infant band with mirth  
 Moves and dances nimbly, lightly,  
 As the morning gave it birth,  
 Flutt'ring two and two o'er earth.

### JUNE.

SHE behind yon mountain lives,  
 Who my love's sweet guerdon gives.  
 Tell me, mount, how this can be,  
 Very glass thou seem'st to me !  
 And I seem to be close by,  
 For I see her drawing nigh ;  
 Now, because I'm absent, sad,  
 Now, because she sees me, glad.

Soon between us rise to sight  
 Valleys cool, with bushes light,  
 Streams and meadows ; next appear  
 Mills and wheels, the surest token  
 That a level spot is near,  
 Plains far-stretching and unbroken.  
 And so onwards, onwards roam,  
 To my garden and my home !

But how comes it then to pass?  
All this gives no joy, alas! —  
I was ravished by her sight,  
By her eyes so fair and bright,  
By her footstep soft and light.  
How her peerless charms I praised,  
When from head to foot I gazed!  
I am here, she's far away, —  
I am gone, with her to stay.

If on rugged hills she wander,  
If she haste the vale along,  
Pinions seem to flutter yonder,  
And the air is filled with song;  
With the glow of youth still playing  
Joyous vigour in each limb,  
One in silence is delaying,  
She alone 'tis blesses him.

Love, thou art too fair, I ween!  
Fairer I have never seen!  
From the heart full easily  
Blooming flowers are culled by thee.  
If I think: "Oh, were it so,"  
Bone and marrow seem to glow!  
If rewarded by her love,  
Can I greater rapture prove?

And still fairer is the bride,  
When in me she will confide,  
When she speaks and lets me know  
All her tale of joy and woe.  
All her lifetime's history  
Now is fully known to me.  
Who in child or woman e'er  
Soul and body found so fair?

## NEXT YEAR'S SPRING.

THE bed of flowers	'Mongst all the blossoms
Loosens amain,	That fairest are,
The beauteous snowdrops	My sweetheart's sweetness
Drop o'er the plain.	Is sweetest far ;
The crocus opens	Upon me ever
Its glowing bud,	Her glances light,
Like emeralds others,	My song they waken
Others, like blood.	My words make bright.
With saucy gesture	An ever open
Primroses flare,	And blooming mind,
And roguish violets	In sport, unsullied,
Hidden with care ;	In earnest, kind.
And whatsoever	Though roses and lilies
There stirs and strives,	By summer are brought,
The Spring's contented,	Against my sweetheart
It works and thrives.	Prevails he nought.

## SWISS SONG.

Up in the mountain	O'er the meadow
I was a-sitting,	I was a-going,
With the bird there	And there saw the
As my guest,	Butterflies,
Blithely singing,	Sipping, dancing,
Blithely springing,	Flying, glancing,
And building	And charming
His nest.	The eyes.
In the garden	And then came my
I was a-standing,	Dear Hansel,
And the bee there	And I showed them
Saw as well,	With glee,
Buzzing, humming,	Sipping, quaffing,
Going, coming,	And he, laughing,
And building	Sweet kisses
His cell.	Gave me.



## SICILIAN SONG.

YE black and roguish eyes,  
 If ye command,  
 Each house in ruin lies,  
 No town can stand.  
 And shall my bosom's chain, —  
 This plaster wall, —  
 To think one moment, deign, —  
 Shall *it* not fall ?

## AT MIDNIGHT HOUR.

[Goethe relates that a remarkable situation he was in one bright moonlight night led to the composition of this sweet song, which was "the dearer to him because he could not say whence it came and whither it would."]

AT midnight hour I went, not willingly,  
 A little, little boy, yon churchyard past,  
 To Father Vicar's house ; the stars on high  
 On all around their beauteous radiance cast,  
 At midnight hour.

And when, in journeying o'er the path of life,  
 My love I followed, as she onward moved,  
 With stars and northern lights o'erhead in strife,  
 Going and coming, perfect bliss I proved  
 At midnight hour.

Until at length the full moon, lustre-fraught,  
 Burst thro' the gloom wherein she was enshrined ;  
 And then the willing, active, rapid thought  
 Around the past, as round the future twined,  
 At midnight hour.

## TO THE RISING FULL MOON.

Dornburg, 25th August, 1828.

WILT thou suddenly enshroud thee,  
 Who this moment wert so nigh?  
 Heavy rising masses cloud thee,  
 Thou art hidden from mine eye.

Yet my sadness thou well knowest,  
 Gleaming sweetly as a star!  
 That I'm loved, 'tis *thou* that showest,  
 Though my loved one may be far.

Upward mount then! clearer, milder,  
 Robed in splendour far more bright!  
 Though my heart with grief throbs wilder,  
 Fraught with rapture is the night!

THE BRIDEGROOM.<sup>1</sup>

I SLEPT, — 'twas midnight, — in my bosom woke,  
 As though 'twere day, my love-o'erflowing heart;  
 To me it seemed like night, when day first broke;  
 What is't to me, whate'er it may impart?

She was away; the world's unceasing strife  
 For her alone I suffered through the heat  
 Of sultry day; oh, what refreshing life  
 At cooling eve! — my guerdon was complete.

The sun now set, and wand'ring hand in hand,  
 His last and blissful look we greeted then;  
 While spake our eyes, as they each other scanned:  
 "From the far east, let's trust, he'll come again!"

<sup>1</sup> Not in the English sense of the word, but the German, where it has the meaning of *betrotted*.

At midnight! — the bright stars, in vision blest,  
Guide to the threshold where she slumbers calm;  
Oh, be it mine, there too at length to rest, —  
Yet howsoe'er this prove, life's full of charm!

## SUCH, SUCH IS HE WHO PLEASETH ME.

FLY, dearest, fly! He is not nigh!  
He who found thee one fair morn in Spring  
In the wood where thou thy flight didst wing.  
Fly, dearest, fly! He is not nigh!  
Never rests the foot of evil spy.

Hark! flutes' sweet strains and love's refrains  
Reach the loved one, borne there by the wind,  
In the soft heart open doors they find.  
Hark! flutes' sweet strains and love's refrains,  
Hark! — yet blissful love their echo pains.

Erect his head, and firm his tread,  
Raven hair around his smooth brow strays,  
On his cheeks a spring eternal plays.  
Erect his head, and firm his tread,  
And by grace his ev'ry step is led.

Happy his breast, with pureness blessed,  
And the dark eyes 'neath his eyebrows placed,  
With full many a beauteous line are graced.  
Happy his breast, with pureness blessed,  
Soon as seen, thy love must be confessed.

His mouth is red — its power I dread,  
On his lips morn's fragrant incense lies,  
Round his lips the cooling zephyr sighs.  
His mouth is red — its power I dread,  
With one glance from him, all sorrow's fled.

His blood is true, his heart bold too,  
 In his soft arms, strength, protection, dwells,  
 And his face with noble pity swells.  
 His blood is true, his heart bold too,  
 Blest the one whom those dear arms may woo!

### GIPSY SONG.

IN the drizzling mist, with the snow high-piled,  
 In the winter night, in the forest wild,  
 I heard the wolves with their ravenous howl,  
 I heard the screaming note of the owl:

Wille wau wau wau!

Wille wo wo wo!

Wito hu!

I shot, one day, a cat in the ditch —  
 The dear black cat of Anna the witch;  
 Upon me, at night, seven were-wolves came down,  
 Seven women they were, from out of the town.

Wille wau wau wau!

Wille wo wo wo!

Wito hu!

I knew them all; ay, I knew them straight;  
 First, Anna, then Ursula, Eve, and Kate,  
 And Barbara, Lizzy, and Bet as well:  
 And forming a ring, they began to yell:

Wille wau wau wau!

Wille wo wo wo!

Wito hu!

Then called I their names with angry threat:  
 "What wouldst thou, Anna? What wouldst thou,  
 Bet?"

At hearing my voice, themselves they shook,  
And howling and yelling, to flight they took.

Wille wau wau wau !

Wille wo wo wo !

Wito hu !

## THE DESTRUCTION OF MAGDEBURG.

[For a fine account of the fearful sack of Magdeburg, by Tilly, in the year 1631, see Schiller's "History of the Thirty Years' War."]

OH, Magdeburg, the town !  
Fair maids thy beauty crown,  
Thy charms fair maids and matrons crown ;  
Oh, Magdeburg, the town !

Where all so blooming stands,  
Advance fierce Tilly's bands ;  
O'er gardens and o'er well-tilled lands  
Advance fierce Tilly's bands.

Now Tilly's at the gate.  
Our homes who'll liberate ?  
Go, loved one, hasten to the gate,  
And dare the combat straight !

There is no need as yet,  
However fierce his threat ;  
Thy rosy cheeks I'll kiss, sweet pet !  
There is no need as yet.

My longing makes me pale.  
Oh, what can wealth avail ?  
E'en now thy father may be pale.  
Thou makest my courage fail.

Oh, mother, give me bread !  
 Is then my father dead ?  
 Oh, mother, one small crust of bread !  
 Oh ! what misfortune dread !

Thy father, dead lies he,  
 The trembling townsmen flee,  
 Adown the street the blood runs free ;  
 Oh, whither shall we flee ?

The churches ruined lie,  
 The houses burn on high,  
 The roofs they smoke, the flames out fly,  
 Into the street then hie !

No safety there they meet !  
 The soldiers fill the street,  
 With fire and sword the wreck complete :  
 No safety there they meet !

Down falls the houses' line,  
 Where now is thine or mine ?  
 That bundle yonder is not thine,  
 Thou flying maiden mine !

The women sorrow sore,  
 The maidens far, far more.  
 The living are no virgins more.  
 Thus Tilly's troops make war !

#### FINNISH SONG.

If the loved one, the well-known one,  
 Should return as he departed,  
 On his lips would ring my kisses,  
 Though the wolf's blood might have dyed them ;  
 And a hearty grasp I'd give him,  
 Though his finger-ends were serpents.

Wind! Oh, if thou hadst but reason,  
Word for word in turns thou'dst carry,  
E'en though some perchance might perish  
'Tween two lovers so far distant.

All choice morsels I'd dispense with,  
Table-flesh of priests neglect, too,  
Sooner than renounce my lover,  
Whom, in summer having vanquished,  
I in winter tamed still longer.

## DEPRESSION.

ROSES, ah, how fair ye be!  
Ye are fading, dying!  
Ye should with my lady be,  
On her bosom lying;  
All your bloom is lost on me,  
Here despairing; sighing.

Oh, the golden dreams I nursed,  
Ere I knew thy scorning,  
When I poured my passion first,  
And at break of morning,  
Plucked the rosebuds ere they burst  
For thy breast's adorning!

Every fruit and floweret rare,  
To thy feet I bore it,  
Fondly knelt, to see thee there  
Bending fondly o'er it,  
Gazing on thy face so fair,  
To revere, adore it.

Roses, ah! how fair ye be!  
 Ye are fading, dying!  
 Ye should with my lady be,  
 On her bosom lying;  
 All your bloom is lost on me,  
 Here despairing, sighing.

### SORROW WITHOUT CONSOLATION.

OH, wherefore shouldst thou try  
 The tears of love to dry?  
 Nay, let them flow!  
 For didst thou only know,  
 How barren and how dead  
 Seems everything below,  
 To those who have not tears enough to shed,  
 Thou'dst rather bid them weep, and seek their com-  
 fort so.

### THE PARTING.

LET mine eyes the farewell make thee  
 Which my lips refuse to speak;  
 Scorn me not, if to forsake thee  
 Makes my very manhood weak.

Joyless in our joy's eclipse, love,  
 Are love's tokens, else divine,  
 Cold the kisses of thy lips, love,  
 Damp the hand that's locked in mine.

Once thy lip, to touch it only,  
 To my soul has sent a thrill,  
 Sweeter than the violet lonely,  
 Plucked in March-time by the rill.



Garlands never more I'll fashion,  
 Roses twine no more for thee ;  
 Spring is here, but, ah, my passion,  
 Autumn dark has come for me !

### ON THE NEW YEAR.

[Composed for a merry party that used to meet, in 1802, at Goethe's house.]

FATE, now allows us,  
 'Twixt the departing  
 And the upstarting,  
 Happy to be ;  
 And at the call of  
 Memory cherished,  
 Future and perished  
 Moments we see.

Seasons of anguish, —  
 Ah, they must ever  
 Truth from woe sever,  
 Love and joy part ;  
 Days still more worthy  
 Soon will unite us,  
 Fairer songs light us,  
 Strength'ning the heart.

We, thus united,  
 Think of, with gladness,  
 Rapture and sadness,  
 Sorrow now flies.  
 Oh, how mysterious  
 Fortune's direction !  
 Old the connection,  
 New-born the prize !

Thank, for this, Fortune,  
 Wavering blindly!  
 Thank all that kindly  
 Fate may bestow!  
 Revel in change's  
 Impulses clearer,  
 Love far sincerer,  
 More heartfelt glow.

Over the old one,  
 Wrinkles collected,  
 Sad and dejected,  
 Others may view;  
 But, on *us* gently  
 Shineth a true one,  
 And to the new one  
 We, too, are new.

As a fond couple  
 'Midst the dance veering,  
 First disappearing,  
 Then reappear,  
 So let affliction  
 Guide thro' life's mazy  
 Pathways so hazy  
 Into the year.

### ANNIVERSARY SONG.

[This little song describes the different members of the party just spoken of.]

WHY papest thou, my neighbour fair,  
 The garden all alone?  
 If house and land thou seek'st to guard,  
 I'd thee as mistress own.

My brother sought the cellar-maid,  
And suffered her no rest ;  
She gave him a refreshing draught,  
A kiss, too, she impressed.

My cousin is a prudent wight,  
The cook's by him adored ;  
He turns the spit round ceaselessly,  
To gain love's sweet reward.

We six together then began  
A banquet to consume,  
When lo ! a fourth pair singing came,  
And danced into the room.

Welcome were they, — and welcome, too,  
Was a fifth jovial pair,  
Brimful of news, and stored with tales  
And jests both new and rare.

For riddles, spirit, raillery,  
And wit, a place remained ;  
A sixth pair then our circle joined,  
And so that prize was gained.

And yet, to make us truly blest,  
One missed we, and full sore ;  
A true and tender couple came, —  
We needed then no more.

The social banquet now goes on,  
Unchequered by alloy ;  
The sacred double-numbers then  
Let all at once enjoy !

## THE SPRING ORACLE.

OH, prophetic bird so bright,  
 Blossom-songster, cuckoo hight !  
 In the fairest time of year,  
 Dearest bird, oh ! deign to hear  
 What a youthful pair would pray ;  
 Do thou call, if hope they may ;  
 Thy cuck-oo, thy cuck-oo,  
 Ever more cuck-oo, cuck-oo !

Hearest thou ? A loving pair  
 Fain would to the altar fare ;  
 Yes ! a pair in happy youth,  
 Full of virtue, full of truth.  
 Is the hour not fixed by fate ?  
 Say, how long must they still wait ?  
 Hark ! cuck-oo ! hark ! cuck-oo !  
 Silent yet ! for shame, cuck-oo !

'Tis not our fault, certainly !  
 Only two years patient be !  
 But if we ourselves please here,  
 Will pa-pa-papas appear ?  
 Know that thou'lt more kindness do us,  
 More thou'lt prophesy unto us.  
 One ! cuck-oo ! Two ! cuck-oo !  
 Ever, ever, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, coo !

If we've calculated clearly,  
 We have half a dozen nearly.  
 If good promises we'll give,  
 Wilt thou say how long we'll live ?  
 Truly, we'll confess to thee,  
 We'd prolong it willingly.

Coo, cuck-oo, coo, cuck-oo!  
 Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo!

Life is one continued feast —  
 (If we keep no score, at least).  
 If now we together dwell,  
 Will true love remain as well?  
 For if *that* should e'er decay,  
 Happiness would pass away.  
 Coo, cuck-oo, coo, cuck-oo,  
 Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo!

(Gracefully *in infinitum*.)

### THE HAPPY COUPLE.

AFTER these vernal rains  
 That we so warmly sought,  
 Dear wife, see how our plains  
 With blessings sweet are fraught!  
 We cast our distant gaze  
 Far in the misty blue;  
 Here gentle love still strays,  
 Here dwells still rapture true.

Thou see'st whither go  
 Yon pair of pigeons white,  
 Where swelling violets blow  
 Round sunny foliage bright.  
 'Twas there we gathered first  
 A nosegay as we roved;  
 There into flame first burst  
 The passion that we proved.

Yet when, with plighted troth,  
 The priest beheld us fare,

Home from the altar both,  
 With many a youthful pair, —  
 Then other moons had birth,  
 And many a beauteous sun,  
 Then we had gained the earth  
 Whereon life's race to run.

A hundred thousand fold  
 The mighty bond was sealed;  
 In woods, on mountains cold,  
 In bushes, in the field,  
 Within the wall, in caves,  
 And on the craggy height,  
 And love, e'en o'er the waves,  
 Bore in his tube the light.

Contented we remained,  
 We deemed ourselves a pair;  
 'Twas otherwise ordained,  
 For, lo! a third was there;  
 A fourth, fifth, sixth appeared,  
 And sat around our board;  
 And now the plants we've reared  
 High o'er our heads have soared.

How fair and pleasant looks,  
 On yonder beauteous spot,  
 Embraced by poplar-brooks,  
 The newly finished cot!  
 Who is it there that sits  
 In that glad home above?  
 Is't not our darling Fritz  
 With his own darling love?

Beside yon precipice,  
 Whence pent-up waters steal,

And, leaving the abyss,  
    Fall foaming through the wheel, —  
Though people often tell  
    Of millers' wives so fair,  
Yet none can e'er excel  
    Our dearest daughter there !

Yet where the thick-set green  
    Stands round yon church and sod,  
Where the old fir-tree's seen  
    Alone tow'rd heaven to nod, —  
'Tis there the ashes lie  
    Of our untimely dead ;  
From earth our gaze on high  
    By their blest memory's led.

See how yon hill is bright  
    With billowy-waving arms !  
The force returns, whose might  
    Has vanquished war's alarms.  
Who proudly hastens here  
    With wreath-encircled brow ?  
'Tis like our child so dear ! —  
    Thus Charles comes homeward now.

That dearest honoured guest  
    Is welcomed by the bride ;  
She makes the true one blest,  
    At the glad festal tide.  
And every one makes haste  
    To join the dance with glee ;  
While thou with wreaths hast graced  
    The youngest children three.

To sound of flute and horn  
    The time appears renewed,

When we, in love's young morn,  
 In the glad dance upstood ;  
 And perfect bliss I know  
 Ere the year's course is run,  
 For to the font we go  
 With grandson and with son !

### SONG OF FELLOWSHIP.

[Written and sung in honour of the birthday of the Pastor Ewald, at the time of Goethe's happy connection with Lili.]

IN every hour of joy  
 That love and wine prolong,  
 The moments we'll employ  
 To carol forth this song !  
 We're gathered in His name,  
 Whose power hath brought us here.  
 He kindled first our flame,  
 He bids it burn more clear.

Then gladly glow to-night,  
 And let our hearts combine !  
 Up ! quaff with fresh delight  
 This glass of sparkling wine !  
 Up ! hail the joyous hour,  
 And let your kiss be true ;  
 With each new bond of power  
 The old becomes the new !

Who in our circle lives,  
 And is not happy there ?  
 True liberty it gives,  
 And brother's love so fair.



Thus heart and heart through life  
 With mutual love are filled ;  
 And by no causeless strife  
 Our union is e'er chilled.

Our hopes a God has crowned  
 With life-discernment free,  
 And all we view around,  
 Renews our ecstasy.  
 Ne'er by caprice oppressed,  
 Our bliss is ne'er destroyed ;  
 More freely throbs our breast,  
 By fancies ne'er alloyed.

Where'er our foot we set,  
 The more life's path extends,  
 And brighter, brighter yet  
 Our gaze on high ascends.  
 We know no grief or pain,  
 Though all things fall and rise ;  
 Long may we thus remain !  
 Eternal be our ties !

#### CONSTANCY IN CHANGE.

COULD this early bliss but rest  
 Constant for one single hour !  
 But e'en now the humid west  
 Scatters many a vernal shower.  
 Should the verdure give me joy ?  
 'Tis to it I owe the shade ;  
 Soon will storms its bloom destroy,  
 Soon will Autumn bid it fade.

Eagerly thy portion seize,  
 If thou wouldst possess the fruit!  
 Fast begin to ripen these,  
 And the rest already to shoot.  
 With each heavy storm of rain  
 Change comes o'er thy valley fair;  
 Once, alas! but not again  
 Can the same stream hold thee e'er.

And thyself, what erst at least  
 Firm as rocks appeared to rise,  
 Walls and palaces thou seest  
 But with ever-changing eyes.  
 Fled for ever now the lip  
 That with kisses used to glow,  
 And the foot, that used to skip  
 O'er the mountain, like the roe.

And the hand, so true and warm,  
 Ever raised in charity,  
 And the cunning-fashioned form, —  
 All are now changed utterly.  
 And what used to bear thy name  
 When upon you spot it stood,  
 Like a rolling billow came,  
 Hastening on to join the flood.

Be then the beginning found  
 With the end in unison,  
 Swifter than the forms around  
 Are themselves now fleeting on!  
 Thank the merit in thy breast,  
 Thank the mould within thy heart,  
 That the Muses' favour blest  
 Ne'er will perish, ne'er depart.

## TABLE SONG.

[Composed for the merry party already mentioned, on the occasion of the departure for France of the hereditary prince, who was one of the number, and who is especially alluded to in the third verse.]

O'ER me, — how I cannot say, —  
 Heavenly rapture's growing.  
 Will it help to guide my way  
 To you stars all-glowing?  
 Yet that here I'd sooner be,  
 To assert I'm able,  
 Where, with wine and harmony,  
 I may thump the table.

Wonder not, my dearest friends,  
 What 'tis gives me pleasure;  
 For of all that earth e'er lends,  
 'Tis the sweetest treasure.  
 Therefore solemnly I swear,  
 With no reservation,  
 That maliciously I'll ne'er  
 Leave my present station.

Now that here we're gathered round,  
 Chasing cares and slumbers,  
 Let, methought, the goblet sound  
 To the bard's glad numbers!  
 Many a hundred mile away,  
 Go those we love dearly;  
 Therefore let us here to-day  
 Make the glass ring clearly!

Here's *His* health through whom we live!  
 I that faith inherit.

To our king the next toast give,  
 Honour is *his* merit,  
 'Gainst each in and outward foe  
 He's our rock and tower.  
 Of his maintenance thinks he though,  
 More that grows his power.

Next to *her* good health I drink,  
 Who has stirred my passion ;  
 Of his mistress let each think,  
 Think in knightly fashion.  
 If the beauteous maid but see  
 Whom 'tis I now call so,  
 Let her smiling nod to me :  
 " Here's my love's health also."

To those friends, — the two or three, —  
 Be our next toast given,  
 In whose presence revel we,  
 In the silent even, —  
 Who the gloomy mist so cold  
 Scatter gently, lightly ;  
 To those friends, then, new or old,  
 Let the toast ring brightly.

Broader now the stream rolls on,  
 With its waves more swelling,  
 While in higher, nobler tone,  
 Comrades, we are dwelling, —  
 We who with collected might  
 Bravely cling together,  
 Both in fortune's sunshine bright,  
 And in stormy weather.

Just as we are gathered thus,  
 Others are collected ;

On them, therefore, as on us,  
 Be Fate's smile directed !  
 From the spring-head to the sea,  
 Many a mill's revolving,  
 And the world's prosperity  
 Is the task I'm solving.

## WONT AND DONE.

I HAVE loved ; for the first time with passion I rave !  
 I then was the servant, but now am the slave ;  
 I then was the servant of all :  
 By this creature so charming I now am fast bound,  
 To love and love's guerdon she turns all around,  
 And her my sole mistress I call.

I've had faith ; for the first time my faith is now strong !  
 And though matters go strangely, though matters go  
 wrong,  
 To the ranks of the faithful I'm true :  
 Though ofttimes 'twas dark, and though ofttimes 'twas  
 drear,  
 In the pressure of need, and when danger was near,  
 Yet the dawning of light I now view.

I have eaten ; but ne'er have thus relished my food !  
 For when glad are the senses and joyous the blood,  
 At table all else is effaced :  
 As for youth, it but swallows, then whistles an air ;  
 As for me, to a jovial resort I'd repair,  
 Where to eat and enjoy what I'd taste.

I have drunk ; but have never thus relished the bowl !  
 For wine makes us lords, and enlivens the soul,  
 And loosens the trembling slave's tongue.

Let's seek not to spare then the heart-stirring drink,  
 For though in the barrel the old wine may sink,  
     In its place will fast mellow the young.

I have danced, and to dancing am pledged by a vow!  
 Though no caper or waltz may be raved about now,  
     In a dance that's becoming, whirl round.  
 And he who a nosegay of flowers has dressed,  
 And cares not for one any more than the rest,  
     With a garland of love is aye crowned.

Then once more be merry, and banish all woes!  
 For he who but gathers the blossoming rose,  
     By its thorns will be tickled alone.  
 To-day still, as yesterday, glimmers the star;  
 Take care from all heads that hang down to keep far,  
     And make but the future thine own.

#### VANITAS, VANITATUM VANITAS.

ON nothing have I set my heart,  
     Hurrah!  
 So in the world I bear my part,  
     Hurrah!  
 And whoso will be friend of mine  
 Must join with me, and not decline  
 To clink a glass of wine.

I set my heart on goods and wealth,  
     Hurrah!  
 I lost thereby my nerves and health,  
     Hurrah!  
 The coins they rolled off far and wide,  
 And what with one hand I did hide,  
 In t'other would not bide.

On woman next I set my heart,  
Hurrah!  
From them I suffered many a smart,  
Ah, ah!  
The false one sought another lord,  
With the true one I was greatly bored,  
The best could not afford.

To travel next I did apply,  
Hurrah!  
From house and kindred off did fly,  
Ah, ah!  
I'm pleased with nothing I have seen, —  
The food was coarse, the bed not clean,  
None knew what I did mean.

On honours next my heart I set,  
Hurrah!  
But lo! my neighbour more did get,  
Ah, ah!  
And when I had advanced my name  
The folks did look askance, and blame  
As though I hurt their fame.

I set my heart on fighting then,  
Hurrah!  
And many a battle we did gain,  
Ah, ah!  
We marched the foeman's country through,  
Much profit there did not accrue, —  
My leg's loss there I rue.

Now I have set my heart on nought,  
Hurrah!  
The whole world to my feet is brought,  
Ah, ah!

My song and feast to end I'm fain,  
 So every one your glasses drain, —  
 Let not a drop remain !

### FORTUNE OF WAR.

NOUGHT more accursed in war I know  
 Than getting off scot-free ;  
 Inured to danger, on we go  
 In constant victory ;  
 We first unpack, then pack again,  
 With only this reward,  
 That when we're marching, we complain,  
 And when in camp are bored.

The time for billeting comes next, —  
 The peasant curses it ;  
 Each nobleman is sorely vexed,  
 'Tis hated by the cit.  
 Be civil, bad though be thy food,  
 The clowns politely treat ;  
 If to our hosts we're ever rude,  
 Jail-bread we're forced to eat.

And when the cannon growl around,  
 And small arms rattle clear,  
 And trumpet, trot, and drums resound,  
 We merry all appear ;  
 And as it in the fight may chance,  
 We yield, then charge amain,  
 And now retire, and now advance,  
 And yet a cross ne'er gain.

At length there comes a musket-ball,  
 And hits the leg, please heaven ;



And then our troubles vanish all,  
For to the town we're driven,  
(Well covered by the victor's force),  
Where we in wrath first came, —  
The women, frightened then, of course,  
Are loving now and tame.

Cellar and heart are opened wide,  
The cook's allowed no rest :  
While beds with softest down supplied  
Are by our members pressed.  
The nimble lads upon us wait,  
No sleep the hostess takes ;  
Her shift is torn in pieces straight, —  
What wondrous lint it makes !

If one has tended carefully  
The hero's wounded limb,  
Her neighbour cannot rest, for she  
Has also tended him.  
A third arrives in equal haste,  
At length they all are there,  
And in the middle he is placed  
Of the whole band so fair !

On good authority the king  
Hears how we love the fight,  
And bids them cross and ribbon bring,  
Our coat and breast to dight.  
Say if a better fate can e'er  
A son of Mars pursue !  
'Midst tears at length we go from there,  
Beloved and honoured, too.

## COPTIC SONG.

HOWE'ER they may wrangle, your pundits and sages,  
 And love of contention infects all the breed,  
 All the philosophers, search through all ages,  
 Join with one voice in the following creed :  
 Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay !  
 Mules will be mules, by the law of their mulishness ;  
 Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolishness,  
 What from an ass can you get but a bray ?

When Merlin I questioned, the old necromancer,  
 As halo'd with light in his coffin he lay,  
 I got from the wizard a similar answer,  
 And thus ran the burden of what he did say :  
 Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay !  
 Mules will be mules, by the law of their mulishness ;  
 Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolishness,  
 What from an ass can be got but a bray ?

And up on the wind-swept peaks of Armenia,  
 And down in the depths, far hid from the day,  
 Of the temples of Egypt and far Abyssinia  
 This, and but this, was the gospel alway :  
 Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay !  
 Mules will be mules, by the law of their mulishness ;  
 Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolishness,  
 What from an ass can be got but a bray ?

## ANOTHER.

Go ! obedient to my call,  
 Turn to profit thy young days,  
 Wiser make betimes thy breast !

In Fate's balance as it sways,  
Seldom is the cock at rest ;  
Thou must either mount, or fall,  
Thou must either rule and win,  
Or submissively give in,  
Triumph, or else yield to clamour,  
Be the anvil or the hammer.

## OPEN TABLE.

MANY a guest I'd see to-day,  
Met to taste my dishes !  
Food in plenty is prepared,  
Birds, and game, and fishes.  
Invitations all have had,  
All proposed attending.  
Johnny, go and look around !  
Are they hither wending ?

Pretty girls I hope to see,  
Dear and guileless misses,  
Ignorant how sweet it is  
Giving tender kisses.  
Invitations all have had,  
All proposed attending.  
Johnny, go and look around !  
Are they hither wending ?

Women also I expect,  
Loving toward their spouses,  
Whose rude grumbling in their breasts  
Greater love but rouses.  
Invitations they've had, too,  
All proposed attending.  
Johnny, go and look around !  
Are they hither wending ?

I've too asked young gentlemen,  
 Who are far from haughty,  
 And whose purses are all well-stocked,  
 Well behaved, not naughty.  
 These especially I asked,  
 All proposed attending.  
 Johnny, go and look around!  
 Are they hither wending?

Men I summoned with respect,  
 Who their own wives treasure;  
 Who in ogling *other* Fair  
 Never take a pleasure.  
 To my greetings they replied,  
 All proposed attending.  
 Johnny, go and look around!  
 Are they hither wending?

Then to make our joy complete,  
 Poets I invited,  
 Who love *others'* songs far more  
 Than what *they've* indited.  
 All acceded to my wish,  
 All proposed attending.  
 Johnny, go and look around!  
 Are they hither wending?

Not a single one appears,  
 None seem this way posting.  
 All the soup boils fast away,  
 Joints are over-roasting.  
 Ah, I fear that we have been  
 Rather too unbending!  
 Johnny, tell me what you think!  
 None are hither wending.

Johnny, run, and quickly bring  
 Other guests to me now!  
 Each arriving as he is —  
*That's the plan, I see now.*  
 In the town at once 'tis known  
 Every one's commending.  
 Johnny, open all the doors:  
 All are hither wending.

### THE RECKONING.

#### LEADER.

LET no cares now hover o'er us!  
 Let the wine unsparing run!  
 Wilt thou swell our merry chorus?  
 Hast thou all thy duty done?

#### SOLO.

Two young folks — the thing is curious —  
 Loved each other; yesterday  
 Both quite mild, to-day quite furious,  
 Next day, quite the deuce to pay!  
 If her neck she there was stooping,  
 He must *here* needs pull his hair.  
 I revived their spirits drooping,  
 And they're now a happy pair.

#### CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!  
 Let the bumper then go round!  
 For all sighs and groans of anguish  
 Thou to-day in joy hast drowned.

## SOLO.

Why, young orphan, all this wailing?  
 "Would to heaven that I were dead!  
 For my guardian's craft prevailing  
 Soon will make me beg my bread."  
 Knowing well the rascal genus,  
 Into court I dragged the knave;  
 Fair the judges were between us,  
 And the maiden's wealth did save.

## CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!  
 Let the bumper then go round!  
 For all sighs and groans of anguish  
 Thou to-day in joy hast drowned.

## SOLO.

To a little fellow, quiet,  
 Unpretending and subdued,  
 Has a big clown, running riot,  
 Been to-day extremely rude.  
 I bethought me of my duty,  
 And my courage swelled apace,  
 So I spoiled the rascal's beauty,  
 Slashing him across the face.

## CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!  
 Let the bumper then go round!  
 For all sighs and groans of anguish  
 Thou to-day in joy hast drowned.

## SOLO.

Brief must be my explanation,  
 For I really have done nought.

Free from trouble and vexation,  
 I a landlord's business bought.  
 There I've done with all due ardour  
 All that duty ordered me ;  
 Each one asked me for the larder,  
 And there was no scarcity.

## CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish !  
 Let the bumper then go round !  
 For all sighs and groans of anguish  
 Thou to-day in joy hast drowned.

## LEADER.

Each should thus make proclamation  
 Of what he did well to-day !  
 That's the match whose conflagration  
 Should inflame our tuneful lay.  
 Let it be our precept ever  
 To admit no waverer here !  
 For to act the good endeavour,  
 None but rascals meek appear.

## CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish !  
 Let the bumper then go round !  
 For all sighs and groans of anguish  
 We have now in rapture drowned.

## TRIO.

Let each merry minstrel enter,  
 He's right welcome to our hall !  
 'Tis but with the self-tormentor  
 That we are not liberal ;

For we fear that his caprices,  
 That his eyebrows dark and sad,  
 That his grief that never ceases  
 Hide an empty heart, or bad.

## CHORUS.

No one now for wine shall languish!  
 Here no minstrel shall be found,  
 Who all sighs and groans of anguish  
 Has not first in rapture drowned!

## MIGNON.

[This universally known poem is also to be found in "Wilhelm Meister." ]

"KNOWEST thou the land where citron-apples bloom,  
 And oranges like gold in leafy gloom,  
 A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows,  
 The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows?  
 Knowest thou it then?

'Tis there! 'Tis there!

O my true loved one, thou with me must go!

"Knowest thou the house, its porch with pillars tall,  
 The rooms do glitter, glitters bright the hall,  
 And marble statues stand, and look each one:  
 What's this, poor child, to thee they've done?  
 Knowest thou it then?

'Tis there! 'Tis there!

O my protector, thou with me must go!

"Knowest thou the hill, the bridge that hangs on  
 clouds,  
 The mules in mist grope o'er the torrent loud,



In caves lay coiled the dragon's ancient hood,  
 The crag leaps down, and over it the flood:  
 Knowest thou it then?

'Tis there! 'Tis there!

Our way runs; O my father, wilt thou go?"

### GENERAL CONFESSION.

IN this noble ring to-day  
 Let my warning shame ye!  
 Listen to my solemn voice, —  
 Seldom does it name ye.  
 Many a thing have ye intended,  
 Many a thing have badly ended,  
 And now I must blame ye.

At some moment in our lives  
 We must all repent us!  
 So confess, with pious trust,  
 All your sins momentous!  
 Error's crooked pathways shunning,  
 Let us, on the straight road running,  
 Honestly content us!

Yes! we've oft, when waking, dreamed  
 Let's confess it rightly;  
 Left undrained the brimming cup,  
 When it sparkled brightly;  
 Many a shepherd's-hour's soft blisses,  
 Many a dear mouth's flying kisses  
 We've neglected lightly.

Mute and silent have we sat,  
 Whilst the blockheads prated,

And above e'en song divine  
 Have their babblings rated ;  
 To account we've even called **us**  
 For the moments that enthralled us  
 With enjoyment freighted.

If thou'lt absolution grant  
 To thy true ones ever,  
 We, to execute thy will,  
 Ceaseless will endeavour,  
 From half-measures strive to wean us,  
 Wholly, fairly, well demean us,  
 Resting, flagging never.

At all blockheads we'll at once  
 Let our laugh ring clearly,  
 And the pearly-foaming wine  
 Never sip at merely.  
 Ne'er with eye alone give kisses,  
 But with boldness suck in blisses  
 From those lips loved dearly.

### ERGO BIBAMUS!

For a praiseworthy object we're now gathered here,  
 So, brethren, sing : ERGO BIBAMUS !  
 Tho' talk may be hushed, yet the glasses ring clear,  
 Remember then, ERGO BIBAMUS !  
 In truth 'tis an old, 'tis an excellent word,  
 With its sound so befitting each bosom is stirred,  
 And an echo the festal hall filling is heard,  
 A glorious ERGO BIBAMUS !

I saw mine own love in her beauty so rare,  
 And bethought me of : ERGO BIBAMUS ;

So I gently approached, and she let me stand there,  
 While I helped myself, thinking: BIBAMUS!  
 And when she's appeared, and will clasp you and kiss,  
 Or when those embraces and kisses ye miss,  
 Take refuge, till found is some worthier bliss,  
 In the comforting ERGO BIBAMUS!

I am called by my fate far away from each friend;  
 Ye loved ones, then: ERGO BIBAMUS!  
 With wallet light-laden from hence I must wend,  
 So double our ERGO BIBAMUS!  
 Whate'er to his treasure the niggard may add,  
 Yet regard for the joyous will ever be had,  
 For gladness lends ever its charms to the glad,  
 So, brethren, sing: ERGO BIBAMUS!

And what shall we say of to-day as it flies?  
 I thought but of: ERGO BIBAMUS!  
 'Tis one of those truly that seldom arise,  
 So again and again sing: BIBAMUS!  
 For joy through a wide-open portal it guides,  
 Bright glitter the clouds as the curtain divides,  
 And a form, a divine one, to greet us in glides,  
 While we thunder our: ERGO BIBAMUS.

## THE MINSTREL.

[This fine poem is introduced in the second book of "Wilhelm Meister."]

"WHAT tuneful strains salute mine ear  
 Without the castle walls?  
 Oh, let the song reëcho here,  
 Within our festal halls!"

Thus spake the king, the page out-hied ;  
 The boy returned ; the monarch cried :  
 " Admit the old man yonder ! "

" All hail, ye noble lords to-night !  
 All hail, ye beauteous dames !  
 Star placed by star ! What heavenly sight !  
 Who e'er can tell their names ?  
 Within this glittering hall sublime,  
 Be closed mine eyes ! 'tis not the time  
 For me to feast my wonder."

- The minstrel straightway closed his eyes,  
 And woke a thrilling tone ;  
 The knights looked on in knightly guise,  
 Fair looks toward earth were thrown.  
 The monarch, ravished by the strain,  
 Bade them bring forth a golden chain,  
 To be his numbers' guerdon.

" The golden chain give not to me,  
 But give the chain to those  
 In whose bold face we shivered see  
 The lances of our foes.  
 Or give it to thy chancellor there ;  
 With other burdens he may bear  
 This one more golden burden.

" I sing, like birds of blithesome note,  
 That in the branches dwell ;  
 The song that rises from the throat  
 Repays the minstrel well.  
 One boon I'd crave, if not too bold —  
 One bumper in a cup of gold  
 Be as my guerdon given."

The bowl he raised, the bowl he quaffed :  
“ Oh, drink, with solace fraught !  
O house thrice-blest, where such a draught  
A trifling gift is thought !  
When Fortune smiles, remember me,  
And as I thank you heartily,  
As warmly thank ye, Heaven ! ”

## EPIPHANIAS.

THE three holy kings with their star's bright ray, —  
They eat and they drink, but had rather not pay ;  
They like to eat and drink away,  
They eat and drink, but had rather not pay.

The three holy kings have all come here,  
In numbers not four, but three they appear ;  
And if a fourth joined the other three,  
Increased by one their number would be.

The first am I, — the fair and the white,  
I ought to be seen when the sun shines bright.  
But, alas ! with all my spices and myrrh,  
No girl now likes me, — I please not her.

The next am I, — the brown and the long,  
Known well to women, known well to song,  
Instead of spices, 'tis gold I bear,  
And so I'm welcome everywhere.

The last am I, — the black and small,  
And fain would be right merry withal.  
I like to eat and to drink full measure,  
I eat and drink, and give thanks with pleasure.

The three holy kings are friendly and mild,  
 They seek the Mother, and seek the Child;  
 The pious Joseph is sitting by,  
 The ox and the ass on their litter lie.

We're bringing gold, we're bringing myrrh,  
 The women incense always prefer;  
 And if we have wine of a worthy growth,  
 We three to drink like six are not loth.

As here we see fair lads and lasses,  
 But not a sign of oxen or asses,  
 We know that we have gone astray,  
 And so go further on our way.

## BALLAD

### OF THE EXILED AND RETURNING COUNT.

[Goethe began to write an opera called "Löwenstuhl," founded upon the old tradition which forms the subject of this ballad, but he never carried out his design.]

COME in, dear old man, come inside, do come on!  
 Down here in the hall we shall be quite alone,  
 And the gate we will lock altogether.  
 For, mother is praying, and father is gone  
 To shoot the wild wolves on the heather.  
 Oh! sing us a tale, then again and again,  
 That my brother and I learn the measure;  
 To hear a fine minstrel we shall be so fain,  
 The children will listen with pleasure.

"In terror of night, during hostile attack,  
 On house full of splendour he's turning his back,  
 His most precious things he did bury.

The wicket to open the count is not slack ;  
 What, then, in his arms does he carry ?  
 What, under his mantle may hidden he keep ?  
 What bears he to distance, what treasure ?  
 His daughter it is, there the child is asleep " —  
 The children are list'ning with pleasure.

" The morning is breaking, the world is so wide,  
 In valleys and mountains does shelter abide,  
 The villagers kindness are showing ;  
 A minstrel, thus long he must wander and stride,  
 His beard long and longer is growing ;  
 But lovely grows also the child on his arm,  
 As though he of wealth had rich measure ;  
 His mantle protects her from every harm " —  
 The children are list'ning with pleasure.

" And time many years in its course onward drags,  
 The mantle is faded, it has fallen to rags,  
 It could her not hold any longer.  
 The father beholds her, his joy never flags,  
 Each day it grows stronger and stronger.  
 So noble, so beautiful she does appear,  
 He deems her beyond ev'ry treasure ;  
 How rich she is making her father so dear ! " —  
 The children are list'ning with pleasure.

" Up rides a princely and chivalrous knight,  
 She reaches her hand out, an alms to invite ;  
 It is not such gift he would grant her.  
 The tender hand grasping with full, manly might :  
 ' For life,' he exclaimed, ' I do want her !'  
 ' Wilt make her a princess ? ' the old man replied,  
 ' Dost recognise her as thy treasure ?  
 Then be she betrothed on this verdant hillside ! " —  
 The children are list'ning with pleasure.

"The priest, in the holy place, blesses the pair,  
 With joy and with grief she now hence doth repair.  
 She likes not to part with her father.  
 The old man is wand'ring now here and now there,  
 From pain he doth happiness gather.  
 Thus have I for years kept my daughter in sight,  
 My grandchild, like her, a sweet treasure ;  
 I bless them by day and I bless them by night" —  
 The children are list'ning with pleasure.

He blesses the children, he blesses them twice ;  
 There's noise at the gate, it is burst in a trice,  
 The children the old man environ —  
 "Why, beggar, why, fool, doth my children entice ?  
 On, seize him, ye men clad in iron !  
 Away to the dungeon with him !" he repeats ;  
 From far as she hears the harsh measure,  
 Down hastens the mother, and flatt'ring entreats —  
 The children, they hear her with pleasure.

The men stand apart from the worthy old man,  
 Both mother and children beseech all they can ;  
 The princely and proud man represses  
 The furious rage which their prayers but fan,  
 Till bursts what his spirit distresses :  
 "You beggarly brood, high nobility's blight !  
 My patience you've tried beyond measure ;  
 You bring me destruction ! It serves me quite right" —  
 The children hear this with displeasure.

The noble old man stands with look darting fire,  
 The men who have seized him still farther retire,  
 With fury the other is flaring !  
 "Oft cursed have I wedlock so mean and so dire,  
 Such blossoms such fruits e'er are bearing !  
 'Tis justly denied, that *acquired* be, the grace  
 E'er can, of nobility's treasure.



The beggar has borne me a beggarly race" —  
 The children still list with displeasure.

"And if thus the husband, the father rejects  
 You, rashly the most sacred ties disconnects,  
 You'll find in your grandsire a father!  
 The beggar your father so little respects  
 Will honour and wealth for you gather.  
 This castle is mine! Thou didst rob me of it;  
 I know where I've hid ev'ry treasure;  
 I bear with me warrant by royal hand writ!" —  
 The children are list'ning with pleasure.

"Legitimate king has returned to his land,  
 Gives back what was taken from true followers' band,  
 Laws gentle and mild is proclaiming."  
 The old man thus spoke with a look kind and bland,  
 "My son, thee no longer I'm blaming;  
 Return to thyself from thy fury's wild flood,  
 I'll loosen the seals of each treasure,  
 Thy princess has borne thee a true princely blood" —  
 The children are list'ning with pleasure.

### THE FAITHLESS BOY.

THERE was a wooer blithe and gay, —  
 A son of France was he, —  
 Who in his arms for many a day,  
 As though his bride were she,  
 A poor young maiden had caressed,  
 And fondly kissed, and fondly pressed,  
 And then at length deserted.

When this was told the nut-brown maid,  
 Her senses straightway fled;

She laughed and wept, and vowed and prayed,  
And presently was dead.  
The hour her soul its farewell took,  
The boy was sad, with terror shook,  
Then sprang upon his charger.

He drove his spurs into his side,  
And scoured the country round ;  
But wheresoever he might ride,  
No rest for him was found.  
For seven long days and nights he rode,  
It stormed, the waters overflowed,  
It blustered, lightened, thundered.

On rode he through the tempest's din,  
Till he a building spied ;  
In search of shelter crept he in,  
When he his steed had tied.  
And as he groped his doubtful way,  
The ground began to rock and sway, —  
He fell a hundred fathoms.

When he recovered from his blow,  
He saw three lights pass by ;  
He sought in their pursuit to go,  
The lights appeared to fly.  
They led his footsteps all astray,  
Up, down, through many a narrow way  
Through ruined desert cellars.

When lo ! he stood within a hall,  
A hundred guests sat there,  
With hollow eyes, and grinning all ;  
They bade him taste the fare.

He saw his sweetheart 'midst the throng,  
Wrapped up in grave-clothes white and long;  
She turned, and ——<sup>1</sup>

## THE ERL-KING.

Who rides there so late through the night dark and  
drear ?

The father it is, with his infant so dear ;  
He holdeth the boy tightly clasped in his arm,  
He holdeth him safely, he keepeth him warm.

“ My son, wherefore seek'st thou thy face thus to  
hide ? ”

“ Look, father, the Erl-King is close by our side !  
Dost see not the Erl-King, with crown and with train ? ”

“ My son, 'tis the mist rising over the plain.”

“ Oh, come, thou dear infant ! oh, come thou with me !  
Full many a game I will play there with thee ;  
On my strand, lovely flowers their blossoms unfold,  
My mother shall grace thee with garments of gold.”

“ My father, my father, and dost thou not hear  
The words that the Erl-King now breathes in mine  
ear ? ”

“ Be calm, dearest child, 'tis thy fancy deceives ;  
'Tis the sad wind that sighs through the withering  
leaves.”

“ Wilt go, then, dear infant, wilt go with me there ?  
My daughters shall tend thee with sisterly care ;

<sup>1</sup>This ballad is introduced in Act II. of “ Claudine of Villa Bella,” where it is suddenly broken off, as it is here.

My daughters by night their glad festival keep,  
They'll dance thee, and rock thee, and sing thee to  
sleep."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not see,  
How the Erl-King his daughters has brought here for  
me?"

"My darling, my darling, I see it aright,  
'Tis the aged gray willows deceiving thy sight."

"I love thee, I'm charmed by thy beauty, dear boy!  
And if thou'rt unwilling, then force I'll employ."

"My father, my father, he seizes me fast,  
Full sorely the Erl-King has hurt me at last."

The father now gallops, with terror half wild,  
He grasps in his arms the poor shuddering child:  
He reaches his courtyard with toil and with dread,—  
The child in his arms finds he motionless, dead.

### JOHANNA SEBUS.

[To the memory of an excellent and beautiful girl of seventeen, belonging to the village of Brienen, who perished on the 13th of January, 1809, whilst giving help on the occasion of the breaking up of the ice on the Rhine, and the bursting of the dam of Claverham.]

THE DAM BREAKS DOWN, THE ICE-PLAIN GROWLS,  
THE FLOODS ARISE, THE WATER HOWLS.

"I'll bear thee, mother, across the swell,  
'Tis not yet high, I can wade right well."

"Remember us, too! in what danger are we!  
Thy fellow lodger and children three!  
The trembling woman! — Thou'rt going away!"  
She bears the mother across the spray.

“Quick! haste to the mound, and awhile there wait,  
 I'll soon return, and all will be straight.  
 The mound's close by, and safe from the wet;  
 But take my goat, too, my darling pet!”

THE DAM DISSOLVES, THE ICE-PLAIN GROWLS,  
 THE FLOODS DASH ON, THE WATER HOWLS.

She places the mother safe on the shore;  
 Fair Susan then turns toward the flood once more.  
 “Oh, whither? Oh, whither? The breadth fast  
 grows,  
 Both here and there the water o'erflows.  
 Wilt venture, thou rash one, the billows to brave?”  
 “THEY SHALL, AND THEY MUST BE PRESERVED FROM  
 THE WAVE!”

THE DAM DISAPPEARS, THE WATER GROWLS,  
 LIKE OCEAN BILLOWS IT HEAVES AND HOWLS.

Fair Susan returns by the way she had tried,  
 The waves roar around, but she turns not aside;  
 She reaches the mound and the neighbour straight,  
 But for her and the children, alas, too late!

THE DAM DISAPPEARED, — LIKE A SEA IT GROWLS,  
 ROUND A HILLOCK IN CIRCLING EDDIES IT HOWLS.

The foaming abyss gapes wide, and whirls round,  
 The women and children are borne to the ground;  
 The horn of the goat by one is seized fast,  
 But, ah, they all must perish at last!  
 Fair Susan still stands there, untouched by the wave!  
 The youngest, the noblest, oh, who now will save!  
 Fair Susan still stands there, as bright as a star,  
 But, alas! all hope, all assistance is far.  
 The foaming waters around her roar.  
 To save her no bark pushes off from the shore.  
 Her gaze once again she lifts up to heaven,  
 Then gently away by the flood she is driven.

NO DAM, NO PLAIN! TO MARK THE PLACE  
SOME STRAGGLING TREES ARE THE ONLY TRACE.

The rushing water the wilderness covers,  
Yet Susan's image still over it hovers. —  
The water sinks, the plains reappear.  
Fair Susan's lamented with many a tear, —  
May he who refuses her story to tell,  
Be neglected in life and in death as well!

### THE VIOLET.

UPON the mead a violet stood,  
Retiring, and of modest mood,  
In truth, a violet fair.  
Then came a youthful shepherdess,  
And roamed with sprightly joyousness,  
And blithely wooed  
With carols sweet the air.

“ Ah! ” thought the violet, “ had I been  
For but the smallest moment e'en  
Nature's most beauteous flower,  
Till gathered by my love, and pressed,  
When weary, 'gainst her gentle breast,  
For e'en, for e'en  
One quarter of an hour! ”

Alas! alas! the maid drew nigh,  
The violet failed to meet her eye,  
She crushed the violet sweet.  
It sank and died, yet murmured not:  
“ And if I die, oh, happy lot,  
For her I die,  
And at her very feet! ”

## THE BEAUTEOUS FLOWER.

## SONG OF THE IMPRISONED COUNT.

COUNT.

I KNOW a flower of beauty rare,  
 Ah, how I hold it dear!  
 To seek it I would fain repair,  
 Were I not prisoned here.  
 My sorrow sore oppresses me,  
 For when I was at liberty,  
 I had it close beside me.

Though from this castle's walls so steep  
 I cast mine eyes around,  
 And gaze oft from the lofty keep,  
 The flower cannot be found.  
 Whoe'er would bring it to my sight,  
 Whether a vassal he, or knight,  
 My dearest friend I'd deem him.

THE ROSE.

I blossom fair, — thy tale of woes  
 I hear from 'neath thy grate.  
 Thou doubtless meanest me, the rose,  
 Poor knight of high estate!  
 Thou hast in truth a lofty mind;  
 The queen of flowers then is enshrined,  
 I doubt not, in thy bosom.

COUNT.

Thy red, in dress of green arrayed,  
 As worth all praise I hold;

And so thou'rt treasured by each maid,  
 Like precious stones or gold.  
 Thy wreath adorns the fairest face,  
 But still thou'rt not the flower whose grace  
 I honour here in silence.

## THE LILY.

The rose is wont with pride to swell,  
 And ever seeks to rise ;  
 But gentle sweethearts love full well  
 The lily's charms to prize.  
 The heart that fills a bosom true,  
 That is, like me, unsullied, too,  
 My merit values duly.

## COUNT.

In truth, I hope myself unstained,  
 And free from grievous crime ;  
 Yet I am here a prisoner chained,  
 And pass in grief my time.  
 To me thou art an image sure  
 Of many a maiden, mild and pure,  
 And yet I know a dearer.

## THE PINK.

That must be me, the pink, who scent  
 The warder's garden here.  
 Or wherefore is he so intent  
 My charms with care to rear ?  
 My petals stand in beauteous ring,  
 Sweet incense all around I fling,  
 And boast a thousand colours.



## COUNT.

The pink, in truth, we should not slight,  
 It is the gardener's pride ;  
 It now must stand exposed to light,  
 Now in the shade abide.  
 Yet what can make the Count's heart glow  
 Is no mere pomp of outward show ;  
 It is a silent flower.

## THE VIOLET.

Here stand I, modestly half hid,  
 And fain would silence keep ;  
 Yet since to speak I now am bid,  
 I'll break my silence deep.  
 If, worthy Knight, I am that flower,  
 It grieves me that I have not power  
 To breathe forth all my sweetness.

## COUNT.

The violet's charms I prize, indeed,  
 So modest 'tis, and fair,  
 And smells so sweet ; yet more I need  
 To ease my heavy care.  
 The truth I'll whisper in thine ear :  
 Upon these rocky heights so drear,  
 I cannot find the loved one.

The truest maiden 'neath the sky  
 Roams near the stream below,  
 And breathes forth many a gentle sigh,  
 Till I from hence can go.  
 And when she plucks a floweret blue,  
 And says " Forget-me-not ! " — I, too,  
 Though far away, can feel it.

Ay, distance only swells love's might,  
 When fondly love a pair ;  
 Though prisoned in the dungeon's night,  
 In life I linger there ;  
 And when my heart is breaking nigh,  
 "Forget-me-not!" is all I cry,  
 And straightway life returneth.

### SIR CURT'S WEDDING JOURNEY.

WITH a bridegroom's joyous bearing,  
 Mounts Sir Curt his noble beast,  
 To his mistress' home repairing,  
 There to hold his wedding feast ;  
 When a threatening foe advances  
 From a desert, rocky spot ;  
 For the fray they couch their lances,  
 Not delaying, speaking not.

Long the doubtful fight continues,  
 Victory then for Curt declares ;  
 Conqueror, though with wearied sinews,  
 Forward on his road he fares.  
 When he sees, though strange it may be,  
 Something 'midst the foliage move ;  
 'Tis a mother with her baby,  
 Stealing softly through the grove !

And upon the spot she beckons —  
 "Wherefore, love, this speed so wild ?  
 Of the wealth thy storehouse reckons,  
 Hast thou nought to give thy child ?"  
 Flames of rapture now dart through him,  
 And he longs for nothing more,  
 While the mother seemeth to him  
 Lovely as the maid of yore.

But he hears his servants blowing,  
 And bethinks him of his bride ;  
 And ere long, while onward going,  
 Chances past a fair to ride ;  
 In the booths he forthwith buys him  
 For his mistress many a pledge ;  
 But, alas ! some Jews surprise him,  
 And long-standing debts allege.

And the courts of justice duly  
 Send the knight to prison straight.  
 Oh, accursèd story, truly !  
 For a hero, what a fate !  
 Can my patience such things weather ?  
 Great is my perplexity.  
 Women, debts, and foes together, —  
 Ah, no knight escapes scot free !

### WEDDING SONG.

THE tale of the Count our glad song shall record  
 Who had in this castle his dwelling,  
 Where now are ye feasting the new-married lord,  
*His* grandson of whom we are telling.  
 The Count as Crusader had blazoned his fame,  
 Through many a triumph exalted his name,  
 And when on his steed to his dwelling he came,  
 His castle still reared its proud head,  
 But servants and wealth had all fled.

'Tis true that thou, Count, hast returned to thy home,  
 But matters are faring there ill.  
 The winds through the chambers at liberty roam,  
 And blow through the windows at will.

What's best to be done in a cold autumn night?  
 Full many I've passed in more piteous plight;  
 The morn' ever settles the matter aright.

Then quick, while the moon shines so clear,  
 To bed on straw, without fear.

And whilst in a soft pleasing slumber he lay,  
 A motion he feels 'neath his bed.

The rat, an he likes it, may rattle away!

Ay, had he but crumbs there outspread!

But lo! there appears a diminutive wight,  
 A dwarf 'tis, yet graceful, and bearing a light,  
 With orator-gestures that notice invite,

At the feet of the Count on the floor

Who sleeps not, though weary full sore.

"We've long been accustomed to hold here our feast  
 Since thou from thy castle first went;

And as we believed thou wert far in the East,  
 To revel e'en now we were bent.

And if thou'lt allow it, and seek not to chide,  
 We dwarfs will all banquet with pleasure and pride,  
 To honour the wealthy, the beautiful bride" —

Says the Count with a smile, half asleep: —

"Ye're welcome your quarters to keep!"

Three knights then advance, riding all in a group,  
 Who under the bed were concealed;

And then is a singing and noise-making troop  
 Of strange little figures revealed;

And wagon on wagon with all kinds of things —

The clatter they cause through the ear loudly rings —

The like ne'er was seen save in castles of kings;

At length, in a chariot of gold,

The bride and the guest, too, behold!

Then all at full gallop make haste to advance,  
 Each chooses his place in the hall ;  
 With whirling and waltzing, and light joyous dance,  
 They begin with their sweethearts the ball.  
 The fife and the fiddle all merrily sound,  
 They twine, and they glide, and with nimbleness bound,  
 They whisper, and chatter, and clatter around ;  
 The Count on the scene casts his eye,  
 And seems in a fever to lie.

They hustle, and bustle, and rattle away  
 On table, on bench, and on stool ;  
 Then all who had joined in the festival gay  
 With their partners attempt to grow cool.  
 The hams and the sausages nimbly they bear,  
 And meat, fish, and poultry in plenty are there,  
 Surrounded with wine of the vintage most rare :  
 And when they have revelled full long,  
 They vanish at last with a song.

. . . . .

And if we're to sing all that further occurred,  
 Pray cease ye to bluster and prate ;  
 For what he so gladly in *small* saw and heard,  
 He enjoyed and he practised in *great*.  
 For trumpets, and singing, and shouts without end  
 On the bridal-train, chariots and horsemen attend,  
 They come and appear, and they bow and they bend,  
 In merry and countless array,  
 Thus was it, thus is it to-day.

## THE FISHERMAN.

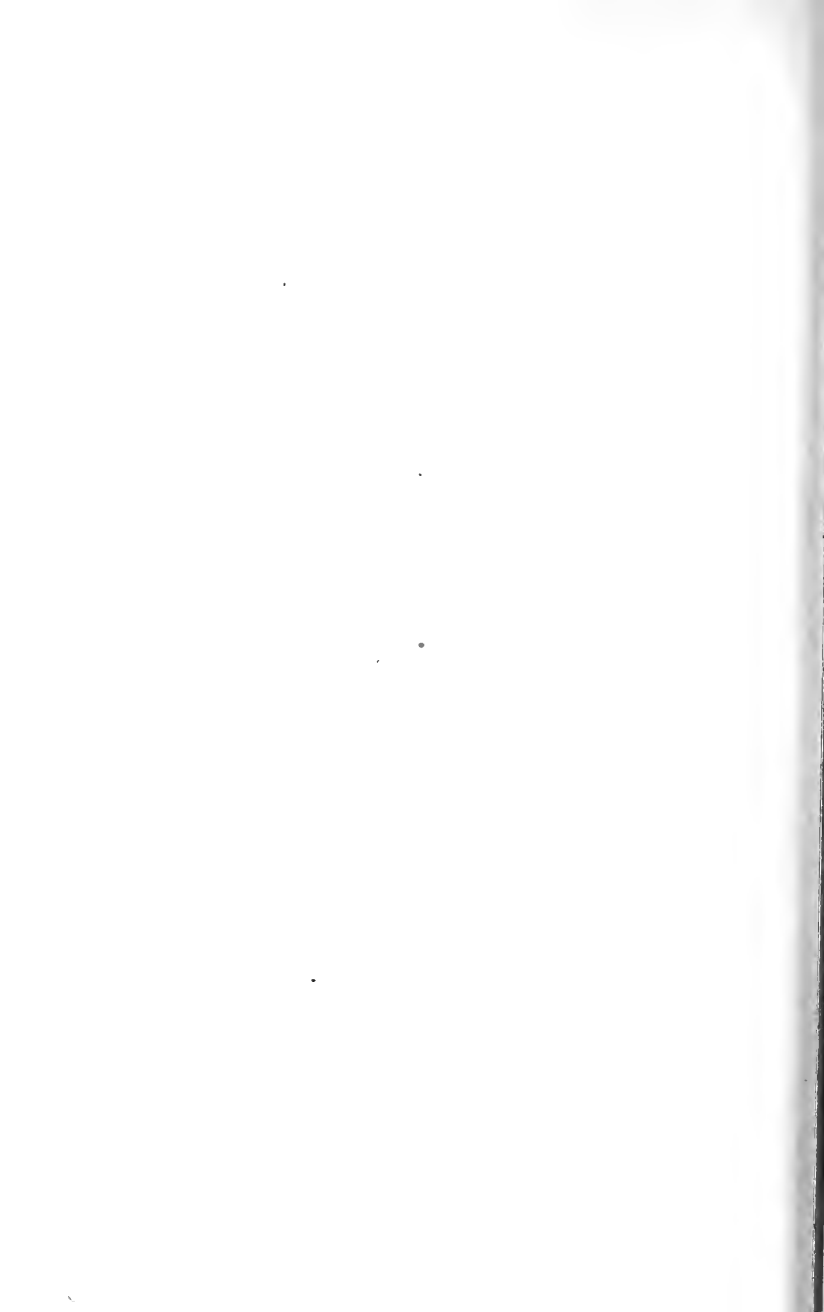
THE water rushed, the water swelled,  
 A fisherman sat by,  
 And gazed upon his dancing float  
 With tranquil-dreaming eye.  
 And as he sits, and as he looks,  
 The gurgling waves arise ;  
 A maid, all bright with water drops,  
 Stands straight before his eyes.

She sang to him, she spake to him :  
 " My fish why dost thou snare,  
 With human wit and human guile,  
 Into the killing air ?  
 Couldst see how happy fishes live  
 Under the stream so clear,  
 Thyself would plunge into the stream,  
 And live for ever there.

" Bathe not the lovely sun and moon  
 Within the cool, deep sea,  
 And with wave-breathing faces rise  
 In twofold witchery ?  
 Lure not the misty heaven-deeps,  
 So beautiful and blue ?  
 Lures not thine image, mirrored in  
 The fresh eternal dew ? "

The water rushed, the water swelled,  
 It clasped his feet, I wis :  
 A thrill went through his yearning heart,  
 As when two lovers kiss !  
 She spake to him, she sang to him :  
 Resistless was her strain ;  
 Half drew him in, half lured him in ;  
 He ne'er was seen again.







## THE RAT - CATCHER.

I AM the bard known far and wide,  
The travelled rat-catcher beside ;  
A man most needful to this town,  
So glorious through its old renown.  
However many rats I see,  
How many weasels there may be,  
I cleanse the place from every one,  
All needs but helter-skelter run.

Sometimes the bard so full of cheer  
As a child-catcher will appear,  
Who e'en the wildest captive brings,  
Whene'er his golden tales he sings.  
However proud each boy in heart,  
However much the maidens start,  
I bid the chords sweet music make,  
And all must follow in my wake.

Sometimes the skilful bard ye view  
In form of maiden-catcher, too ;  
For he no city enters e'er,  
Without effecting wonders there.  
However coy may be each maid,  
Howe'er the women seem afraid,  
Yet all will love-sick be ere long  
To sound of magic lute and song.

[*Da Capo.*]

## THE KING OF THULE.

[This ballad is also introduced in "Faust," where it is sung by Margaret.]

THERE was a king in Thule,  
Was faithful till the grave,  
To whom his mistress, dying,  
A golden goblet gave.

Nought was to him more precious ;  
He drained it at every bout ;  
His eyes with tears ran over,  
As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,  
The towns in his land he told,  
Nought else to his heir denying  
Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet  
With his knights of high degree,  
In the lofty hall of his father  
In the castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,  
And drank the last life-glow ;  
And hurled the hallowed goblet  
Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,  
And sinking deep in the sea :  
Then fell his eyelids for ever,  
And never more drank he !

## THE TREASURE - SEEKER.

## I.

MANY weary days I suffered,  
Sick of heart and poor of purse;  
Riches are the greatest blessing —  
Poverty the deepest curse!  
Till at last to dig a treasure  
Forth I went into the wood —  
“ Fiend! my soul is thine for ever!”  
And I signed the scroll with blood.

## II.

Then I drew the magic circles,  
Kindled the mysterious fire,  
Placed the herbs and bones in order,  
Spoke the incantation dire.  
And I sought the buried metal  
With a spell of mickle might —  
Sought it as my master taught me;  
Black and stormy was the night.

## III.

And I saw a light appearing  
In the distance, like a star;  
When the midnight hour was tolling,  
Came it waxing from afar:  
Came it flashing, swift and sudden,  
As if fiery wine it were,  
Flowing from an open chalice,  
Which a beauteous boy did bear.

## IV.

And he wore a lustrous chaplet,  
And his eyes were full of thought,

As he stepped into the circle  
 With the radiance that he brought.  
 And he bade me taste the goblet ;  
 And I thought — “ It cannot be,  
 That this boy should be the bearer  
 Of the Demon’s gifts to me ! ”

## V.

“ Taste the draught of pure existence  
 Sparkling in this golden urn,  
 And no more with baleful magic  
 Shalt thou hitherward return.  
 Do not seek for treasures longer ;  
 Let thy future spell-words be,  
 Days of labour, nights of resting :  
 So shall peace return to thee ! ”

## THE SPINNER.

As I calmly sat and span,  
 Toiling with all zeal,  
 Lo ! a young and handsome man  
 Passed my spinning-wheel.

And he praised, — what harm was there ? —  
 Sweet the things he said —  
 Praised my flax-resembling hair,  
 And the even thread.

He with this was not content,  
 But must needs do more ;  
 And in twain the thread was rent,  
 Though ’twas safe before.

And the flax's stonelike weight  
 Needed to be told ;  
 But no longer was its state  
 Valued as of old.

When I took it to the weaver,  
 Something felt I start,  
 And more quickly, as with fever,  
 Throbbled my trembling heart.

Then I bear the thread at length  
 Through the heat, to bleach ;  
 But, alas, I scarce have strength  
 To the pool to reach.

What I in my little room  
 Span so fine and slight, —  
 As was likely, I presume —  
 Came at last to light.

### THE YOUTH AND THE MILL-STREAM.

[This sweet ballad, and the one entitled "The Maid of the Mill's Repentance," were written on the occasion of a visit paid by Goethe to Switzerland. "The Maid of the Mill's Treachery," to which the latter forms the sequel, was not written till the following year.]

#### YOUTH.

PRETTY brooklet, gaily glancing  
 In the morning sun,  
 Why so joyous in thy dancing?  
 Whither dost thou run?  
 What is't lures thee to the vale?  
 Tell me, if thou hast a tale.

## BROOK.

Youth! I was a brooklet lately,  
 Wandering at my will ;  
 Then I might have moved sedately,  
 Now, to yonder mill,  
 Must I hurry, swift and strong,  
 Therefore do I race along.

## YOUTH.

Brooklet, happy in thy duty,  
 Nathless thou art free ;  
 Knowest not the power of beauty  
 That enchaineth me !  
 Looks the miller's comely daughter  
 Ever kindly on thy water ?

## BROOK.

Early comes she every morning,  
 From some blissful dream ;  
 And, so sweet in her adorning,  
 Bends above my stream.  
 Then her bosom, white as snow,  
 Makes my chilly waters glow.

## YOUTH.

If her beauty brings such gladness,  
 Brooklet, unto thee,  
 Marvel not if I to madness  
 Should enflamèd be.  
 Oh, that I could hope to move her !  
 Once to see her is to love her.

## BROOK.

Then careering — ah, so proudly !  
Rush I o'er the wheel,  
And the merry mill speaks loudly  
All the joy I feel.  
Show me but the miller's daughter,  
And more swiftly flows my water.

## YOUTH.

Nay, but, brooklet, tell me truly,  
Feelest thou no pain,  
When she smiles, and bids thee duly  
Go, nor turn again ?  
Hath that simple smile no cunning,  
Brook, to stay thee in thy running ?

## BROOK.

Hard it is to lose her shadow,  
Hard to pass away ;  
Slowly, sadly, down the meadow,  
Uninspired I stray.  
Oh, if I might have my will,  
Back to her I'd hasten still !

## YOUTH.

Brook ! my love thou comprehendest ;  
Fare thee well awhile ;  
One day, when thou hither wendest,  
May'st thou see me smile.  
Go, and in thy gentlest fashion,  
Tell that maiden all my passion !

## THE MAID OF THE MILL'S TREACHERY.

[This ballad is introduced in the "Wanderjahre," in a tale called "The Foolish Pilgrim."]

WHENCE comes our friend so hastily,  
 When scarce the eastern sky is gray?  
 Hath he just ceased, though cold it be,  
 In yonder holy spot to pray?  
 The brook appears to hem his path,  
 Would he barefooted o'er it go?  
 Why curse his orisons in wrath,  
 Across those heights beclad with snow?

Alas! his warm bed he hath left,  
 Where he had looked for bliss, I ween;  
 And if his cloak, too, had been reft,  
 How fearful his disgrace had been!  
 By yonder villain sorely pressed,  
 His wallet from him had been torn;  
 Our hapless friend has been undressed,—  
 Left well-nigh naked as when born.

The reason why he came this road,  
 Is that he sought a pair of eyes,  
 Which, at the mill, as brightly glowed  
 As those that are in Paradise.  
 He will not soon again be there.  
 From out the house he quickly hied,  
 And when he gained the open air,  
 Thus bitterly and loudly cried:

"Within her gaze, so dazzling bright,  
 No word of teachery I could read;  
 She seemed to see me with delight,  
 Yet planned e'en then this cruel deed.



Could I, when basking in her smile,  
Dream of the treason in her breast?  
She bade kind Cupid stay awhile,  
And he was there to make us blest.

“To taste of love’s sweet ecstasy  
Throughout the night that endless seemed,  
And for her mother’s help to cry  
Only when morning sunlight beamed!  
A dozen of her kith and kin,  
A very human flood, in-pressed,  
Her cousins came, her aunts peered in,  
And uncles, brothers, and the rest.

“Then what a tumult, fierce and loud!  
Each seemed a beast of prey to be;  
The maiden’s honour all the crowd,  
With fearful shout, demand of me.  
Why should they, madmen-like, begin  
To fall upon a guiltless youth?  
For he who such a prize would win,  
Far nimbler needs must be, in truth.

“The way to follow up with skill  
His freaks, by Love betimes is known  
He ne’er will leave, within a mill,  
Sweet flowers for sixteen years alone. —  
They stole my clothes away, — yes, all!  
And tried my cloak beside to steal.  
How strange that any house so small  
So many rascals could conceal!

“Then I sprang up, and raved, and swore,  
To force a passage through them there.  
I saw the treacherous maid once more,  
And she was still, alas, *so fair!*

They all gave way before my wrath,  
 Wild outeries flew about pell-mell;  
 At length I managed to rush forth,  
 With voice of thunder, from that hell.

“As maidens of the town we fly,  
 We'll shun you maidens of the village!  
 Leave it to those of quality,  
 Their humble worshippers to pillage!  
 Yet if ye are of practised skill,  
 And of all tender ties afraid,  
 Exchange your lovers, if ye will,  
 But never let them be betrayed.”

Thus sings he in the winter night,  
 While not a blade of grass was green.  
 I laughed to see his piteous plight,  
 For it was well deserved, I ween.  
 And may this be the fate of all,  
 Who treat by day their true loves ill,  
 And, with foolhardy daring, crawl  
 By night to Cupid's treacherous mill!

## THE MAID OF THE MILL'S REPENTANCE.

YOUTH.

AWAY, thou swarthy witch! Go forth  
 From out my house, I tell thee!  
 Or else I needs must, in my wrath,  
 Expel thee!  
 What's this thou singest so falsely, forsooth,  
 Of love and a maiden's silent truth?  
 Who'll trust to such a story!

## GYPSY.

I sing of a maid's repented fears,  
 And long and bitter yearning ;  
 Her levity changed to truth and tears  
 All-burning.

She dreads no more the threats of her mother,  
 She dreads far less the blows of her brother,  
 Than the dearly-loved one's hatred.

## YOUTH.

Of selfishness sing, and treacherous lies,  
 Of murder and thievish plunder !  
 Such actions false will cause no surprise,  
 Or wonder.

When they share their booty, both clothes  
 and purse, —  
 As bad as you gypsies, and even worse,  
*Such* tales find ready credence.

## GYPSY.

“ Alas, alas ! oh, what have I done ?  
 Can listening aught avail me ?  
 I hear him toward my room hasten on,  
 To hail me.  
 My heart beat high, to myself I said :  
 ‘ O would that thou hadst never betrayed  
 That night of love to thy mother ! ’ ”

## YOUTH.

Alas ! I foolishly ventured there,  
 For the cheating silence misled me,  
 Ah, sweetest ! let me to thee repair, —  
 Nor dread me !  
 When suddenly rose a fearful din,  
 Her mad relations came pouring in.  
 My blood still boils in my body !

## GYPSY.

“ Oh when will return an hour like this ?  
 I pine in silent sadness ;  
 I've thrown away my only true bliss  
     With madness.  
 Alas, poor maid ! Oh pity my youth !  
 My brother was then full cruel in truth  
     To treat the loved one so basely ! ”

## THE POET.

The swarthy woman then went inside,  
 To the spring in the courtyard yonder ;  
 Her eyes from their stain she purified,  
     And, — wonder ! —  
 Her face and eyes were radiant and bright,  
 And the maid of the mill was disclosed to the sight  
     Of the startled and angry stripling.

## THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Thou sweetest, fairest, dearly-loved life !  
 Before thine anger I cower ;  
 But blows I dread not, nor sharp-edged knife, —  
     This hour  
 Of sorrow and love to thee I'll sing,  
 And myself before thy feet I'll fling,  
     And either live or die there !

## YOUTH.

Affection, say, why buried so deep  
 In my heart hast thou lain hidden ?  
 By whom hast thou now to awake from thy sleep  
     Been bidden ?  
 Ah, love, that thou art immortal I see !  
 Nor knavish cunning nor treachery  
     Can destroy thy life so godlike.

## THE MAID OF THE MILL.

If still, with as fond and heartfelt love,  
 As thou once didst swear, I'm cherished,  
 Then nought of the rapture we used to prove  
 Is perished.

So take the woman so dear to thy breast!  
 In her young and innocent charms be blest,  
 For all are thine from henceforward!

## BOTH.

Now, sun, sink to rest! Now, moon, arise!  
 Ye stars, be now shining, now darkling!  
 A star of love now gleams in the skies,  
 All sparkling!

As long as the fountain may spring and run,  
 So long will we two be blended in one,  
 Upon each other's bosoms!

## THE WALKING BELL.

A CHILD refused to go betimes  
 To church like other people;  
 He roamed abroad, when rang the chimes  
 On Sundays from the steeple.

His mother said: "Loud rings the bell,  
 Its voice ne'er think of scorning;  
 Unless thou wilt behave thee well,  
 'Twill fetch thee without warning."

The child then thought: "High over head  
 The bell is safe suspended—"  
 So to the fields he straightway sped  
 As if 'twas school-time ended.

The bell now ceased as bell to ring,  
 Roused by the mother's twaddle ;  
 But soon ensued a dreadful thing !—  
 The bell begins to waddle.

It waddles fast, though strange it seem ;  
 The child, with trembling wonder,  
 Runs off, and flies, as in a dream ;  
 The bell would draw him under.

He finds the proper time at last,  
 And straightway nimbly rushes  
 To church, to chapel, hastening fast  
 Through pastures, plains, and bushes.

Each Sunday and each feast as well,  
 His late disaster heeds he ;  
 The moment that he hears the bell,  
 No other summons needs he.

POETS' art is ever able  
 To endow with truth mere fable.

## THE TRAVELLER AND THE FARM MAIDEN.

HE.

CANST thou give, O fair and matchless maiden,  
 'Neath the shadow of the lindens yonder, —  
 Where I'd fain one moment cease to wander, —  
 Food and drink to one so heavy laden ?

SHE.

Wouldst thou find refreshment, traveller weary,  
Bread, ripe fruit, and cream, to meet thy wishes, —  
None but Nature's plain and homely dishes, —  
Near the spring may soothe thy wanderings dreary.

HE.

Dreams of old acquaintance now pass through me,  
Ne'er-forgotten queen of hours of blisses :  
Likenesses I've often found, but *this* is  
One that quite a marvel seemeth to me !

SHE.

Travellers often wonder beyond measure,  
But their wonder soon see cause to smother ;  
Fair and dark are often like each other,  
Both inspire the mind with equal pleasure.

HE.

Not now for the first time I surrender  
To this form, in humble adoration ;  
It was brightest midst the constellation  
In the hall adorned with festal splendour.

SHE.

Be thou joyful that 'tis in my power  
To complete thy strange and merry story !  
Silks behind her, full of purple glory,  
Floated, when thou sawest her in that hour.

HE.

No, in truth, thou hast not sung it rightly !  
Spirits may have told thee all about it ;  
Pearls and gems they spoke of, do not doubt it, —  
By her gaze eclipsed, — it gleamed so brightly !

SHE.

This one thing I certainly collected :  
 That the fair one — (say nought, I entreat thee!)  
 Fondly hoping once again to meet thee,  
 Many a castle in the air erected.

HE.

By each wind I ceaselessly was driven,  
 Seeking gold and honour, too, to capture.  
 When my wand'rings end, then oh, what rapture,  
 If to find that form again 'tis given!

SHE.

'Tis the daughter of the race now banished  
 That thou seest, not her likeness only,  
 Helen and her brother, glad though lonely,  
 Till this farm of their estate now vanished.

HE.

But the owner surely is not wanting  
 Of these plains, with ev'ry beauty teeming?  
 Verdant fields, broad meads, and pastures gleaming,  
 Gushing springs, all heavenly and enchanting.

SHE.

Thou must hunt the world through, wouldst thou find  
 him! —  
 We have wealth enough in our possession,  
 And intend to purchase the succession,  
 When the good man leaves the world behind him.

HE.

I have learnt the owner's own condition,  
 And, fair maiden, thou indeed canst buy it;  
 But the cost is great, I won't deny it, —  
*Helen* is the price, — with thy permission!



SHE.

Did then fate and rank keep us asunder,  
 And must Love take this road, and no other?  
 Yonder comes my dear and trusty brother!  
 What will *he* say to it all, I wonder?

TURN to good account thy day;  
 Wilt aught lay hold on? Go not far away.

## THE PAGE AND THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

PAGE.

WHERE goest thou? Where?  
 Miller's daughter so fair!  
 Thy name, pray?—

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

'Tis Lizzy.

PAGE.

Where goest thou? Where?  
 With the rake in thy hand?

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Father's meadows and land  
 To visit, I'm busy.

PAGE.

Dost go there alone?

## MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

By this rake, sir, 'tis shown  
 That we're making the hay;  
 And the pears ripen fast  
 In the garden at last,  
 So I'll pick them to-day.

PAGE.

Is't a silent thicket I yonder view?

## MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Oh, yes! there are two;  
 There's one on each side.

PAGE.

I'll follow thee soon;  
 When the sun burns at noon,  
 We'll go there, ourselves from his rays to hide,  
 And then in some glade all-verdant and deep—

## MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Why, people would say—

PAGE.

Within mine arms thou gently wilt sleep.

## MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Your pardon, I pray!  
 Whoever is kissed by the miller-maid,  
 Upon the spot must needs be betrayed.  
 'Twould give me distress  
 To cover with white  
 Your pretty dark dress.

Equal with equal! then all is right!  
 That's the motto in which I delight.  
 I am in love with the miller-boy;  
 He wears nothing that I could destroy.

### FAITHFUL ECKART.

“OH, would we were further! Oh, would we were  
 home,  
 The phantoms of night tow'rd us hastily come,  
 The band of the Sorceress sisters.  
 They hitherward speed, and on finding us here,  
 They'll drink, though with toil we have fetched it, the  
 beer,  
 And leave us the pitchers all empty.”

Thus speaking, the children with fear take to flight,  
 When sudden an old man appears in their sight;  
 “Be quiet, child! children, be quiet!  
 From hunting they come, and their thirst they would  
 still,  
 So leave them to swallow as much as they will,  
 And the Evil Ones then will be gracious.”

As said, so 'twas done! and the phantoms draw near,  
 And shadowlike seem they, and gray they appear,  
 Yet blithely they sip and they revel:  
 The beer has all vanished, the pitchers are void;  
 With cries and with shouts the wild hunters, o'erjoyed,  
 Speed onward o'er vale and o'er mountain.

The children in terror fly nimbly toward home,  
 And with them the kind one is careful to come:  
 “My darlings, oh, be not so mournful!” —

“They’ll blame us and beat us until we are dead.” —  
 “No, no! ye will find that all goes well,” he said;  
 “Be silent as mice, then, and listen!

“And he by whose counsels thus wisely ye’re taught,  
 Is he who with children loves ever to sport,  
 The trusty and faithful old Eckart.  
 Ye have heard of the wonder for many a day,  
 But ne’er had a proof of the marvellous lay, —  
 Your hands hold a proof most convincing.”

They arrive at their home, and their pitchers they  
 place  
 By the side of their parents, with fear on their face,  
 Awaiting a beating and scolding.  
 But see what they’re tasting: the choicest of beer!  
 Though three times and four times they quaff the  
 good cheer,  
 The pitchers remain still unemptied.

The marvel it lasts till the dawning of day;  
 All people who hear of it doubtless will say:  
 “What happened at length to the pitchers?”  
 In secret the children they smile, as they wait;  
 At last, though, they stammer, and stutter, and prate,  
 And straightway the pitchers were empty.

And if, children, with kindness addressed ye may be,  
 Whether father, or master, or alderman he,  
 Obey him, and follow his bidding!  
 And if ’tis unpleasant to bridle the tongue,  
 Yet talking is bad, silence good for the young —  
 And then will the beer fill your pitchers!

## THE DANCE OF THE DEAD.

THE warder he gazes at dead o' the night  
On the graveyards under him lying,  
The moon into clearness throws all by her light,  
The night with the daylight is vying.  
There's a stir in the graves, and forth from their tombs  
The form of a man, then a woman next looms  
In garments long trailing and snowy.

They stretch themselves out, and with eager delight  
Join the bones for the revel and dancing, —  
Young and old, rich and poor, the lady and knight,  
Their trains are a hinderance to dancing.  
And since here by shame they no longer are bound,  
They shuffle them off, and lo, strewn lie around  
Their garments on each little hillock.

Here rises a shank, and a leg wobbles there  
With lewd diabolical gesture ;  
And clatter and rattle of bones you might hear,  
As of one beating sticks to a measure.  
This seems to the warder a laughable game :  
Then the tempter, low whispering, up to him came :  
" In one of their shrouds go and wrap thee."

'Twas done soon as said ; then he gained in wild flight  
Concealment behind the church portal,  
The moon all the while throws her bright beams of  
light  
On the dance where they revel and sport all.  
First one, then another, dispersed all are they,  
And donning their shrouds steal the spectres away,  
And under the graves all is quiet.

But one of them stumbles and fumbles along,  
 'Midst the tombstones groping intently ;  
 But none of his comrades have done him this wrong,  
 His shroud in the breeze 'gins to scent he.  
 He rattles the door of the tower, but can find  
 No entrance, — good luck to the warder behind! —  
 'Tis barred with blest crosses of metal.

His shroud he must have, or rest can he ne'er ;  
 And so, without further preambles,  
 The old Gothic carving he grips then and there,  
 From turret to pinnacle scrambles.  
 Alas for the warder ! all's over, I fear ;  
 From buttress to buttress in dev'lish career  
 He climbs like a long-legged spider.

The warder he trembles, and pale doth he look,  
 That shroud he would gladly be giving,  
 When piercing transfixed it a sharp-pointed hook !  
 He thought his last hour he was living.  
 Clouds cover already the vanishing moon,  
 With thunderous clang beats the clock a loud *One* —  
 Below lies the skeleton, shattered.

#### EFFECT AT A DISTANCE.

THE Queen she stands in her castle's proud hall,  
 Where all brightly the tapers flame ;  
 " Now hie thee, sir page " (he came at her call),  
 " And fetch me my purse for the game ;  
 It lies close at hand  
 On a marble stand."  
 To the palace end quickly away  
 Sped the page without further delay.

By chance, near the Queen her sherbet did sip  
 A lady, the fairest of all ;  
 In shivers the cup fell dashed from her lip, —  
 Ah me, what a terrible fall !  
     Such carelessness ! drest  
     In her gala vest !  
 Sped the lady without more delay  
 To the palace end quickly away.

The page as back on his errand he flew,  
 In trouble the fair lady met ;  
 Both page and lady, though none of them knew,  
 Their hearts on each other had set.  
     O joy and delight !  
     O fortunate plight !  
 How they fell upon each other's breast !  
 How they kissed and embraced and caressed ;

Now severed at last and parted are they !  
 To her room the fair lady ran,  
 Back to the Queen sped the page on his way,  
 Past many a dagger and fan.  
     His vest by the Queen  
     All spotted was seen ;  
 From her eyes there was nothing to hide,  
 With the famed Queen of Sheba she vied.

The palace duenna she called aside :  
 " You said in our late wordy war, —  
 And arguments stout and stiff you applied, —  
 That spirit acts not from afar ;  
     In presence alone  
     Its traces are shown,  
 But nothing can work from afar, —  
 No, not even a heavenly star.

“ Now look ! But just now where standing we are,  
 Was scattered a sweet beverage,  
 And at the same instant, though distant and far,  
 It spotted the vest of the page. —  
 Go, get newly clad,  
 My heart is made glad ;  
 My argument thus for upholding  
 I'll pay, and so save you a scolding.”

### THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

[First published in Schiller's *Horen*, in connection with a friendly contest in the art of ballad-writing between the two great poets, to which many of their finest works are owing.]

#### I.

A YOUTH to Corinth, whilst the city slumbered,  
 Came from Athens : though a stranger there,  
 Soon among its townsmen to be numbered,  
 For a bride awaits him, young and fair.  
 From their childhood's years  
 They were plighted feres,  
 So contracted by their parents' care.

#### II.

But may not his welcome there he hindered ?  
 Dearly must he buy it, would he speed.  
 He is still a heathen with his kindred,  
 She and hers washed in the Christian creed.  
 When new faiths are born,  
 Love and troth are torn  
 Rudely from the heart, howe'er it bleed.

#### III.

All the house is hushed ; — to rest retreated  
 Father, daughters — not the inother quite ;



She the guest with cordial welcome greeted,  
 Led him to a room with tapers bright ;  
     Wine and food she brought,  
     Ere of them he thought,  
 Then departed with a fair good-night.

## IV.

But he felt no hunger, and unheeded  
 Left the wine, and eager for the rest  
 Which his limbs, forspent with travel, needed,  
 On the couch he laid him, still undressed.  
     There he sleeps — when lo !  
     Onwards gliding slow,  
 At the door appears a wondrous guest.

## V.

By the waning lamp's uncertain gleaming  
 There he sees a youthful maiden stand,  
 Robed in white, of still and gentle seeming,  
 On her brow a black and golden band.  
     When she meets his eyes,  
     With a quick surprise  
 Starting, she uplifts a pallid hand.

## VI.

“ Is a stranger here, and nothing told me ?  
 Am I then forgotten even in name ?  
 Ah ! 'tis thus within my cell they hold me,  
 And I now am covered o'er with shame !  
     Pillow still thy head  
     There upon thy bed,  
 I will leave thee quickly as I came.”

## VII.

“ Maiden — darling ! Stay, O stay ! ” and, leaping  
 From the couch before her stands the boy :

“Ceres — Bacchus, here their gifts are heaping,  
 And thou bringest Amor’s gentle joy!  
 Why with terror pale?  
 Sweet one, let us hail  
 These bright gods their festive gifts employ.”

## VIII.

“Oh, no — no! Young stranger, come not nigh me;  
 Joy is not for me, nor festive cheer.  
 Ah! such bliss may ne’er be tasted by me,  
 Since my mother, in fantastic fear,  
 By long sickness bowed,  
 To heaven’s service vowed  
 Me, and all the hopes that warmed me here.

## IX.

“They have left our hearth, and left it lonely, —  
 The old gods, that bright and jocund train.  
 One, unseen, in heaven, is worshipped only,  
 And upon the cross a Saviour slain;  
 Sacrifice is here,  
 Not of lamb nor steer,  
 But of human woe and human pain.”

## X.

And he asks, and all her words doth ponder, —  
 “Can it be that in this silent spot,  
 I behold thee, thou surpassing wonder!  
 My sweet bride, so strangely to me brought?  
 Be mine only now —  
 See, our parents’ vow  
 Heaven’s good blessing hath for us besought.”

## XI.

“No! thou gentle heart,” she cried in anguish;  
 “’Tis not mine, but ’tis my sister’s place;

When in lonely cell I weep and languish,  
 Think, oh, think of me in her embrace!  
 I think but of thee —  
 Pining drearily,  
 Soon beneath the earth to hide my face!"

## XII.

"Nay! I swear by yonder flame which burneth,  
 Fanned by Hymen, lost thou shalt not be;  
 Droop not thus, for my sweet bride returneth  
 To my father's mansion back with me!  
 Dearest, tarry here!  
 Taste the bridal cheer,  
 For our spousal spread so wondrously!"

## XIII.

Then with word and sigh their troth they plighted,  
 Golden was the chain she bade him wear,  
 But the cup he offered her she slighted,  
 Silver, wrought with cunning past compare.  
 "That is not for me;  
 All I ask of thee  
 Is one little ringlet of thy hair!"

## XIV.

Dully boomed the midnight hour unhallowed,  
 And then first her eyes began to shine;  
 Eagerly with pallid lips she swallowed  
 Hasty draughts of purple-tinctured wine;  
 But the wheaten bread,  
 As in shuddering dread,  
 Put she always by with loathing sign.

## XV.

And she gave the youth the cup: he drained it,  
 With impetuous haste he drained it dry;

Love was in his fevered heart, and pained it,  
 Till it ached for joy she must deny.  
     But the maiden's fears  
     Stayed him, till in tears  
 On the bed he sank, with sobbing cry.

## XVI.

And she leans above him — “ Dear one, still thee !  
 Ah, how sad am I to see thee so !  
 But, alas ! these limbs of mine would chill thee :  
 Love ! they mantle not with passion's glow ;  
     Thou wouldst be afraid,  
     Didst thou find the maid  
 Thou hast chosen, cold as ice or snow.”

## XVII.

Round her waist his eager arms he bended,  
 With the strength that youth and love inspire ;  
 “ Wert thou even from the grave ascended,  
 I could warm thee well with my desire !”  
     Panting kiss on kiss !  
     Overflow of bliss !  
 “ Burn'st thou not, and feelest me on fire ?”

## XVIII.

Closer yet they cling, and intermingling,  
 Tears and broken sobs proclaim the rest ;  
 His hot breath through all her frame is tingling,  
 There they lie, caressing and caressed.  
     His impassioned mood  
     Warms her torpid blood,  
 Yet there beats no heart within her breast !

## XIX.

Meanwhile goes the mother, softly creeping  
 Through the house, on needful cares intent,

Hears a murmur, and, while all are sleeping,  
 Wonders at the sounds, and what they meant.  
 Who was whispering so? —  
 Voices soft and low,  
 In mysterious converse strangely blent.

## XX.

Straightway by the door herself she stations,  
 There to be assured what was amiss;  
 And she hears love's fiery protestations,  
 Words of ardour and endearing bliss:  
 "Hark, the cock! 'Tis light!  
 But to-morrow night  
 Thou wilt come again?" and kiss on kiss.

## XXI.

Quick the latch she raises, and, with features  
 Anger-flushed, into the chamber hies.  
 "Are there in my house such shameless creatures,  
 Minions to the stranger's will?" she cries.  
 By the dying light,  
 Who is't meets her sight?  
 God! 'tis her own daughter she espies!

## XXII.

And the youth in terror sought to cover,  
 With her own light veil, the maiden's head,  
 Clasped her close; but, gliding from her lover,  
 Back the vestment from her brow she spread,  
 And her form upright,  
 As with ghostly might,  
 Long and slowly rises from the bed.

## XXIII.

"Mother! mother! wherefore thus deprive me  
 Of such joy as I this night have known?"

Wherefore from these warm embraces drive me?  
 Was I wakened up to meet thy frown?  
 Did it not suffice  
 That in virgin guise,  
 To an early grave you forced me down?

## XXIV.

“Fearful is the weird that forced me hither,  
 From the dark-heaped chamber where I lay;  
 Powerless are your drowsy anthems, neither  
 Can your priests prevail, howe’er they pray.  
 Salt nor lymph can cool,  
 Where the pulse is full;  
 Love must still burn on, though wrapped in clay.

## XXV.

“To this youth my early troth was plighted,  
 Whilst yet Venus ruled within the land;  
 Mother! and that vow ye falsely slighted,  
 At your new and gloomy faith’s command.  
 But no god will hear,  
 If a mother swear  
 Pure from love to keep her daughter’s hand.

## XXVI.

“Nightly from my narrow chamber driven,  
 Come I to fulfil my destined part,  
 Him to seek to whom my troth was given,  
 And to draw the life-blood from his heart.  
 He hath served my will;  
 More I yet must kill,  
 For another prey I now depart.

## XXVII.

“Fair young man! thy thread of life is broken,  
 Human skill can bring no aid to thee.

There thou hast my chain — a ghastly token —  
 And this lock of thine I take with me.  
     Soon must thou decay,  
     Soon thou wilt be gray,  
 Dark although to-night thy tresses be!

## XXVIII.

“Mother! hear, oh, hear my last entreaty!  
 Let the funeral-pile arise once more;  
 Open up my wretched tomb for pity,  
 And in flames our souls to peace restore.  
     When the ashes glow,  
     When the fire-sparks flow,  
 To the ancient gods aloft we soar.”

## THE PUPIL IN MAGIC.

I AM now, — what joy to hear it! —  
 Of the old magician rid;  
 And henceforth shall every spirit  
 Do whate'er by me is bid;  
     I have watched with rigour  
     All he used to do,  
 And will now with vigour  
     Work my wonders too.

Wander, wander  
 Onward lightly,  
 So that rightly  
     Flow the torrent,  
 And with teeming waters yonder  
     In the bath discharge its current!

And now come, thou well-worn broom,  
 And thy wretched form bestir;

Thou hast ever served as groom,  
 So fulfil my pleasure, sir!  
 On two legs now stand,  
 With a head on top;  
 Waterpail in hand,  
 Haste, and do not stop!

Wander, wander  
 Onward lightly,  
 So that rightly  
 Flow the torrent,  
 And with teeming waters yonder  
 In the bath discharge its current!

See! he's running to the shore,  
 And has now attained the pool,  
 And with lightning speed once more  
 Comes here with his bucket full!  
 Back he then repairs;  
 See how swells the tide!  
 How each pail he bears  
 Straightway is supplied!

Stop, for, lo!  
 All the measure  
 Of thy treasure  
 Now is right!—  
 Ah, I see it! woe, oh, woe!  
 I forget the word of might.

Ah, the word whose sound can straight  
 Make him what he was before!  
 Ah, he runs with nimble gait!  
 Would thou wert a broom once more!  
 Streams renewed for ever  
 Quickly bringeth he;  
 River after river  
 Rusheth on poor me.



Now no longer  
 Can I bear him ;  
 I will snare him,  
 Knavish sprite !  
 Ah, my terror waxes stronger !  
 What a look ! what fearful sight !

Oh, thou villain child of hell !  
 Shall the house through thee be drowned ?  
 Floods I see that wildly swell,  
 O'er the threshold gaining ground.  
 Wilt thou not obey,  
 Oh, thou broom accursed ?  
 Be thou still, I pray,  
 As thou wert at first !

Will enough  
 Never please thee ?  
 I will seize thee,  
 Hold thee fast,  
 And thy nimble wood so tough,  
 With my sharp axe split at last.

See, once more he hastens back !  
 Now, oh, Cobold, thou shalt catch it !  
 I will rush upon his track ;  
 Crashing on him falls my hatchet.  
 Bravely done, indeed !  
 See, he's cleft in twain !  
 Now from care I'm freed,  
 And can breathe again.

Woe, oh, woe !  
 Both the parts,  
 Quick as darts,  
 Stand on end,  
 Servants of my dreaded foe !  
 Oh, ye gods, protection send !

And they run! and wetter still  
 Grow the steps and grows the hall.  
 Lord and master, hear me call!  
 Ever seems the flood to fill,  
     Ah, he's coming! see,  
     Great is my dismay!  
 Spirits raised by me  
     Vainly would I lay!

“To the side  
 Of the room  
 Hasten, broom,  
     As of old!  
 Spirits I have ne'er untied  
     Save to act as they are told.”

#### BEFORE A COURT OF JUSTICE.

THE father's name ye ne'er shall be told  
 Of my darling unborn life;  
 “Shame, shame,” ye cry, “on the strumpet bold!”  
 Yet I am an honest wife.

To whom I'm wedded, ye ne'er shall be told,  
 Yet he's both loving and fair;  
 He wears on his neck a chain of gold,  
 And a hat of straw doth he wear.

If scorn 'tis vain to seek to repel,  
 On me let the scorn be thrown.  
 I know him well, and he knows me well,  
 And to God, too, all is known.

Sir Parson and Sir Bailiff, again,  
 I pray you, leave me in peace!  
 My child it is, my child 'twill remain,  
 So let your questionings cease!

## THE GOD AND THE BAYADERE.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

[This very fine ballad was also first given in the *Horen*.]

MAHADEVA,<sup>1</sup> Lord of earth,  
 For the sixth time comes below,  
 As a man of mortal birth, —  
 Like him, feeling joy and woe.  
 Hither loves he to repair,  
 And his power behind to leave;  
 If to punish or to spare,  
 Men as man he'd fain perceive.  
 And when he the town as a traveller hath seen  
 Observing the mighty, regarding the mean,  
 He quits it, to go on his journey, at eve.

He was leaving now the place,  
 When an outcast met his eyes, —  
 Fair in form, with painted face, —  
 Where some straggling dwellings rise,  
 “Maiden, hail!” — “Thanks! welcome here!  
 Stay! — I'll join thee in the road.” —  
 “Who art thou?” — “A Bayadere,  
 And this house is love's abode.”  
 The cymbal she hastens to play for the dance,  
 Well skilled in its mazes the sight to entrance,  
 Then by her with grace is the nosegay bestowed.

Then she draws him, as in play,  
 O'er the threshold eagerly:  
 “Beauteous stranger, light as day,  
 Thou shalt soon this cottage see.

<sup>1</sup>One of the numerous names of Seeva the destroyer, — the great god of the Brahmins.

I'll refresh thee, if thou'rt tired,  
 And will bathe thy weary feet ;  
 Take whate'er by thee's desired,  
 Toying, rest, or rapture sweet." —  
 She busily seeks his feigned suff'rings to ease ;  
 Then smiles the Immortal ; with pleasure he sees  
 That with kindness a heart so corrupted can beat.

And he makes her act the part  
 Of a slave ; he's straight obeyed.  
 What at first had been but art,  
 Soon is nature in the maid.  
 By degrees the fruit we find,  
 Where the buds at first obtain ;  
 When obedience fills the mind,  
 Love will never far remain.  
 But sharper and sharper the maiden to prove,  
 The Discerner of all things below and above,  
 Feigns pleasure, and horror, and maddening pain.

And her painted cheeks he kisses,  
 And his vows her heart enthral ;  
 Feeling love's sharp pangs and blisses  
 Soon her tears begin to fall.  
 At his feet she now must sink,  
 Not with thoughts of lust or gain, —  
 And her slender members shrink  
 And devoid of power remain.  
 And so the bright hours with gladness prepare  
 Their dark, pleasing veil of a texture so fair,  
 And over the couch softly, tranquilly reign.

Late she falls asleep, thus blessed, —  
 Early wakes, her slumbers fled,  
 And she finds the much-loved guest  
 On her bosom lying dead.

Screaming falls she on him there,  
 But, alas, too late to save!  
 And his rigid limbs they bear  
 Straightway to their fiery grave,  
 Then hears she the priests and the funeral song,  
 Then madly she runs, and she severs the throng:  
 "Why press tow'rd the pile thus? Why scream thus  
 and rave?"

Then she sinks beside his bier,  
 And her screams through air resound:  
 "I must seek my spouse so dear,  
 E'en if in the grave he's bound.  
 Shall those limbs of grace divine  
 Fall to ashes in my sight?  
 Mine he was! Yes, only mine!  
 Ah, one single blissful night!"  
 The priests chant in chorus: "We bear out the old,  
 When long they've been weary, and late they've grown  
 cold;  
 We bear out the young, too, so thoughtless and light.

"To thy priests' command give ear!  
 This one was thy husband ne'er;  
 Live still as a Bayadere,  
 And no duty thou need'st share.  
 To death's silent realms from life,  
 None but shades attend man's frame,  
 With the husband, none but wife, —  
 That is duty, that is fame.  
 Ye trumpets, your sacred lament haste to raise!  
 Oh, welcome, ye gods, the bright lustre of days!  
 Oh, welcome to heaven the youth from the flame!"

Thus increased her torments are  
 By the cruel, heartless choir;

And with arms outstretching far  
     Leaps she on the glowing pyre.  
 But the youth divine outsprings  
     From the flame with heav'nly grace,  
 And on high his flight he wings,  
     While his arms his love embrace.  
 In the sinner repentant the Godhead feels joy;  
 Immortals delight thus their might to employ  
 Lost children to raise to a heavenly place.

## THE PARIAN.

### I. THE PARIAN'S PRAYER.

DREADED Brama, lord of might!  
     All proceed from thee alone;  
 Thou art he who judgeth right!  
     Dost thou none but Brahmins own?  
 Do but Rajahs come from thee?  
     None but those of high estate?  
     Didst not thou the ape create,  
 Ay, and even such as we?

We are not of noble kind,  
     For with woe our lot is rife;  
 And what others deadly find  
     Is our only source of life.  
 Let this be enough for men,  
     Let them, if they will, despise us;  
     But thou, Brama, thou shouldst prize us,  
 All are equal in thy ken.

Now that, Lord, this prayer is said,  
     As thy child acknowledge me;  
 Or let one be born instead,  
     Who may link me on to thee!

Didst not thou a Bayadere  
 As a goddess heavenward raise ?  
 And we, too, to swell thy praise,  
 Such a miracle would hear.

## II. LEGEND.

[The successful manner in which Goethe employs the simple rhymeless, trochaic metre in this and in many other poems will perhaps be remarked by the reader.]

WATER - FETCHING goes the noble  
 Brahmin's wife, so pure and lovely ;  
*He* is honoured, void of blemish,  
 And of justice rigid, stern.  
 Daily from the sacred river  
 Brings she back refreshment precious, —  
 But where is the pail and pitcher ?  
 She of neither stands in need.  
 For with pure heart, hands unsullied,  
 She the water lifts, and rolls it  
 To a wondrous ball of crystal ;  
 This she bears with gladsome bosom,  
 Modestly, with graceful motion,  
 To her husband in the house.  
 She to-day at dawn of morning  
 Praying comes to Ganges' waters,  
 Bends her o'er the glassy surface —  
 Sudden, in the waves reflected,  
 Flying swiftly far above her,  
 From the highest heavens descending,  
 She discerns the beauteous form  
 Of a youth divine, created  
 By the God's primeval wisdom  
 In his own eternal breast.  
 When she sees him, straightway feels she  
 Wondrous, new, confused sensations

In her inmost, deepest being ;  
 Fain she'd linger o'er the vision,  
 Then repels it, — it returneth, —  
 And, perplexed, she bends her flood-wards  
 With uncertain hands to draw it ;  
 But, alas, she draws no more !  
 For the water's sacred billows  
 Seem to fly, to hasten from her ;  
 She but sees the fearful chasm  
 Of a whirlpool black disclosed.

Arms drop down, and footsteps stumble,  
 Can this be the pathway homewards ?  
 Shall she fly, or shall she tarry ?  
 Can she think, when thought and counsel,  
 When assistance, all are lost ?  
 So before her spouse appears she —  
 On her looks he — look is judgment —  
 Proudly on the sword he seizes,  
 To the hill of death he drags her,  
 Where delinquents' blood pays forfeit.  
 What resistance could she offer ?  
 What excuses could she proffer,  
 Guilty, knowing not her guilt ?

And with bloody sword returns he,  
 Musing, to his silent dwelling,  
 When his son before him stands :  
 " Whose this blood ? Oh, father ! father !"  
 " The delinquent woman's ! " — " Never !  
 For upon the sword it dries not,  
 Like the blood of the delinquent ;  
 Fresh it flows, as from the wound.  
 Mother ! mother ! hither hasten ;  
 Unjust never was my father,  
 Tell me what he now hath done." —  
 " Silence ; silence ! *hers* the blood is ! "



"Whose, my father?" — "Silence! Silence!"  
 "What! oh, what! my mother's blood!  
 What her crime? What did she? Answer!  
 Now, the sword! the sword now hold I!  
 Thou thy wife perchance might'st slaughter,  
 But my mother might'st not slay!  
 Through the flames the wife is able  
 Her belovèd spouse to follow,  
 And his dear and only mother  
 Through the sword her faithful son."  
 "Stay! oh, stay!" exclaimed the father:  
 "Yet 'tis time, so hasten, hasten!  
 Join the head upon the body,  
 With the sword then touch the figure,  
 And, alive, she'll follow thee."

Hastening, he, with breathless wonder,  
 Sees the bodies of two women  
 Lying crosswise; and their heads, too;  
 Oh, what horror! which to choose!  
 Then his mother's head he seizes, —  
 Does not kiss it, deadly pale 'tis, —  
 On the nearest headless body  
 Puts it quickly, and then blesses  
 With the sword the pious work.  
 Then a giant form uprises. —  
 From the dear lips of his mother,  
 Lips all godlike — changeless — blissful,  
 Sound these words with horror fraught:  
 "Son, oh, son! what overhastening!  
 Yonder is thy mother's body,  
 Near it lies the impious head  
 Of the woman who hath fallen  
 Victim to the judgment-sword!  
 To her body I am grafted  
 By thy hand for endless ages;  
 Wise in counsel, wild in action,

I shall be amongst the gods.  
E'en the heavenly boy's own image,  
Though in brow and eye so lovely,  
Sinking downwards to the bosom  
Mad and raging lust will stir.

"Twill return again for ever,  
Ever rising, ever sinking,  
Now obscured, and now transfigured,  
So great Brama hath ordained.  
He 'twas sent the beauteous pinions,  
Radiant face, and slender members  
Of the only God-begotten,  
That I might be proved and tempted;  
For from high descends temptation,  
When the gods ordain it so.  
And so I, the Brahmin woman,  
With my head in Heaven reclining,  
Must experience, as a Pariah,  
The debasing power of earth.

"Son, I send thee to thy father!  
Comfort him! Let no sad penance,  
Weak delay, or thought of merit,  
Hold thee in the desert fast;  
Wander on through ev'ry nation,  
Roam abroad throughout all ages,  
And proclaim to e'en the meanest,  
That great Brama hears his cry!

"None is in his eyes the meanest —  
He whose limbs are lame and palsied,  
He whose soul is wildly riven,  
Worn with sorrow, hopeless, helpless,  
Be he Brahmin, be he Pariah,  
If tow'rd heaven he turns his gaze,

Will perceive, will learn to know it:  
 Thousand eyes are glowing yonder,  
 Thousand ears are calmly list'ning,  
 From which nought below is hid.

“If I to his throne soar upward,  
 If he sees my fearful figure .  
 By his might transformed to horror,  
 He for ever will lament it, —  
 May it to your good be found!  
 And I now will kindly warn him,  
 And I now will madly tell him  
 Whatsoe'er my mind conceiveth,  
 What within my bosom heaveth.  
 But my thoughts, my inmost feelings —  
 Those a secret shall remain.”

### III. THE PARIAH'S THANKS.

MIGHTY Brama, now I'll bless thee!  
 'Tis from thee that worlds proceed!  
 As my ruler I confess thee,  
 For of all thou takest heed.

All thy thousand ears thou keepest  
 Open to each child of earth;  
 We, 'mongst mortals sunk the deepest,  
 Have from thee received new birth.

Bear in mind the woman's story,  
 Who, through grief, divine became;  
 Now I'll wait to view His glory,  
 Who omnipotence can claim.

## DEATH LAMENT OF THE NOBLE WIFE OF ASAN AGA.

[This beautiful poem, purporting to be a translation from the Morlachian, was first printed in Herder's admirable collection of ballads, translated into German from almost every European language, and published under the title of *Volklieder*. The fine poetic instinct of Goethe was signally displayed in this composition; for although, as Mickiewicz has observed ("Les Slaves," tome i. p. 323, Paris, 1849), he had to divine the import of the poem across three bad translations, and was at the same time ignorant of the Slavic language, he produced a perfect version, having instinctively detected and avoided the faults of the previous translators.]

WHAT is you so white beside the greenwood ?  
 Is it snow, or flight of cygnets resting ?  
 Were it snow, ere now it had been melted ;  
 Were it swans, ere now the flock had left us.  
 Neither snow nor swans are resting yonder,  
 'Tis the glittering tents of Asan Aga.  
 Faint he lies from wounds in stormy battle ;  
 There his mother and his sisters seek him,  
 But his wife hangs back for shame, and comes not.

When the anguish of his hurts was over,  
 To his faithful wife he sent this message —  
 "Longer 'neath my roof thou shalt not tarry,  
 Neither in my court nor in my household."

When the lady heard that cruel sentence,  
 'Reft of sense she stood, and racked with anguish ;  
 In the court she heard the horses stamping,  
 And in fear that it was Asan coming,  
 Fled towards the tower, to leap and perish.

Then in terror ran her little daughters,  
 Calling after her, and weeping sorely,

“These are not the steeds of Father Asan ;  
’Tis our uncle Pintorovich coming !”

And the wife of Asan turned to meet him ;  
Sobbing, threw her arms around her brother.  
“ See the wrongs, O brother, of thy sister !  
These five babes I bore and must I leave them ?”

Silently the brother, from his girdle,  
Draws the ready deed of separation,  
Wrapped within a crimson silken cover.  
She is free to seek her mother’s dwelling —  
Free to join in wedlock with another.

When the woeful lady saw the writing,  
Kissed she both her boys upon the forehead,  
Kissed on both the cheeks her sobbing daughters ;  
But she cannot tear herself for pity  
From the infant smiling in the cradle !

Rudely did her brother tear her from it,  
Deftly lifted her upon a courser,  
And in haste towards his father’s dwelling,  
Spurred he onward with the woeful lady.

Short the space ; seven days, but barely seven —  
Little space I ween — by many nobles  
Was the lady — still in weeds of mourning —  
Was the lady courted in espousal.

Far the noblest was Imoski’s cadi ;  
And the dame in tears besought her brother —  
“ I adjure thee, by the life thou bearest,  
Give me not a second time in marriage,  
That my heart may not be rent asunder  
If again I see my darling children !”

Little recked the brother of her bidding,  
 Fixed to wed her to Imoski's cadî.  
 But the gentle lady still entreats him —  
 Send at least a letter, O my brother!  
 To Imoski's cadî, thus imploring —  
 "I, the youthful widow, greet thee fairly,  
 And entreat thee by this self-same token,  
 When thou comest hither with thy bridesmen,  
 Bring a heavy veil, that I may shroud me  
 As we pass along by Asan's dwelling,  
 So I may not see my darling orphans."

Scarcely had the cadî read the letter,  
 When he called together all his bridesmen;  
 Bound to bring the lady homewards,  
 And he brought the veil as she entreated.

Jocundly they reached the princely mansion,  
 Jocundly they bore her thence in triumph;  
 But, when they drew near to Asan's dwelling,  
 Then the children recognised their mother,  
 And they cried, "Come back unto the chamber —  
 Share the meal this evening with thy children!"  
 Then she turned her to the lordly bridegroom —  
 "Pray thee, let the bridesmen and their horses  
 Halt a little by the once-loved dwelling,  
 Till I give these presents to my children."

And they halted by the once-loved dwelling,  
 And she gave the weeping children presents,  
 Gave each boy a cap with gold embroidered,  
 Gave each girl a gay and costly garment,  
 And with tears she left a tiny mantle  
 For the helpless baby in the cradle.

These things marked the father, Asan Aga,  
 And in sorrow called he to his children —

“Turn again to me, ye poor deserted ;  
 Hard as steel is now your mother’s bosom ;  
 Shut so fast it cannot throb with pity !”

Thus he spoke ; and when the lady heard him,  
 Pale as death she dropped upon the pavement,  
 And the life fled from her wretched bosom,  
 As she saw her children turning from her.

### IDYLL.

*A village Chorus is supposed to be assembled, and about  
 to commence its festive procession.*

[Written for the birthday of the Duchess Louisa of Weimar.]

#### CHORUS.

THE festal day hail ye  
 With garlands of pleasure,  
 And dances’ soft measure,  
 With rapture commingled  
 And sweet choral song.

#### DAMON.

Oh, how I yearn from out the crowd to flee !  
 What joy a secret glade would give to me !  
 Amid the throng, the turmoil here,  
 Confined the plain, the breezes e’en appear.

#### CHORUS.

Now order it truly,  
 That ev’ry one duly

May roam and may wander,  
 Now here and now yonder,  
 The meadows along.

[The Chorus retreats gradually, and the song becomes fainter and fainter, till it dies away in the distance.]

## DAMON.

In vain ye call, in vain would lure me on ;  
 True my heart speaks, but with itself alone.  
 And if I may view  
     A blessing-fraught land,  
 The heaven's clear blue,  
 And the plain's verdant hue,  
 Alone I'll rejoice,  
 Undisturbed by man's voice.  
 And there I'll pay homage  
     To womanly merit,  
     Observe it in spirit,  
 In spirit pay homage ;  
 To echo alone  
 Shall my secret be known.

## CHORUS.

[Faintly mingling with Damon's song in the distance.]

To echo — alone —  
 Shall my secret — be known.

## MENALCAS.

My friend, why meet I here with thee ?  
 Thou hastenest not to join the festal throng ?  
 No longer stay, but come with me,  
 And mingle in the dance and song.



DAMON.

Thou'rt welcome, friend ! but suffer me to roam  
 Where these old beeches hide me from man's view ;  
 Love seeks in solitude a home,  
 And homage may retreat there, too.

MENALCAS.

Thou seekest here a spurious fame,  
 And hast a mind to-day to grieve me.  
 Love as thy portion thou may'st claim,  
 But homage thou must share with *all*, believe me !

When their voices thousands raise,  
 And the dawn of morning praise,  
     Rapture bringing,  
     Blithely singing  
         On before us,  
 Heart and ear in pleasure vie ;

And when thousands join in chorus,  
 With feelings brightly glowing,  
 And the wishes overflowing,  
 Forcibly they'll bear thee high.

[The Chorus gradually approaches from the distance.]

DAMON.

Distant strains are hither wending,  
 And I'm gladdened by the throng ;  
 Yes, they're coming, — yes, descending  
 To the valley from the height.

## MENALCAS.

Let us haste, our footsteps blending  
With the rhythm of the song!  
Yes, they come; their course they're bending  
Toward the wood's green sward so bright.

## CHORUS.

[Gradually becoming louder.]

Yes, we hither come, attending  
With the harmony of song,  
As the hours their race are ending  
On this day of blest delight.

## ALL.

Let none reveal  
The thoughts we feel,  
The aims we own!  
Let joy alone  
Disclose the story!  
She'll prove it right  
And her delight  
Includes the glory,  
Includes the bliss  
Of days like this!

RINALDO.<sup>1</sup>

[This cantata was written for Prince Frederick of Gotha, and set to music by Winter, the prince singing the part of Rinaldo. — See the *Annalen*.]

## CHORUS.

To the strand ! quick, mount the bark !  
 If no favouring breezes blow,  
 Ply the oar and nimbly row,  
 And with zeal your prowess mark !  
 O'er the sea we thus career.

## RINALDO.

Oh, let me linger one short moment here !  
 'Tis heaven's decree, I may not hence away.  
 The rugged cliffs, the wood-encircled bay,  
 Hold me a prisoner, and my flight delay.  
 Ye were so fair, but now that dream is o'er ;  
 The charms of earth, the charms of heaven are nought.  
 What keeps me in this spot so terror-fraught ?  
 My only joy is fled from me for evermore.

Let me taste those days so sweet,  
 Heaven descended, once again !  
 Heart, dear heart ! ay, warmly beat !  
 Spirit true, recall those days !  
 Freeborn breath, thy gentle lays  
 Mingled are with joy and pain.

Round the beds so richly gleaming,  
 Rises up a palace fair ;  
 And with rosy fragrance teeming,  
 As in dream thou saw'st it ne'er.

<sup>1</sup> See TASSO'S "Gerusalemme Liberata," Canto XVI.

And this spacious garden round,  
 Far extend the galleries ;  
 Roses blossom near the ground,  
 High in air, too, bloom the trees.

Wat'ry flakes and jets are falling,  
 Sweet and silv'ry strains arise ;  
 While the turtle-dove is calling,  
 And the nightingale replies.

## CHORUS.

Gently come ! feel no alarm,  
 On a noble duty bent ;  
 Vanished now is ev'ry charm  
 That by magic power was lent.  
 Friendly words and greetings calm  
 On his wounds will pour soft balm,  
 Fill his mind with sweet content.

## RINALDO.

Hark ! the turtle-dove is calling,  
 And the nightingale replies ;  
 Wat'ry flakes and jets are falling,  
 Mingling with their melodies.

But all of them say :  
*Her* only we mean ;  
 But all fly away,  
 As soon as she's seen, —  
 The beauteous young maiden,  
 With graces so rife.

Then lily and rose  
 In wreaths are entwining :  
 In dances combining,

Each zephyr that blows  
Its brother is greeting,  
All flying and meeting  
With balsam full laden,  
When awakened to life.

CHORUS.

No! no longer may we wait;  
Rouse him from his vision straight!  
Show the adamantine shield!

RINALDO.

Woe! what form is here revealed!

CHORUS.

'Twill disclose the cheat to thee.

RINALDO.

Am I doomed myself to see  
Thus degraded evermore?

CHORUS.

Courage take, and all is o'er.

RINALDO.

Be it so! I'll take fresh heart,  
From the spot beloved depart,  
Leave Armida once again. —  
Come then! here no more remain!

CHORUS.

Yes, 'tis well no more remain.

## SEMI - CHORUS.

Away then! let's fly  
 O'er the zephyr-kissed ocean.  
 The soul-lighted eye  
 Sees armies in motion,  
 Sees proud banners wave  
 O'er the dust-sprinkled course.

## CHORUS.

From his forefathers brave  
 Draws the hero new force.

## RINALDO.

With sorrow laden,  
 Within this valley's  
 All-silent alleys  
 The fairest maiden  
 Again I see.  
 Twice can this be?  
 What! shall I hear it,  
 And not have spirit  
 To ease her pains?

## CHORUS.

Unworthy chains?

## RINALDO.

And now I've seen her  
 Alas! how changed!  
 With cold demeanour,  
 And looks estranged,  
 With ghostly tread,—  
 All hope is fled,

Yes, fled for ever.  
The lightnings quiver,  
Each palace falls ;  
The godlike halls,  
Each joyous hour  
Of spirit-power,  
With love's sweet day  
All fade away !

## CHORUS.

Yes, fade away !

## SEMI - CHORUS.

Already are heard  
The prayers of the pious.  
Why longer deny us ?  
The favouring zephyr  
Forbids all delay.

## CHORUS.

Away, then ! away !

## RINALDO.

With heart sadly stirred,  
Your command I receive ;  
Ye force me to leave.  
Unkind is the zephyr, —  
Oh, wherefore not stay ?

## CHORUS.

Away, then ! away !

## THE FIRST WALPURGIS - NIGHT.

A DRUID.

SWEET smiles the May !  
 The forest gay  
 From frost and ice is freed ;  
 No snow is found,  
 Glad songs resound  
 Across the verdant mead.  
 Upon the height  
 The snow lies light,  
 Yet thither now we go,  
 There to extol our Father's name,  
 Whom we for ages know.  
 Amid the smoke shall gleam the flame ;  
 Thus pure the heart will grow.

THE DRUIDS.

Amid the smoke shall gleam the flame ;  
 Extol we now our Father's name,  
 Whom we for ages know !  
 Up, up, then, let us go !

. ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Would ye, then, so rashly act ?  
 Would ye instant death attract ?  
 Know ye not the cruel threats  
 Of the victors we obey ?  
 Round about are placed their nets  
 In the sinful heathen's way.  
 Ah ! upon the lofty wall  
 Wife and children slaughter they ;  
 And we all  
 Hasten to a certain fall.



## CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Ay, upon the camp's high wall  
All our children loved they slay.  
Ah, what cruel victors they!  
And we all  
Hasten to a certain fall.

## A DRUID.

Who fears to-day  
His rites to pay,  
Deserves his chains to wear.  
The forest's free!  
This wood take we,  
And straight a pile prepare!  
Yet in the wood  
To stay 'tis good  
By day till all is still,  
With watchers all around us placed  
Protecting you from ill.  
With courage fresh, then, let us haste  
Our duties to fulfil.

## CHORUS OF WATCHERS.

Ye valiant watchers now divide  
Your numbers through the forest wide,  
And see that all is still,  
While they their rites fulfil.

## A WATCHER.

Let us in a cunning wise,  
Yon dull Christian priests surprise!  
With the devil of their talk  
We'll those very priests confound.  
Come with prong and come with fork,  
Raise a wild and rattling sound

Through the livelong night, and prowl  
 All the rocky passes round.  
 Screech-owl, owl,  
 Join in chorus with our howl!

CHORUS OF WATCHERS.

Come with prong, and come with fork,  
 Like the devil of their talk,  
 And with wildly rattling sound,  
 Prowl the desert rocks around!  
 Screech-owl, owl,  
 Join in chorus with our howl!

A DRUID.

Thus far 'tis right,  
 That we by night  
 Our Father's praises sing;  
 Yet when 'tis day,  
 To Thee we may  
 A heart unsullied bring.  
 'Tis true that now,  
 And often, Thou  
 Favourest the foe in fight.  
 As from the smoke is freed the blaze,  
 So let our faith burn bright!  
 And if they crush our olden ways,  
 Who e'er can crush Thy light?

A CHRISTIAN WATCHER.

Comrades, quick! your aid afford!  
 All the brood of hell's abroad:  
 See how their enchanted forms  
 Through and through with flames are glowing!  
 Dragon-women, men-wolf swarms,  
 On in quick succession going!

Let us, let us haste to fly !

Wilder yet the sounds are growing,  
And the arch fiend roars on high ;  
From the ground  
Hellish vapours rise around.

CHORUS OF CHRISTIAN WATCHERS.

Terrible enchanted forms,  
Dragon-women, men-wolf swarms !  
Wilder yet the sounds are growing !  
See, the arch fiend comes, all-glowing !  
From the ground  
Hellish vapours rise around.

CHORUS OF DRUIDS.

As from the smoke is freed the blaze,  
So let our faith burn bright !  
And if they crush our olden ways,  
Whoe'er can crush Thy light ?

THE following odes are the most singular of all the poems of Goethe, and to many will appear so wild and fantastic as to leave anything but a pleasing impression. Those at the beginning, addressed to his friend Behrisch, were written at the age of eighteen, and most of the remainder were composed while he was still quite young. Despite, however, the extravagance of some of them, such as the "Winter Journey over the Hartz Mountain" and the "Wanderer's Storm-Song," nothing can be finer than the noble one entitled "Mahomet's Song," and others, such as the "Spirit Song over the Waters," "The Godlike," and, above all, the magnificent sketch of "Promethens," which forms part of an unfinished piece bearing the same name, and called by Goethe a "Dramatic Fragment."

## TO MY FRIEND.

[These three odes are addressed to a certain Behrisch, who was tutor to Count Linedenan, and of whom Goethe gives an odd account at the end of the seventh book of his "Autobiography."]

## FIRST ODE.

TRANSPLANT the beauteous tree!  
Gardener, it gives me pain;  
A happier resting-place  
Its trunk deserved.

Yet the strength of its nature  
To Earth's exhausting avarice,  
To Air's destructive inroads,  
An antidote opposed.

See how it in spring-time  
Coins its pale green leaves!  
Their orange-fragrance  
Poisons each fly-blow straight.

The caterpillar's tooth  
Is blunted by them;  
With silvery hues they gleam  
In the bright sunshine.

Its twigs the maiden  
Fain would twine in  
Her bridal-garland;  
Youth its fruit are seeking.

See, the autumn cometh!  
The caterpillar  
Sighs to the crafty spider, —  
Sighs that the tree will not fade.

Hov'ring thither,  
From out her yew-tree dwelling,  
The gaudy foe advances  
Against the kindly tree,

And cannot hurt it.  
But the more artful one  
Defiles with nauseous venom  
Its silver leaves ;

And sees with triumph  
How the maiden shudders,  
The youth, how mourns he,  
On passing by.

Transplant the beauteous tree!  
Gardener, it gives me pain.  
Tree, thank the gardener  
Who moves thee hence!

## SECOND ODE.

THOU goest ! I murmur —  
Go ! let me murmur.  
Oh, worthy man,  
Fly from this land !

Deadly marshes,  
Steaming mists of October  
Here interweave their currents,  
Blending for ever.

Noisome insects  
Here are engendered ;  
Fatal darkness  
Veils their malice.

The fiery-tongued serpent,  
 Hard by the sedgy bank,  
 Stretches his pampered body,  
 Caressed by the sun's bright beams.

Tempt no gentle night-rambles  
 Under the moon's cold twilight!  
 Loathsome toads hold their meetings  
 Yonder at every crossway.

Injuring not,  
 Fear will they cause thee.  
 Oh, worthy man,  
 Fly from this land!

THIRD ODE.

BE void of feeling!  
 A heart that soon is stirred,  
 Is a possession sad  
 Upon this changing earth.

Behr'sich, let spring's sweet smile  
 Never gladden thy brow!  
 Then winter's gloomy tempests  
 Never will shadow it o'er.

Lean thyself ne'er on a maiden's  
 Sorrow-engendering breast.  
 Ne'er on the arm,  
 Misery-fraught, of a friend.

Already Envy  
 From out his rocky ambush  
 Upon thee turns  
 The force of his lynx-like eyes,

Stretches his talons,  
On thee falls,  
In thy shoulders  
Cunningly plants them.

Strong are his skinny arms,  
As panther-claws ;  
He shaketh thee,  
And rends thy frame.

Death 'tis to part ;  
'Tis threefold death  
To part, not hoping  
Ever to meet again.

Thou wouldst rejoice to leave  
This hated land behind,  
Wert thou not chained to me  
With friendship's flowery chains.

Burst them ! I'll not repine.  
No noble friend  
Would stay his fellow captive  
If means of flight appear.

The remembrance  
Of his dear friend's freedom  
Gives *him* freedom  
In his dungeon.

Thou goest, — I'm left.  
But e'en already  
The last year's wingèd spokes  
Whirl round the smoken axle.

I number the turns  
 Of the thundering wheel;  
 The last one I bless, —  
 Each bar then is broken, I'm free then  
 as thou!

### SONG OF THE SPIRITS OVER THE WATERS.

THE soul of man is like to water;  
 From Heaven it cometh,  
 To Heaven it riseth,  
 And then returneth to earth,  
 For ever alternating.  
 Then foameth brightly,  
 In cloud-waves rolling,  
 O'er polished rocks.  
 Then tranquil flowing,  
 It wandereth, hiding,  
 Soft murmuring to depths below it.  
 Over scraggs from the steep projecting  
 Falls it all roaring, foaming, step-like,  
 Far downward.  
 Then, level flowing,  
 Creeps to the meadow away:  
 And in the glassy sea  
 Gaze all the planets at their fair faces.

Wind is to wavelet tenderest lover:  
 Wind from the deep tears foam-crested billows.  
 Soul of man mortal, how art thou like water!  
 Fate of man mortal, how art thou like wind!



## MAHOMET'S SONG.

[This song was intended to be introduced in a dramatic poem entitled "Mahomet," the plan of which was not carried out by Goethe. He mentions that it was to have been sung by Ali toward the end of the piece, in honour of his master, Mahomet, shortly before his death, and when at the height of his glory, of which it is typical.]

SEE the rock-born stream !  
Like the gleam  
Of a star so bright !  
Kindly spirits  
High above the clouds  
Nourished him while youthful  
In the copse between the cliffs.

Young and fresh,  
From the clouds he danceth  
Down upon the marble rocks ;  
Then toward heaven  
Leaps exulting.

Through the mountain-passes  
Chaseth he the coloured pebbles,  
And, advancing like a chief,  
Tears his brother streamlets with him  
In his course.

In the valley down below  
Neath his footsteps spring the flowers,  
And the meadow  
In his breath finds life.

Yet no shady vale can stay him,  
Nor can flowers,

Round his knees all softly twining  
 With their loving eyes detain him;  
 To the plain his course he taketh,  
 Serpent-winding.

Social streamlets  
 Join his waters. And now moves he  
 O'er the plain in silv'ry glory,  
 And the plain in him exults,  
 And the rivers from the plain,  
 And the streamlets from the mountain,  
 Shout with joy, exclaiming: "Brother,  
 Brother, take thy brethren with thee,  
 With thee to thine aged father,  
 To the everlasting ocean,  
 Who, with arms outstretching far,  
 Waiteth for us;  
 Ah, in vain those arms lie open  
 To embrace his yearning children;  
 For the thirstý sand consumes us  
 In the desert waste; the sunbeams  
 Drink our life-blood; hills around us  
 Into lakes would dam us! Brother,  
 Take thy brethren of the plain,  
 Take thy brethren of the mountain  
 With thee, to thy father's arms!"

Let all come, then!—  
 And now swells he  
 Lordlier still; yea, e'en a people  
 Bears his regal flood on high!  
 And in triumph onward rolling,  
 Names to countries gives he,—cities  
 Spring to light beneath his foot.

Ever, ever, on he rushes,  
 Leaves the towers' flame-tipped summits,

Marble palaces, the offspring  
Of his fulness, far behind.

Cedar-houses bears the Atlas  
On his giant shoulders ; fluttering  
In the breeze far, far above him  
Thousand flags are gaily floating,  
Bearing witness to his might.

And so beareth he his brethren,  
All his treasures, all his children,  
Wildly shouting, to the bosom  
Of his long-expectant sire.

#### MY GODDESS.

SAY, which Immortal  
Merits the highest reward ?  
With none contend I,  
But I will give it  
To the aye-changing,  
Ever-moving  
Wondrous daughter of Jove,  
His best-beloved offspring,  
Sweet Phantasy.

For unto her  
Hath he granted  
All the fancies which erst  
To none allowed he  
Saving himself ;  
Now he takes his pleasure  
In the mad one.

She may, crowned with roses,  
With staff twined round with lilies

Roam through flowery valleys,  
 Rule the butterfly people,  
 And soft-nourishing dew  
 With bee-like lips  
 Drink from the blossom:

Or else she may,  
 With fluttering hair  
 And gloomy looks,  
 Sigh in the wind  
 Round rocky cliffs,  
 And thousand-hued,  
 Like morn and even,  
 Ever changing,  
 Like moonbeam's light,  
 To mortals appear.

Let us all, then,  
 Adore the Father!  
 The old, the mighty,  
 Who such a beauteous  
 Ne'er-fading spouse  
 Deigns to accord  
 To perishing mortals!

To us alone  
 Doth he unite her,  
 With heavenly bonds,  
 While he commands her  
 In joy and sorrow,  
 As a true spouse  
 Never try to fly us.

All the remaining  
 Races so poor  
 Of life-teeming earth,  
 In children so rich,

Wander and feed  
In vacant enjoyment,  
And 'mid the dark sorrows  
Of evanescent  
Restricted life, —  
Bowed by the heavy  
Yoke of Necessity.

But unto us he  
Hath his most versatile,  
Most cherished daughter  
Granted, — what joy!

Lovingly greet her  
As a beloved one!  
Give her the woman's  
Place in our home!

And, oh, may the aged  
Stepmother Wisdom  
Her gentle spirit  
Ne'er seek to harm!

Yet know I her sister,  
The older, sedater,  
Mine own silent friend;  
Oh, may she never,  
Till life's lamp is quenched,  
Turn away from me, —  
That noble inciter,  
Comforter, — Hope!

## HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

## RIDE TO THE HARTZ IN WINTER.

[The following explanation is necessary in order to make this ode in any way intelligible. The poet is supposed to leave his companions, who are proceeding on a hunting expedition in winter, in order himself to pay a visit to a hypochondriacal friend, and also to see the mining in the Hartz mountains. The ode alternately describes, in a very fragmentary and peculiar way, the naturally happy disposition of the poet himself and the unhappiness of his friend; it pictures the wildness of the road and the dreariness of the prospect, which is relieved at one spot by the distant sight of a town, a very vague allusion to which is made in the third strophe; it recalls the hunting party on which his companions have gone: and, after an address to Love, concludes by a contrast between unexplored recesses of the highest peak of the Hartz and the metalliferous veins of its smaller brethren.]

FREE as the hawk,  
Which, on yon dark morning cloud-pile,  
With soft spread pinion resting,  
Looks out for prey,  
Float my loose song!

Sure a God hath  
Unto each his path  
Fore-appointed,  
Which the fortunate  
Swift to happiest  
Goal pursues:  
But whom misfortune  
Hath frozen to the heart,  
He frets him vainly  
Against the restraint of  
The wire-woven cord, which  
Soon shall the bitter scissors  
Snap once for all.

To gloomy thicket  
Rushes the reindeer wild,  
And with the sparrows have  
Long ago the rich folks  
Into their swamps for shelter sunk.  
Easy to follow the chariot,  
When 'tis Fortune drives.  
Just as the lumbering cart  
Over the hard, smooth road rolls,  
After a monarch's march.

But aside who fareth ?  
In the woods he loses his path ;  
Swiftly behind him  
The boughs fly together,  
The grass stands up again,  
The desert o'erwhelms him.

Ah, but who healeth the pangs of  
Him, whose balm becomes poison ?  
Who but hate for man  
From the fulness of love hath drunk ?  
First despised, and now a despiser,  
Wastes he secretly  
All his own best worth,  
Brooding over himself.

Is there on thy psalter,  
Father of love, one tone  
Which his ear would welcome ?  
Oh, then, quicken his heart !  
Open his beclouded look  
Over the thousand fountains  
All around him thirsting there  
In the desert.

Thou, who on each bestowest  
Joys, a superabundant share,  
Bless the brothers of the chase,  
Out in search of wild beasts,  
With danger-loving zeal of youth,  
Eager to take life,  
Late avengers of mischief,  
Which for years hath defied the  
Farmer's threatening cudgel.

But the lone wanderer wrap  
In thy golden cloud-fleeces ;  
And wreath with evergreen,  
Till the summer roses be blowing,  
The dripping ringlets,  
O Love, of this thy poet !

With thy flickering torch thou  
Lightest him on  
Through the fords, in the night,  
Over treacherous footing  
On desolate commons.  
With the thousand tints of the moon, thou  
Smilest to his heart so !  
With the bitter cold blast  
Bearest him gloriously up.  
Winter torrents down from the rocks roll  
Into his anthems.  
An altar of cheerfulest thanks  
Seems to him the terrible summit's  
Snow-hung, hoary crown,  
Wreathed with rows of pale spirits  
By the marvellous people.

Thou standest, with unexplored bosom  
Mysteriously prominent,



Over the astonished world,  
And lookest from the clouds there  
Down on its riches and majesty,  
Which thou from the veins of these thy brothers  
Round thee here waterest.

### THE WANDERER'S STORM - SONG.

[Goethe says of this ode, that it is the only one remaining out of several strange hymns and dithyrambs composed by him at a period of great unhappiness, when the love-affair between him and Frederica had been broken off by him. He used to sing them while wandering wildly about the country. This particular one was caused by his being caught in a tremendous storm on one of these occasions. He calls it a half-crazy piece (*haybunsinn*), and the reader will probably agree with him.]

HE whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,  
Feels no dread within his heart  
At the tempest or the rain.  
He whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,  
Will to the rain clouds,  
Will to the hail-storm,  
Sing in reply  
As the lark sings,  
O thou on high!

Him whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,  
Thou wilt raise above the mud-track  
With thy fiery pinions.  
He will wander,  
As, with flowery feet,  
Over Deucalion's dark flood,  
Python-slaying, light, glorious,  
Pythius Apollo.

Him whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,  
Thou wilt place upon thy fleecy pinion,

When he sleepeth on the rock, —  
 Thou wilt shelter with thy guardian wing  
 In the forest's midnight hour.

Him whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,  
 Thou wilt wrap up warmly  
 In the snow-drift ;  
 Toward the warmth approach the Muses,  
 Toward the warmth approach the Graces.

Ye Muses, hover round me !  
 Ye Graces also !  
 That is water, that is earth,  
 And the son of water and of earth  
 Over which I wander,  
 Like the gods.

Ye are pure, like the heart of the water,  
 Ye are pure like the marrow of earth,  
 Hov'ring round me, while I hover  
 Over water, o'er the earth,  
 Like the gods.

Shall he, then, return,  
 The small, the dark, the fiery peasant ?  
 Shall he, then, return, awaiting  
 Only thy gifts, O Father Bromius,  
 And brightly gleaming, warm the spreading  
 fire ?

Return with joy ?  
 And I, whom ye attended,  
 Ye Muses and ye Graces,  
 Whom all awaits that ye,  
 Ye Muses and ye Graces,  
 Of circling bliss in life  
 Have glorified — shall I  
 Return dejected ?

Father Bromius!  
 Thou art the Genius,  
 Genius of ages,  
 Thou'rt what inward glow  
 To Pindar was,  
 What to the world  
 Phœbus Apollo.

Woe! Woe! Inward warmth,  
 Spirit-warmth,  
 Central-point!  
 Glow, and vie with  
 Phœbus Apollo:  
 Coldly soon  
 His regal look  
 Over thee will swiftly glide, —  
 Envy-struck  
 Linger o'er the cedar's strength,  
 Which, to flourish,  
 Waits him not.

Why doth my lay name thee the last?  
 Thee, from whom it began,  
 Thee, in whom it endeth,  
 Thee, from whom it flows,  
 Jupiter Pluvius!  
 Toward thee streams my song,  
 And a Castalian spring  
 Runs as a fellow brook,  
 Runs to the idle ones,  
 Mortal, happy ones,  
 Apart from thee,  
 Who coverest me around,  
 Jupiter Pluvius!

Not by the elm-tree  
 Him didst thou visit,

With the pair of doves  
Held in his gentle arm, —  
With the beauteous garland of roses, —  
Caressing him, so blest in his flowers,  
Anacreon,  
Storm-breathing godhead!  
Not in the poplar grove,  
Near the Sybaris' strand,  
Not in the mountain's  
Sun-illumined brow  
Didst thou seize him,  
The flower-singing,  
Honey-breathing,  
Sweetly nodding  
Theocritus.

When the wheels were rattling,  
Wheel on wheel toward the goal,  
High arose  
The sound of the lash  
Of youth with victory glowing,  
In the dust rolling,  
As from the mountain fall  
Showers of stone in the vale —  
Then thy soul was brightly glowing, Pindar —  
Glowing? Poor heart?  
There, on the hill, —  
Heavenly might!  
But enough glow  
Thither to wend,  
Where is my cot?

TO FATHER<sup>1</sup> KRONOS.

[Written in a post-chaise.]

HASTEN thee, Kronos !  
On' with clattering trot !  
Down hill goeth thy path ;  
Loathsome dizziness ever,  
When thou delayest, assails me.  
Quick, rattle along,  
Over stock and stone let thy trot  
Into life straightway lead !

Now once more  
Up the toilsome ascent  
Hasten, panting for breath !  
Up, then, nor idle be, —  
Striving and hoping, up, up !

Wide, high, glorious the view  
Gazing round upon life,  
While from mount unto mount  
Hovers the spirit eterne,  
Life eternal foreboding.

Sideways a roof's pleasant shade  
Attracts thee,  
And a look that promises coolness  
On the maidenly threshold.  
There refresh thee ! And, maiden,  
Give me this foaming draught also,  
Give me this health-laden look !

<sup>1</sup>In the original, *Schwager*, which has the twofold meaning of *brother-in-law* and *postilion*.

Down, now ! quicker still, down !  
 See where the sun sets !  
 Ere he sets, ere old age  
 Seize me in the morass,  
 Ere my toothless jaws mumble,  
 And my useless limbs totter ;  
 While drunk with his farewell beam  
 Hurl me, — a fiery sea  
 Foaming still in mine eye, —  
 Hurl me, while dazzled and reeling,  
 Down to the gloomy portal of hell.

Blow, then, gossip, thy horn,  
 Speed on with echoing trot,  
 So that Orcus may know we are coming,  
 So that our host may with joy  
 Wait at the door to receive us.

### THE SEA - VOYAGE.

MANY a day and night my bark stood ready laden ;  
 Waiting fav'ring winds, I sat with true friends round  
     me,  
 Pledging me to patience and to courage,  
 In the haven.

And they spoke thus with impatience twofold :  
 " Gladly pray we for thy rapid passage,  
 Gladly for thy happy voyage ; fortune  
 In the distant world is waiting for thee,  
 In our arms thou'lt find thy prize, and love, too,  
 When returning."

And when morning came arose an uproar,  
 And the sailors' joyous shouts awoke us ;  
 All was stirring, all was living, moving,  
 Bent on sailing with the first kind zephyr.

And the sails soon in the breezes are swelling,  
And the sun with fiery love invites us ;  
Filled the sails are, clouds on high are floating,  
On the shore each friend exultant raises  
Songs of hope, in giddy joy expecting  
Joy the voyage through, as on the morn of sailing,  
And the earliest starry nights so radiant.

But by God-sent changing winds ere long he's driven  
Sideways from the course he had intended,  
And he feigns as though he would surrender,  
While he gently striveth to outwit them,  
To his goal, e'en when thus pressed, still faithful.

But from out the damp gray distance rising,  
Softly now the storm proclaims its advent,  
Presseth down each bird upon the waters,  
Presseth down the throbbing heart of mortals,  
And it cometh. At its stubborn fury,  
Wisely every sail the seaman striketh ;  
With the anguish-laden ball are sporting  
Wind and water.

And on yonder shore are gathered standing,  
Friends and lovers, trembling for the bold one :  
" Why, alas, remained he here not with us !  
Ah, the tempest ! Cast away by fortune !  
Must the good one perish in this fashion ?  
Might not he perchance . . . Ye great immortals ! "

Yet he, like a man, stands by his rudder ;  
With the bark are sporting wind and water,  
Wind and water sport not with his bosom :  
On the fierce deep looks he, as a master, —  
In his gods, or shipwrecked, or safe landed,  
Trusting ever.

## THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE.

IN search of prey once raised his pinions  
 An eaglet ;  
 A huntsman's arrow came, and reft  
 His right wing of all motive power.  
 Headlong he fell into a myrtle grove,  
 For three long days on anguish fed,  
 In torment writhed  
 Throughout three long, three weary nights ;  
 And then was cured,  
 Thanks to all-healing Nature's  
 Soft, omnipresent balm.  
 He crept away from out the copse,  
 And stretched his wing — alas !  
 Lost is all power of flight —  
 He scarce can lift himself  
 From off the ground  
 To catch some mean, unworthy prey,  
 And rests, deep-sorrowing,  
 On the low rock beside the stream.  
 Up to the oak he looks,  
 Looks up to heaven,  
 While in his noble eye there gleams a tear.  
 Then, rustling through the myrtle boughs, behold,  
 There comes a wanton pair of doves,  
 Who settle down, and, nodding, strut  
 O'er the gold sands beside the stream,  
 And gradually approach ;  
 Their red-tinged eyes, so full of love,  
 Soon see the inward-sorrowing one.  
 The male, inquisitively social, leaps  
 On the next bush, and looks  
 Upon him kindly and complacently.  
 "Thou sorrowest," murmurs he :  
 "Be of good cheer, my friend !



All that is needed for calm happiness  
 Hast thou not here !  
 Hast thou not pleasure in the golden bough  
 That shields thee from the day's fierce glow ?  
 Canst thou not raise thy breast to catch,  
 On the soft moss beside the brook,  
 The sun's last rays at even ?  
 Here thou mayest wander through the flowers'  
     fresh dew,  
 Pluck from the overflow  
 The forest-trees provide,  
 The choicest food, — mayest quench  
 Thy light thirst at the silvery spring.  
 O friend, true happiness  
 Lies in contentedness,  
 And that contentedness  
 Finds everywhere enough."  
 " O wise one ! " said the eagle, while he sank  
 In deep and ever deepening thought —  
 " O Wisdom ! like a dove thou speakest ! "

### · GANYMEDE.

How, in the light of morning,  
 Round me thou glowest,  
 Spring, thou beloved one !  
 With thousand-varying loving bliss  
 The sacred emotions  
 Born of thy warmth eternal  
 Press 'gainst my bosom,  
 Thou endlessly fair one !  
 Could I but hold thee clasped  
 Within mine arms !

Ah ! upon thy bosom  
 Lay I, pining,

And then thy flowers, thy grass,  
 Were pressing against my heart.  
 Thou coolest the burning  
 Thirst of my bosom,  
 Beauteous morning breeze!  
 The nightingale then calls me  
 Sweetly from out of the misty vale.  
 I come, I come!  
 Whither? Ah, whither?

Up, up, lies my course.  
 While downward the clouds  
 Are hovering, the clouds  
 Are bending to meet yearning love.  
 For me,  
 Within thine arms  
 Upwards!  
 Embraced and embracing!  
 Upwards into thy bosom,  
 O Father, all-loving!

### PROMETHEUS.

COVER thy spacious heavens, Zeus,  
 With clouds of mist,  
 And like the boy who lops  
 The thistles' heads,  
 Disport with oaks and mountain-peaks;  
 Yet thou must leave  
 My earth still standing;  
 My cottage, too, which was not raised by thee;  
 Leave me my hearth,  
 Whose kindly glow  
 By thee is envied.

I know nought poorer  
 Under the sun, than ye gods!

Ye nourish painfully,  
With sacrifices  
And votive prayers,  
Your majesty ;  
Ye would e'en starve,  
If children and beggars  
Were not trusting fools.

While yet a child,  
And ignorant of life,  
I turned my wandering gaze  
Up toward the sun, as if with him  
There were an ear to hear my wailings,  
A heart, like mine,  
To feel compassion for distress.

Who helped me  
Against the Titans' insolence ?  
Who rescued me from certain death,  
From slavery ?  
Didst thou not do all this thyself,  
My sacred glowing heart ?  
And glowedst, young and good,  
Deceived with grateful thanks  
To yonder slumbering one ?

I honour thee, and why ?  
Hast thou e'er lightened the sorrows  
Of the heavy laden ?  
Hast thou e'er dried up the tears  
Of the anguish-stricken ?  
Was I not fashioned to be a man  
By omnipotent Time,  
And by eternal Fate,  
Masters of me and thee ?  
Didst thou e'er fancy

That life I should learn to hate,  
 And fly to deserts,  
 Because not all  
 My blossoming dreams grew ripe ?

Here sit I, forming mortals  
 After my image ;  
 A race resembling me,  
 To suffer, to weep,  
 To enjoy, to be glad,  
 And thee to scorn,  
 As I !

#### LIMITS OF HUMANITY.

WHEN the Creator,  
 The Great, the Eternal,  
 Sows with indifferent  
 Hand, from the rolling  
 Clouds, o'er the earth, His  
 Lightnings in blessing,  
 I kiss the nethermost  
 Hem of His garment,  
 Lowly inclining  
 In infantine awe.  
 For never against  
 The immortals, a mortal  
 May measure himself.  
 Upwards aspiring,  
 He toucheth the stars with his forehead,  
 Then do his insecure feet  
 Stumble and totter and reel ;  
 Then do the cloud and the tempest  
 Make him their pastime and sport.

Let him with sturdy,  
 Sinewy limbs,

Tread the enduring  
Firm-seated earth ;  
Aiming no further, than  
The oak or the vine to compare !

What doth distinguish  
Gods from mankind ?  
This ! Multitudinous  
Billows roll ever  
Before the immortals,  
An infinite stream.  
We by a billow  
Are lifted — a billow  
Engulfs us — we sink,  
And are heard of no more.

A little round  
Encircles our life,  
And races unnumbered  
Extend through the ages,  
Linked by existence's  
Infinite chain.

### THE GODLIKE.

NOBLE be man,  
Helpful and good !  
For that alone  
Distinguisheth him  
From all the beings  
Unto us known.

Hail to the beings,  
Unknown and glorious,  
Whom we forebode !  
From *his* example

Learn we to know them !  
For unfeeling  
Nature is ever.

On bad and on good  
The sun alike shineth ;  
And on the wicked,  
As on the best,  
The moon and stars gleam.

Tempest and torrent,  
Thunder and hail,  
Roar on their path,  
Seizing the while,  
As they haste onward,  
One after another.

Even so, fortune  
Gropes 'mid the throng —  
Innocent boyhood's  
Curly head seizing, —  
Seizing the hoary  
Head of the sinner.

After laws mighty,  
Brazen, eternal,  
Must all we mortals  
Finish the circuit  
Of our existence.

Man, and man only  
Can do the impossible ;  
He 'tis distinguisheth,  
Chooseth and judgeth ;  
He to the moment  
Endurance can lend.

He and he only  
The good can reward,  
The bad can he punish,  
Can heal and can save ;  
All that wanders and strays  
Can usefully blend.

And we pay homage  
To the immortals  
As though they were men,  
And did in the great,  
What the best, in the small,  
Does or might do.

Be the man that is noble,  
Both helpful and good,  
Unwearily forming  
The right and the useful,  
A type of those beings  
Our mind hath foreshadowed.

### THE GERMAN PARNASSUS.

'NEATH the shadow  
Of these bushes  
On the meadow  
Where the cooling water gushes,  
Phœbus gave me, when a boy,  
All life's fulness to enjoy.  
So, in silence, as the God  
Bade them with his sovereign nod,  
Sacred Muses trained my days  
To his praise, —  
With the bright and silvery flood  
Of Parnassus stirred my blood,

And the seal so pure and chaste  
By them on my lips was placed.

With her modest pinions, see,  
Philomel encircles me!  
In these bushes, in yon grove,  
Calls she to her sister-throng,  
And their heavenly choral song  
Teaches me to dream of love.

Fulness waxes in my breast  
Of emotions social, blest;  
Friendship's nurtured, — love awakes, —  
And the silence Phœbus breaks  
Of his mountains, of his vales,  
Sweetly blow the balmy gales;  
All for whom he shows affection,  
Who are worthy his protection,  
Gladly follow his direction.

*This* one comes with joyous bearing  
And with open, radiant gaze;  
*That* a sterner look is wearing,  
*This* one, scarcely cured, with daring  
Wakes the strength of former days;  
For the sweet, destructive flame  
Pierced his marrow and his frame.  
That which Amor stole before  
Phœbus only can restore.  
Peace, and joy, and harmony,  
Aspirations pure and free.

Brethren, rise ye!  
Numbers prize ye!  
Deeds of worth resemble they.  
Who can better than the bard



Guide a friend when gone astray?  
 If his duty he regard,  
 More he'll do, than others may.

Yes! afar I hear them sing!  
 Yes! I hear them touch the string,  
 And with mighty godlike stroke  
     Right and duty they inspire  
                     And evoke,  
 As they sing and wake the lyre,  
 Tendencies of noblest worth,  
 To each type of strength give birth.

Phantasies of sweetest power  
     Flower  
 Round about on every bough,  
     Bending now  
 Like the magic wood of old,  
 'Neath the fruit that gleams like gold.

What we feel and what we view  
     In the land of highest bliss, —  
     This dear soil, a sun like this, —  
 Lures the best of women too.  
 And the Muses' breathings blest  
 Rouse the maiden's gentle breast,  
 Tune the throat to minstrelsy,  
 And with cheeks of beauteous dye,  
 Bid it sing a worthy song,  
 Sit the sister-band among;  
 And their strains grow softer still,  
 As they vie with earnest will.

One amongst the band betimes  
     Goes to wander  
 By the beeches, 'neath the limes,  
     Yonder seeking, finding yonder

That which in the morning-grove  
 She had lost through roguish Love,  
 All her breast's first aspirations,  
 And her heart's calm meditations.  
 To the shady wood so fair  
     Gently stealing,  
 Takes she that which man can ne'er  
     Duly merit, — each soft feeling, —  
 Disregards the noontide ray  
 And the dew at close of day, —  
     In the plain her path she loses.  
 Ne'er disturb her on her way!  
     Seek her silently, ye Muses!

Shouts I hear, wherein the sound  
 Of the waterfall is drowned.  
 From the grove loud clamours rise,  
 Strange the tumult, strange the cries.  
 See I rightly? Can it be?  
 To the very sanctuary,  
 Lo, an impious troop in-hies!

O'er the land	And expose,
Streams the band;	Void of shame,
Hot desire,	All the frame.
Drunken-fire	Iron shot,
In their gaze	Fierce and hot,
Wildly plays, —	Strike with fear
Makes the hair	On the ear;
Bristle there.	All they slay
And the troop,	On their way,
With fell swoop,	O'er the land
Women, men,	Pours the band;
Coming then,	All take flight
Ply their blows	At their sight

Ah, o'er every plant they rush!  
 Ah, their cruel footsteps crush  
 All the flowers that fill their path!  
 Who will dare to stem their wrath?

Brethren, let us venture all!

Virtue in your pure cheek glows.

Phœbus will attend our call

When he sees our heavy woes;

And that we may have aright

Weapons suited to the fight,

He the mountain shaketh now —

From its brow

Rattling down

Stone on stone

Through the thicket spread appear.

Brethren, seize them! Wherefore fear?

Now the villain crew assail,

As though with a storm of hail,

And expel the strangers wild

From these regions soft and mild

Where the sun has ever smiled!

What strange wonder do I see?

Can it be?

All my limbs of power are reft,

And all strength my hand has left.

Can it be?

None are strangers that I see!

And our brethren 'tis who go

On before, the way to show!

Oh, the reckless, impious ones!

How they, with their jarring tones,

Beat the time, as on they hie!

Quick, my brethren! — let us fly!

To the rash ones, yet a word!  
 Ay, my voice shall now be heard,  
 As a peal of thunder, strong!  
     Words as poets' arms were made, —  
     When the god will be obeyed,  
 Follow fast his darts ere long.

Was it possible that ye  
 Thus your godlike dignity  
 Should forget? The Thyrsus rude  
     Must a heavy burden feel  
     To the hand but wont to steal  
 O'er the lyre in gentle mood.  
 From the sparkling waterfalls,  
 From the brook that purling calls,  
 Shall Silenus' loathsome beast  
 Be allowed at will to feast?  
 Aganippe's<sup>1</sup> wave he sips  
 With profane and spreading lips, —  
 With ungainly feet stamps madly,  
 Till the waters flow on sadly.

Fain I'd think myself deluded  
     In the saddening sounds I hear;  
 From the holy glades secluded  
     Hateful tones assail the ear.  
 Laughter wild (exchange how mournful!)  
     Takes the place of love's sweet dream;  
 Women-haters and the scornful  
     In exulting chorus scream.  
 Nightingale and turtle-dove  
     Fly their nests so warm and chaste,  
 And, inflamed with sensual love,  
     Holds the Faun the Nymph embraced.

<sup>1</sup> A spring in Bœotia, which arose out of Mount Helicon, and was sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

Here a garment's torn away,  
Scoffs succeed their sated bliss,  
While the god, with angry ray,  
Looks upon each impious kiss.

Vapour, smoke, as from a fire,  
And advancing clouds I view ;  
Chords not only grace the lyre,  
For the bow its chords hath, too.  
Even the adorer's heart  
Dreads the wild advancing band,  
For the flames that round them dart  
Show the fierce destroyer's hand.  
Oh, neglect not what I say,  
For I speak it lovingly !  
From our boundaries haste away,  
From the god's dread anger fly !  
Cleanse once more the holy place,  
Turn the savage train aside !  
Earth contains upon its face  
Many a spot unsanctified ;  
Here we only prize the good.  
Stars unsullied round us burn.  
If ye, in repentant mood,  
From your wanderings would return,  
If ye fail to find the bliss  
That ye found with *us* of yore, —  
Or when lawless mirth like this  
Gives your hearts delight no more, —  
Then return in pilgrim guise,  
Gladly up the mountain go,  
While your strains repentant rise,  
And our brethren's advent show.

Let a new-born wreath entwine  
Solemnly your temples round ;

Rapture glows in hearts divine  
 When a long-lost sinner's found.  
 Swifter e'en the Lethe's flood  
 Round Death's silent house can play,  
 Every error of the good  
 Will love's chalice wash away.  
 All will haste your steps to meet,  
 As ye come in majesty, —  
 Men your blessing will entreat; —  
 Ours ye thus will doubly be!

### LOVE'S DISTRESSES.

Who will hear me? Whom shall I lament to?  
 Who would pity me that heard my sorrows?  
 Ah, the lip that erst so many raptures  
 Used to taste, and used to give responsive,  
 Now is cloven, and it pains me sorely;  
 And it is not thus severely wounded  
 By my mistress having caught me fiercely,  
 And then gently bitten me, intending  
 To secure her friend more firmly to her:  
 No, my tender lip is cracked thus, only  
 By the winds, o'er rime and frost proceeding,  
 Pointed, sharp, unloving, having met me.  
 Now the noble grape's bright juice commingled  
 With the bee's sweet juice, upon the fire  
 Of my hearth shall ease me of my torment.  
 Ah, what use will all this be, if with it  
 Love adds not a drop of his own balsam?

## LILI'S MENAGERIE.

[Goethe describes this much-admired poem, which he wrote in honour of his love Lili, as being "designed to change his surrender of her into despair, by drolly-fretful images."]

THERE'S no menagerie, I vow,  
 Excels my Lili's at this minute ;  
 She keeps the strangest creatures in it,  
 And catches them, she knows not how.  
 Oh, how they hop, and run, and rave,  
 And their clipped pinions wildly wave, —  
 Poor princes, who must all endure  
 The pangs of love that nought can cure.

What is the fairy's name ? — Is it Lili ? — Ask not me !  
 Give thanks to Heaven if she's unknown to thee.

Oh, what a cackling, what a shrieking  
 When near the door she takes her stand,  
 With her food-basket in her hand !  
 Oh, what a croaking, what a squeaking !  
 Alive all the trees and the bushes appear,  
 While to her feet whole troops draw near ;  
 The very fish within the water clear  
 Splash with impatience and their heads protrude ;  
 And then she throws around the food  
 With such a look ! — the very gods delighting  
 (To say nought of beasts). There begins, then, a biting,  
 A picking, a pecking, a sipping,  
 And each o'er the legs of another is tripping,  
 And pushing, and pressing, and flapping,  
 And chasing, and fuming, and snapping,  
 And all for one small piece of bread,  
 To which, though dry, her fair hands give a taste,  
 As though it in ambrosia had been placed.

And then her look ! the tone  
 With which she calls : Pipi ! Pipi !

Would draw Jove's eagle from his throne ;  
 Yes, Venus' turtle-doves, I ween,  
 And the vain peacock e'en,  
 Would come, I swear,  
 Soon as that tone had reached them through the air.

E'en from a forest dark had she  
     Enticed a bear, unlicked, ill-bred,  
     And, by her wiles alluring, led  
 To join the gentle company,  
 Until as tame as they was he :  
 (Up to a certain point, be it understood !)  
 How fair, and ah ! how good  
 She seemed to be ! I would have drained my blood  
     To water e'en her flow'rets sweet.

“Thou sayest: *I!* Who? How? And where?” —  
 Well, to be plain, good sirs — I am the bear ;  
     In a net apron, caught, alas !  
     Chained by a silk thread at her feet.  
     But how this wonder came to pass  
 I'll tell some day if ye are curious ;  
 Just now, my temper's much too furious.

Ah, when I'm in the corner placed,  
 And hear afar the creatures snapping,  
 And see the flipping and the flapping,  
     I turn around  
     With growling sound,  
 And backward run a step in haste,  
     And look around  
     With growling sound,  
 Then run again a step in haste,  
     And to my former post go round.

But suddenly my anger grows,  
 A mighty spirit fills my nose,



My inward feelings all revolt.  
 A creature such as thou! a dolt!  
 Pipi, a squirrel able nuts to crack!  
 I bristle up my shaggy back,  
 Unused a slave to be.  
 I'm laughed at by each trim and upstart tree  
 To scorn. The bowling green I fly,  
     With neatly-mown and well-kept grass;  
 The box makes faces as I pass, —  
 Into the darkest thicket hasten I,  
 Hoping to 'scape from the ring,  
 Over the palings to spring!

Vainly I leap and climb;  
     I feel a leaden spell  
     That pinions me as well,  
 And when I'm fully wearied out in time,  
 I lay me down beside some mock-cascade,  
     And roll myself half dead, and foam, and cry,  
     And, ah! no Oreads hear my sigh,  
 Excepting those of china made!

But, ah, with sudden power,  
     In all my members blissful feelings reign!  
 'Tis she who singeth yonder in her bower!  
     I hear that darling, darling voice again.  
 The air is warm, and teems with fragrance clear,  
 Sings she perchance for me alone to hear?  
     I haste, and trample down the shrubs amain;  
 The trees make way, the bushes all retreat,  
 And so — the beast is lying at her feet.

She looks at him: "The monster's droll enough!  
     He's, for a bear, too mild,  
     Yet, for a dog, too wild,  
 So shaggy, clumsy, rough!"  
 Up in his back she gently strokes her foot;  
     He thinks himself in Paradise.

What feelings through his seven senses shoot!

But she looks on with careless eyes.

I lick her soles, and kiss her shoes,

As gently as a bear well may;

Softly I rise, and with a clever ruse

Leap on her knee. — On a propitious day

She suffers it; my ears then tickles she,

And hits me a hard blow in wanton play;

I growl with new-born ecstasy;

Then speaks she in a sweet vain jest, I wot;

*“Allons tout doux! eh! la menotte!*

*Et faites serviteur*

*Comme un joli seigneur.”*

Thus she proceeds with sport and glee;

Hope fills the oft-deluded beast;

Yet if one moment he would lazy be,

Her fondness all at once hath ceased.

She doth a flask of balsam fire possess,

Sweeter than honey bees can make,

One drop of which she'll on her finger take,

When softened by his love and faithfulness,

Wherewith her monster's raging thirst to slake;

Then leaves me to myself, and flies at last,

And I, unbound, yet prisoned fast

By magic, follow in her train,

Seek for her, tremble, fly again.

The hapless creature thus tormenteth she,

Regardless of his pleasure or his woe;

Ha! oft half-opened does she leave the door for me,

And sideways looks to learn if I will fly or no;

And I — O gods! your hands alone

Can end the spell that's o'er me thrown;

Free me, and gratitude my heart will fill;

And yet from heaven ye send me down no aid —

Not quite in vain doth life my limbs pervade:

I feel it! Strength is left me still.

## TO CHARLOTTE.

MIDST the noise of merriment and glee,  
    'Midst full many a sorrow, many a care,  
Charlotte, I remember, *we* remember thee,  
    How at evening's hour so fair,  
Thou a kindly hand didst reach us,  
    When thou, in some happy place  
    Where more fair is Nature's face,  
    Many a lightly-hidden trace  
Of a spirit loved didst teach us.

Well 'tis that thy worth I rightly knew, —  
    That I, in the hour when first we met,  
    While the first impression filled me yet,  
Called thee then a girl both good and true.

Reared in silence, calmly, knowing nought,  
    On the world we suddenly are thrown ;  
Hundred thousand billows round us sport ;  
    All things charm us — many please alone,  
Many grieve us, and as hour on hour is stealing,  
    To and fro our restless natures sway ;  
First we feel, and then we find each feeling  
    By the changeful world-stream borne away.

Well I know, we oft within us find  
    Many a hope and many a smart.  
Charlotte, who can know our mind ?  
    Charlotte, who can know our heart ?  
Ah ! 'twould fain be understood, 'twould fain o'erflow  
    In some creature's fellow-feelings blest,  
And, with trust, in twofold measure know  
    All the grief and joy in Nature's breast.

Then thine eye is oft around thee cast,  
 But in vain, for all seems closed for ever ;  
 Thus the fairest part of life is madly passed  
 Free from storm, but resting never ;  
 To thy sorrow thou'rt to-day repelled  
 By what yesterday obeyed thee.  
 Can that world by thee be worthy held  
 Which so oft betrayed thee ?

Which 'mid all thy pleasures and thy pains,  
 Lived in selfish, unconcerned repose ?  
 See, the soul its secret cells regains,  
 And the heart — makes haste to close.  
 Thus found I thee, and gladly went to meet thee ;  
 "She's worthy of all love!" I cried,  
 And prayed that Heaven with purest bliss might greet  
 thee,  
 Which in thy friend it richly hath supplied.

#### MORNING LAMENT.

OH, thou cruel, deadly-lovely maiden,  
 Tell me what great sin have I committed,  
 That thou keepest me to the rack thus fastened,  
 That thou hast thy solemn promise broken ?

"Twas but yestere'en that thou with fondness  
 Pressed my hand, and these sweet accents murmured :  
 "Yes, I'll come, I'll come when morn approacheth,  
 Come, my friend, full surely to thy chamber."  
 On the latch I left my doors, unfastened,  
 Having first with care tried all the hinges,  
 And rejoiced right well to find they creaked not.

What a night of expectation passed I !  
 For I watched, and every chime I numbered ;.

If perchance I slept a few short moments,  
Still my heart remained awake for ever,  
And awoke me from my gentle slumbers.

Yes, then blessed I night's o'erhanging darkness,  
That so calmly covered all things round me ;  
I enjoyed the universal silence,  
While I listened ever in the silence,  
If perchance the slightest sounds were stirring.

“ Had she only thoughts, *my* thoughts resembling,  
Had she only feelings, like *my* feelings,  
She would not await the dawn of morning,  
But, ere this, would surely have been with me.”

Skipped a kitten on the floor above me,  
Scratched a mouse a panel in the corner,  
Was there in the house the slightest motion,  
Ever hoped I that I heard thy footstep,  
Ever thought I that I heard thee coming.

And so lay I long, and ever longer,  
And already was the daylight dawning,  
And both here and there were signs of movement.

“ Is it *yon* door ? Were it *my* door only ! ”  
In my bed I leaned upon my elbow,  
Looking toward the door, now half-apparent,  
If perchance it might not be in motion.  
Both the wings upon the latch continued,  
On the quiet hinges calmly hanging.

And the day grew bright and brighter ever ;  
And I heard my neighbour's door unbolted,  
As he went to earn his daily wages,  
And ere long I heard the wagons rumbling,  
And the city gates were also opened,

While the market-place, in every corner,  
Teemed with life and bustle and confusion.

In the house was going now and coming  
Up and down the stairs, and doors were creaking  
Backwards now, now forwards, — footsteps clattered,  
Yet, as though it were a thing all-living,  
From my cherished hope I could not tear me.

When at length the sun, in hated splendour,  
Fell upon my walls, upon my windows,  
Up I sprang, and hastened to the garden,  
There to blend my breath, so hot and yearning,  
With the cool refreshing morning breezes,  
And, it might be, even there to meet thee :  
But I cannot find thee in the arbour,  
Or the avenue of lofty lindens.

### THE VISIT.

TO-DAY I thought to steal upon my darling,  
But the door was closed of her apartments.  
Of a key, however, I am master ;  
Noislessly I glide within the doorway.

In the salon found I not the maiden,  
Found the maiden not within the parlour,  
But on tiptoe entering her chamber,  
There I find her, sunk in graceful slumber,  
In her robes, upon the sofa lying.  
At her work had slumber overtaken her ;  
And the netting, with the needles, rested  
'Twixt the fair hands that hung crosswise folded.  
Silently I sate me down beside her,  
And awhile I mused if I should wake her.

Awed me then the peace so sweet and holy,  
Which upon her drooping eyelids rested :  
On her lips abode a trustful quiet,  
Beauty on her cheeks, the home of beauty ;  
And the tranquil movement of her bosom  
Showed how innocent the heart that moved it.  
All her limbs, so gracefully reposing,  
Lay relaxed by sleep's delicious balsam :  
There I sat enraptured, and the vision  
Curbed the impulse I had felt to wake her,  
With a spell that close and closer bound me.

“O my love,” I murmured, “and can slumber,  
Which unmask whate'er is false and formal,  
Can he injure thee not, nor unravel  
Aught to shake thy lover's fondest fancy ?

“Thy dear eyes are closed, those eyes so tender —  
Eyes, which only lifted are enchantment,  
Those sweet lips, oh, lips so sweet they stir not,  
Stir not nor for speech, nor yet for kisses !  
All unloosened is the magic cincture  
Of thine arms, that otherwhiles enclasp me,  
And the hand, the dainty sweet companion  
Of all best endearments, void of motion.  
Were my thoughts of thee delusion merely —  
Were my love for thee but self-deception,  
I must now discern the truth, when Amor  
Stands beside me thus, with eyes unbandaged.”

Long while thus I sat, with heart elated,  
Thinking of her worth and my devotion ;  
Sleeping, she with rapture so had filled me,  
That I did not venture to awake her.

Placing softly down upon her table  
Two pomegranates and two half-blown rosebuds,

Gently, gently, glide I from the chamber.  
 When she opes her eyes, my own heart's darling,  
 And they rest upon my gift, with wonder  
 Will she muse, how such fine token ever  
 There should be, and yet her door unopened.

When to-night again I see my angel,  
 Oh, how she will joy, and twofold pay me,  
 For this tribute of my heart's devotion!

### THE MUSAGETES.

OFTEN in the winter midnight,  
 Prayed I to the blessed Muses —  
 “Here is not the red of morning,  
 Tardy is the day in breaking;  
 Light for me, ye blessed Muses,  
 Light the lamp of inspiration,  
 That its mellow ray may serve me,  
 'Stead of Phœbus and Aurora!”  
 But they left me to my slumber,  
 Dull, and spiritless, and torpid;  
 And the morning's lazy leisure  
 Ushered in a useless day.

Then when spring began to kindle,  
 Thus the nightingales I conjured —  
 “Sweetest nightingales, oh, warble,  
 Warble early at my window!  
 Wake me from the heavy slumber  
 That in magic fetters holds me!”  
 And the love-o'erflowing singers  
 Sang all night around my window  
 All their rarest melodies;  
 Kept awake the soul within me;



Gave me trances, aspirations,  
Glimpses of divine emotion,  
Soothing, melting, undefined.  
So the night passed lightly over,  
And Aurora found me sleeping,  
Scarce I wakened with the sun.

Lastly, came the glorious summer ;  
What aroused me then from dreaming,  
At the earliest dawn of morning ?  
'Twas the buzzing of the flies !  
They are touched by no compassion ;  
Ruthlessly they do their duty,  
Though the half-awakened sleeper  
Greeted them with a malediction.  
Unabashed their clan they summon,  
And the humming swarm is vocal,  
And they banish from my eyelids  
All the luxury of sleep.

Straightway start I from my pillow,  
Leave the close-beleaguered chamber,  
Sally out to seek the Muses,  
In the haunts to them are dearest.  
And I find them 'neath the beeches,  
Waiting for me, sometimes chiding,  
For my over-long delay.  
Thus I owe you, libelled insects,  
Thanks for many hours of rapture.  
Dullards may indeed abuse you,  
Since you wake them to sensation ;  
But the poet ought to prize you,  
And I thank you, as a poet,  
Ranking you, beyond all others,  
As the ushers to the Muse.

## THE WATER - MAN.

[This ballad cannot be claimed as one of Goethe's original compositions, it being a very close translation of an old Danish ballad, entitled, "The Mer-man, and Marstig's daughter." As, however, it appears in all the collections, and has often been quoted as a favourable specimen of Goethe's skill in assuming the simple style of the popular Northern ballads, we have deemed it advisable to give a version.]

"OH, mother! rede me well, I pray;  
How shall I woo me yon winsome May?"

She has built him a horse of the water clear,  
The saddle and bridle of sea-sand were.

He has donned the garb of a knight so gay,  
And to Mary's Kirk he has ridden away.

He tied his steed to the chancel door,  
And he stepped round the Kirk three times and four.

He has boune him into the Kirk, and all  
Drew near to gaze on him, great and small.

The priest he was standing in the quire;—  
"What gay young gallant comes branking here?"

The winsome maid, to herself said she,  
"Oh, were that gay young gallant for me!"

He stepped o'er one stool, he stepped o'er two;  
"Oh, maiden, plight me thine oath so true!"

He stepped o'er three stools, he stepped o'er four;  
"Wilt be mine, sweet May, for evermore?"

She gave him her hand of the drifted snow —  
“ Here hast thou my troth, and with thee I'll go.”

They went from the Kirk with the bridal train,  
They danced in glee and they danced full fain ;

They danced them down to the salt-sea strand,  
And they left them standing there, hand in hand.

“ Now wait thee, love, with my steed so free,  
And the bonniest bark I'll bring for thee.”

And when they passed to the white, white sand,  
The ships came sailing on to the land ;

But when they were out in the midst of the sound,  
Down went they all in the deep profound !

Long, long on the shore, when the winds were high,  
They heard from the waters the maiden's cry.

I rede ye, damsels, as best I can —  
Tread not the dance with the Water-Man !

### PSYCHE.

THE Muses, maiden sisters, chose  
To teach poor Psyche arts poetic ;  
But, spite of all their rules æsthetic,  
She never could emerge from prose.

No dulcet sounds escaped her lyre,  
E'en when the summer nights were nigh ;  
Till Cupid came, with glance of fire,  
And taught her all the mystery.

## IN ABSENCE.

AND shall I then regain thee never?  
 My beautiful! And art thou flown?  
 Still in my ears resounds for ever  
 Thy every word, thy every tone.

As through the air, when morn is springing,  
 The wanderer peers in vain, to trace  
 The lark, that o'er him high is singing,  
 Hid in the azure depth of space;

So, love, through field and forest lonely  
 My sad eyes roam in quest of thee;  
 My songs are tuned to thee, thee only;  
 Oh, come, my own love, back to me!

## THE MAGIC NET.

Do I see a contest yonder?  
 See I miracles or pastimes?  
 Beauteous urchins, five in number,  
 'Gainst five sisters fair contending,—  
 Measured is the time they're beating—  
 At a bright enchantress' bidding.  
 Glittering spears by some are wielded,  
 Threads are others nimbly twining,  
 So that in their snares, the weapons,  
 One would think, must needs be captured.  
 Soon, in truth, the spears are prisoned:  
 Yet they, in the gentle war-dance,  
 One by one escape their fetters  
 In the row of loops so tender,  
 That make haste to seize a free one  
 Soon as they release a captive.

So with contests, strivings, triumphs,  
Flying now, and now returning,  
Is an artful net soon woven,  
In its whiteness like the snowflakes,  
That, from light amid the darkness,  
Draw their streaky lines so varied,  
As e'en colours scarce can draw them.

Who shall now receive that garment  
Far beyond all others wished-for?  
Whom our much-loved mistress favour  
As her own acknowledged servant?  
I am blest by kindly Fortune's  
Tokens true, in silence prayed for!  
And I feel myself held captive,  
To her service now devoted.

Yet, e'en while I, thus enraptured,  
Thus adorned, am proudly wandering,  
See! yon wantons are entwining,  
Void of strife with secret ardour,  
Other nets, each fine and finer,  
Threads of twilight interweaving,  
Moonbeams sweet, night-violets' balsam

Ere the net is noticed by us,  
Is a happier one imprisoned,  
Whom we, one and all, together  
Greet with envy and with blessings.

### THE CHURCH WINDOW.

THE minster window, richly glowing,  
With many a gorgeous stain and dye,  
Itself a parable, is showing,  
The might, the power of Poesy.

Look on it from the outer square,  
 And it is only dark and dreary ;  
 Yon blockhead always views it there,  
 And swears its aspect makes him weary.

But enter once the holy portal —  
 What splendour bursts upon the eye !  
 There symbols, deeds, and forms immortal,  
 Are blazing forth in majesty.

Be thankful you, who have the gift  
 To read and feel each sacred story ;  
 And oh, be reverent when you lift  
 Your eyes to look on heavenly glory !

### THE CAVALIER'S CHOICE.

[This lively little ballad occurs in one of Goethe's operas, very charming compositions, which probably are less read than they deserve. It is not altogether original, being evidently founded on a popular Scottish ditty, called indiscriminately "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship," or the "Laird of Roslin's Daughter," in which precisely the same questions are propounded and answered. Truth compels us to say that, in point of merit, the superiority lies with the Scottish ballad. This being a case of disputed property, or rather common property, the translator has allowed himself more license in rendering than has been used in any other instance in the present collection.]

It was a gallant cavalier  
 Of honour and renown,  
 And all to seek a ladye-love  
 He rode from town to town.  
 Till at a widow-woman's door  
 He drew the rein so free ;  
 For at her side the knight espied  
 Her comely daughters three.

Well might he gaze upon them,  
For they were fair and tall;  
Ye never have seen fairer maids,  
In bower nor yet in hall.  
Small marvel if the gallant's heart  
Beat quicker in his breast;  
'Twas hard to choose, and hard to lose —  
How might he wale the best?

“ Now, maidens, pretty maidens mine,  
Who'll rede me riddles three?  
And she who answers best of all  
Shall be mine own ladye!”  
I ween they blushed as maidens do,  
When such rare words they hear —  
“ Now speak thy riddles if thou wilt,  
Thou gay young cavalier!”

“ What's longer than the longest path?  
First tell ye that to me;  
And tell me what is deeper yet,  
Than is the deepest sea?  
And tell me what is louder far,  
Than is the loudest horn?  
And tell me what hath sharper point,  
Than e'en the sharpest thorn?”

“ And tell me what is greener yet,  
Than greenest grass on hill?  
And tell me what is crueller  
Than a wicked woman's will?”  
The eldest and the second maid,  
They mused and thought awhile;  
But the youngest she looked upward,  
And spoke with merry smile.

“ Oh, love is surely longer far,  
 Than the longest paths that be ;  
 And hell, they say, is deeper yet,  
 Than is the deepest sea ;  
 The roll of thunder is more loud,  
 Than is the loudest horn ;  
 And hunger it is worse to bear  
 Than sharpest wound of thorn ;

“ The copper sweat is greener yet,  
 Than is the grass on hill ;  
 And the foul fiend he is crueller  
 Than any woman’s will.”  
 He leapt so lightly from his steed,  
 He took her by the hand ;  
 “ Sweet maid, my riddles thou hast read,  
 Be lady of my land !”

The eldest and the second maid,  
 They pondered and were dumb,  
 And there, perchance, are waiting yet  
 Till another wooer come.  
 Then, maidens, take this warning word,  
 Be neither slow nor shy,  
 But always, when a lover speaks,  
 Look kindly, and reply.

#### THE ARTIST'S MORNING SONG.

My dwelling is the Muses' home —  
 What matters it how small ?  
 And here, within my heart, is set  
 The holiest place of all.

When, wakened by the early sun,  
 I rise from slumbers sound,



I see the ever-living forms  
In radiance grouped around.

I pray, and songs of thanks and praise  
Are more than half my prayer,  
With simple notes of music, tuned  
To some harmonious air.

I bow before the altar then,  
And read, as well I may,  
From noble Homer's master-work,  
The lesson for the day.

He takes me to the furious fight,  
Where lion-warriors throng;  
Where god-descended heroes whirl  
In iron cars along.

And steeds go down before the cars;  
And round the cumbered wheel,  
Both friend and foe are rolling now,  
All blood from head to heel!

Then comes the champion of them all,  
Pelides' friend is he,  
And crashes through the dense array,  
Though thousands ten they be!

And ever smites that fiery sword  
Through helmet, shield, and mail,  
Until he falls by craft divine,  
Where might could not prevail.

Down from the glorious pile he rolls,  
Which he himself had made,  
And foemen trample on the limbs  
From which they shrank afraid.

Then start I up, with arms in hand,  
 What arms the painter bears;  
 And soon along my kindling wall  
 The fight at Troy appears.

On! on again! The wrath is here  
 Of battle rolling red;  
 Shield strikes on shield, and sword on helm,  
 And dead men fall on dead!

I throng into the inner press,  
 Where loudest rings the din;  
 For there, around their hero's corpse,  
 Fight on his furious kin!

A rescue! rescue! bear him hence  
 Into the leaguer near;  
 Pour balsam in his glorious wounds,  
 And weep above his bier!

And when from that hot trance I pass,  
 Great Love, I feel thy charm;  
 There hangs my lady's picture near—  
 A picture, yet so warm!

How fair she was, reclining there;  
 What languish in her look!  
 How thrilled her glance through all my frame,  
 The very pencil shook.

Her eyes, her cheeks, her lovely lips,  
 Were all the world to me;  
 And in my breast a younger life  
 Rose wild and wantonly.

Oh! turn again, and bide thee here,  
 Nor fear such rude alarms;

How could I think of battles more  
With thee within my arms!

But thou shalt lend thy perfect form  
To all I fashion best ;  
I'll paint thee first, Madouna-wise,  
The infant on thy breast.

I'll paint thee as a startled nymph,  
Myself a following faun ;  
And still pursue thy flying feet  
Across the woodland lawn.

With helm on head, like Mars, I'll lie  
By thee, the Queen of Love,  
And draw a net around us twain,  
And smile on heaven above :

And every god that comes shall pour  
His blessings on thy head,  
And envious eyes be far away  
From that dear marriage-bed !

### THE GOBLET.

IN my hands I held a brimming goblet,  
Sculptured quaintly by the carver's cunning,  
Quaffed with eager lips the strong nepenthe,  
So at once to drown all care and anguish.

Then came Amor in and found me sitting,  
And he smiled a smile of serious sweetness  
As in pity of my foolish purpose.

“Friend, I know a vessel nobler, fairer,  
Worthy all your soul in it to bury ;

Say what guerdon, if to thee I give it,  
Fill it for thee with a rarer nectar?"

Oh, he kept his promise, and how truly!  
Lida, when with thy dear love he blessed me —  
Me, that for thy sake had long been pining.

When I clasp thy beauties to my bosom,  
And from thy fond lips, so fond and faithful,  
Drink the balm of long, long stored affection,  
Thus entranced, I commune with my spirit.

"No; has never God, save Amor, fashioned  
Vessel such as this, nor e'er possessed it!  
Forms so glorious ne'er were shaped by Vulcan,  
With his finest soul-entranced mallet.

"On the leaf-clad mountains may Lyæus  
With his fauns, the hoariest, the sagest,  
Cull the clusters of the daintiest savour,  
Yea, may guide the mystic fermentation,  
Draughts like this not all his skill can furnish!"

#### FROM AN ALBUM OF 1604.

HOPE provides wings to thought, and love to hope.  
Rise up to Cynthia, love, when night is clearest,  
And say, that as high on her figure changeth,  
So, upon earth, my joy decays and grows.  
And whisper in her ear with modest softness,  
How doubt oft hung its head, and truth oft wept.  
If ye are therefore by the loved one chided,  
And, oh, ye thoughts, distrustfully inclined,  
Answer: 'tis true ye change, but alter not.  
As she remains the same, yet changeth ever.

Doubt may invade the heart, but poisons not,  
 For love is sweeter, by suspicion flavoured.  
 If it with anger overcasts the eye,  
 And heaven's bright purity perversely blackens,  
 Then zephyr-sighs straight scare the clouds away,  
 And, changed to tears, dissolve them into rain.  
 Thought, hope, and love remain there as before,  
 Till Cynthia gleams upon me as of old.

### TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

AFTER ANACREON.

[The strong resemblance of this fine poem to Cowley's ode bearing the same name, and beginning, "Happy insect! what can be," will be at once seen.]

HAPPY art thou, darling insect,  
 Who upon the trees' tall branches,  
 By a modest draught inspired,  
 Singing, like a monarch livest!  
 Thou possessest as thy portion  
 All that on the plains thou seest,  
 All that by the hours is brought thee;  
 'Mongst the husbandmen thou livest,  
 As a friend, uninjured by them,  
 Thou whom mortals love to honour,  
 Herald sweet of sweet Spring's advent!  
 Yes, thou'rt loved by all the Muses,  
 Phœbus' self, too, needs must love thee;  
 They their silver voices gave thee,  
 Age can never steal upon thee.  
 Wise and gentle friend of poets,  
 Born a creature fleshless, bloodless,  
 Though Earth's daughter, free from suffering,  
 To the gods e'en almost equal.

## FROM "THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER."

[Prefixed to the second edition.]

EVERY youth for love's sweet portion sighs,  
 Every maiden sighs to win man's love;  
 Why, alas! should bitter pain arise  
 From the noblest passion that we prove?

Thou, kind soul, bewailest, lovest him well,  
 From disgrace his memory's saved by thee;  
 Lo, his spirit sighs from out its cell:  
 BE A MAN, NOR SEEK TO FOLLOW ME.

TENDER thoughts and sweet recollection,  
 That is life in its greatest perfection.

## TRILOGY OF PASSION.

## I. TO WERTHER.

[This poem, written at the age of seventy-five, was appended to an edition of "Werther," published at that time.]

ONCE more, then, much-wept shadow, thou dost dare  
 Boldly to face the day's clear light,  
 To meet me on fresh blooming meadows fair,  
 And dost not tremble at my sight.  
 Those happy times appear returned once more,  
 When on one field we quaffed refreshing dew,  
 And, when the day's unwelcome toil were o'er,  
 The farewell sunbeams blessed our ravished view;  
 Fate bade thee go, — to linger here was mine, —  
 Going the first, the smaller loss was thine.

The life of man appears a glorious fate :  
The day how lovely and the night how great !  
And we 'mid Paradise-like raptures placed,  
The sun's bright glory scarce have learned to taste,  
When strange contending feelings dimly cover,  
Now us, and now the forms that round us hover ;  
One's feelings by no other are supplied,  
'Tis dark without, if all is bright inside ;  
An outward brightness veils my saddened mood,  
When Fortune smiles, — how seldom understood !

Now think we that we know her, and with might  
A woman's beauteous form instils delight ;  
The youth, as glad as in his infancy,  
The spring-time treads, as though the spring were he.  
Ravished, amazed, he asks, how this is done ?  
He looks around, the world appears his own.  
With careless speed he wanders on through space,  
Nor walls, nor palaces can check his race ;  
As some gay flight of birds round tree-tops plays,  
So 'tis with him who round his mistress strays ;  
He seeks from Æther, which he'd leave behind him,  
The faithful look that fondly serves to bind him.

Yet first too early warned, and then too late,  
He feels his flight restrained, is captured straight ;  
To meet again is sweet, to part is sad,  
Again to meet again is still more glad,  
And years in one short moment are enshrined ;  
But, oh, the harsh farewell is hid behind !

Thou smilest, friend, with fitting thoughts inspired ;  
By a dread parting was thy fame acquired ;  
Thy mournful destiny we sorrowed o'er,  
For weal and woe thou left'st us evermore,  
And then again the passions' wavering force  
Drew us along in labyrinthine course ;

And we, consumed by constant misery,  
 At length must part — and parting is to die!  
 How moving is it, when the minstrel sings,  
 To 'scape the death that separation brings!  
 Oh, grant, some god, to one who suffers so,  
 To tell, half-guilty, his sad tale of woe!

II. ELEGY.

When man had ceased to utter his lament,  
 A god then let me tell my tale of sorrow.

WHAT hope of once more meeting is there now  
 In the still-closèd blossoms of this day?  
 Both heaven and hell thrown open seest thou;  
 What wavering thoughts within the bosom play! —  
 No longer doubt! Descending from the sky,  
 She lifts thee in her arms to realms on high.

And thus thou into Paradise wert brought,  
 As worthy of a pure and endless life;  
 Nothing was left, no wish, no hope, no thought,  
 Here was the boundary of thine inmost strife:  
 And seeing one so fair, so glorified,  
 The fount of yearning tears was straightway dried.

No motion stirred the day's revolving wheel,  
 In their own front the minutes seemed to go;  
 The evening kiss, a true and binding seal,  
 Ne'er changing till the morrow's sunlight glow.  
 The hours resembled sisters as they went,  
 Yet each one from another different.

The last hour's kiss, so sadly sweet, effaced  
 A beauteous network of entwining love.  
 Now on the threshold pause the feet, now haste,  
 As though a flaming cherub bade them **move**;



The unwilling eye the dark road wanders o'er  
Backward it looks, but closed it sees the door.

And now within itself is closed this breast,  
As though it ne'er were open, and as though,  
Vying with ev'ry star, no moments blest  
Had, in its presence, felt a kindling glow ;  
Sadness, reproach, repentance, weight of care,  
Hang heavy on it in the sultry air.

Is not the world still left ? The rocky steeps,  
Are they with holy shades no longer crowned ?  
Grows not the harvest ripe ? No longer creeps  
The espalier by the stream, — the copse around ?  
Doth not the wondrous arch of heaven still rise,  
Now rich in shape, now shapeless to the eyes ?

As, seraph-like, from out the dark clouds' chorus,  
With softness woven, graceful, light, and fair,  
Resembling Her, in the blue æther o'er us,  
A slender figure hovers in the air, —  
Thus didst thou see her joyously advance,  
The fairest of the fairest in the dance.

Yet but a moment dost thou boldly dare  
To clasp an airy form instead of hers ;  
Back to thine heart ! thou'lt find it better there,  
For there in changeful guise her image stirs ;  
What erst was one, to many turneth fast,  
In thousand forms, each dearer than the last.

As at the door, on meeting, lingered she,  
And step by step my faithful ardour blessed,  
For the last kiss herself entreated me,  
And on my lips the last, last kiss impressed, —  
Thus clearly traced, the loved one's form we view,  
With flames engraven on a heart so true, —

A heart that, firm as some embattled tower,  
 Itself for her, her in itself reveres,  
 For her rejoices in its lasting power,  
 Conscious alone, when she herself appears;  
 Feels itself freer in so sweet a thrall,  
 And only beats to give her thanks in all.

The power of loving, and all yearning sighs  
 For love responsive were effaced and drowned;  
 While longing hope for joyous enterprise  
 Was formed, and rapid action straightway found  
 If love can e'er a loving one inspire,  
 Most lovingly it gave me now its fire;

And 'twas through *her!* — an inward sorrow lay  
 On soul and body, heavily oppressed;  
 To mournful phantoms was my sight a prey,  
 In the drear void of a sad tortured breast;  
 Now on the well-known threshold Hope hath smiled,  
 Herself appeareth in the sunlight mild.

Unto the peace of God, which, as we read,  
 Blesseth us more than reason e'er hath done,  
 Love's happy peace would I compare indeed,  
 When in the presence of the dearest one.  
 There rests the heart, and there the sweetest thought,  
 The thought of being hers is checked by nought.

In the pure bosom doth a yearning float,  
 Unto a holier, purer, unknown Being  
 Its grateful aspirations to devote,  
 The Ever-Nameless then unriddled seeing;  
 We call it: piety! — such blest delight  
 I feel a share in, when before her sight.

Before her sight, as 'neath the sun's hot ray,  
 Before her breath, as 'neath the spring's soft wind,

In its deep wintry cavern melts away  
 Self-love, so long in icy chains confined ;  
 No selfishness and no self-will are nigh,  
 For at her advent they were forced to fly.

It seems as though she said : " As hours pass by  
 They spread before us life with kindly plan ;  
 Small knowledge did the yesterday supply,  
 To know the morrow is concealed from man ;  
 And if the thought of evening made me start,  
 The sun at setting gladdened straight my heart.

" Act, then, as I, and look, with joyous mind,  
 The moment in the face ; nor linger thou !  
 Meet it with speed, so fraught with life, so kind  
 In action, and in love so radiant now ;  
 Let all things be where thou art, childlike ever,  
 Thus thou'lt be all, thus thou'lt be vanquished never."

Thou speakest well, methought, for as thy guide  
 The moment's favour did a god assign,  
 And each one feels himself, when by thy side,  
 Fate's favourite in a moment so divine ;  
 I tremble at thy look that bids me go,  
 Why should I care such wisdom vast to know ?

Now am I far ! And what would best befit  
 The present minute ? I could scarcely tell ;  
 Full many a rich possession offers it,  
 These but offend, and I would fain repel.  
 Yearnings unquenchable still drive me on,  
 All counsel, save unbounded tears, is gone.

Flow on, flow on in never-ceasing course,  
 Yet may ye never quench my inward fire !  
 Within my bosom heaves a mighty force,  
 Where death and life contend in combat dire.

Medicines may serve the body's pangs to still ;  
Nought but the spirit fails in strength of will, —

Fails in conception ; wherefore fails it so ?

A thousand times her image it portrays ;  
Enchanting now, and now compelled to go,

Now indistinct, now clothed in purest rays !  
How could the smallest comfort here be flowing ?  
The ebb and flood, the coming and the going !

. . . . .

Leave me here now, my life's companions true !

Leave me alone on rock, in moor and heath ;  
But courage ! open lies the world to you,

The glorious heavens above, the earth beneath ;  
Observe, investigate, with searching eyes,  
And nature will disclose her mysteries.

To me is all, I to myself am lost,

Who the immortals' favourite erst was thought ;  
They, tempting, sent Pandoras to my cost,

So rich in wealth, with danger far more fraught ;  
They urged me to those lips, with rapture crowned,  
Deserted me, and hurled me to the ground.

### III. ATONEMENT.

[Composed, when seventy-four years old, for a Polish lady,  
who excelled in playing on the pianoforte.]

PASSION brings reason, — who can pacify

An anguished heart whose loss hath been so great ?  
Where are the hours that fled so swiftly by ?

In vain the fairest thou didst gain from Fate ;  
Sad is the soul, confused the enterprise ;  
The glorious world, how on the sense it dies !

In million tones entwined for evermore  
 Music with angel-pinions hovers there,  
 To pierce man's being to its inmost core,  
 Eternal beauty as its fruit to bear;  
 The eye grows moist, in yearnings blest reverts  
 The godlike worth of music as of tears.

And so the lightened heart soon learns to see  
 That it still lives, and beats, and ought to beat,  
 Offering itself with joy and willingly,  
 In grateful payment for a gift so sweet.  
 And then was felt, — oh, may it constant prove! —  
 The twofold bliss of music and of love.

THE remembrance of the Good  
 Keep us ever glad in mood.

The remembrance of the Fair  
 Makes a mortal rapture share,

The remembrance of one's Love  
 Blest is, if it constant prove.

The remembrance of the One  
 Is the greatest joy that's known.

[Written at the age of seventy-seven.]

WHEN I was still a youthful wight,  
 So full of enjoyment and merry,  
 The painters used to assert, in spite,  
 That my features were small — yes, very;  
 Yet then full many a beauteous child  
 With true affection upon me smiled.

Now as a graybeard I sit here in state,  
 By street and by lane held in awe, sirs ;  
 And may be seen, like old Frederick the Great,  
 On pipebowls, on cups, and on saucers.  
 Yet the beauteous maidens, they keep afar ;  
 Oh, vision of youth ! Oh, golden star !

### FOR EVER.

THE happiness that man, whilst prisoned here,  
 Is wont with heavenly rapture to compare, —  
 The harmony of Truth, from wavering clear, —  
 Of Friendship that is free from doubting care, —  
 The light which in stray thoughts alone can cheer  
 The wise, — the bard alone in visions fair, —  
 In my best hours I found in *her* all this,  
 And made mine own, to mine exceeding bliss.

### LINES ON SEEING SCHILLER'S SKULL.

[This curious imitation of the ternary metre of Dante was written at the age of seventy-seven.]

WITHIN a gloomy charnel-house one day  
 I viewed the countless skulls, so strangely mated,  
 And of old times I thought that now were gray.  
 Close packed they stand that once so fiercely hated,  
 And hardy bones that to the death contended  
 Are lying crossed, — to lie for ever, fated.  
 What held those crooked shoulder-blades suspended ?  
 No one now asks ; and limbs with vigour fired,  
 The hand, the foot — their use in life is ended.  
 Vainly ye sought the tomb for rest when tired ;  
 Peace in the grave may not be yours ; ye're driven  
 Back into daylight by a force inspired ;

But none can love the withered husk, though even  
A glorious noble kernel it containèd.  
To me, an adept, was the writing given  
Which not to all its holy sense explainèd.  
When 'mid the crowd, their icy shadows flinging,  
I saw a form that glorious still remainèd,  
And even there, where mould and damp were clinging,  
Gave me a blest, a rapture-fraught emotion,  
As though from death a living fount were springing.  
What mystic joy I felt! What rapt devotion!  
That form, how pregnant with a godlike trace!  
A look, how did it whirl me toward that ocean  
Whose rolling billows mightier shapes embrace!  
Mysterious vessel! Oracle how dear!  
Even to grasp thee is my hand too base,  
Except to steal thee from thy prison here  
With pious purpose, and devoutly go  
Back to the air, free thoughts, and sunlight clear.  
What greater gain in life can man e'er know  
Than when God-Nature will to him explain  
How into Spirit steadfastness may flow,  
How steadfast, too, the Spirit-Born remain.

## ON THE DIVAN.

HE who knows himself and others  
Here will also see,  
That the East and West, like brothers,  
Parted ne'er shall be.

Thoughtfully to float for ever  
'Tween two worlds, be man's endeavour!  
So between the East and West  
To revolve, be my behest!

## ROYAL PRAYER.

HA, I am the lord of earth! The noble,  
 Who're in my service, love me.  
 Ha, I am the lord of earth! The noble,  
 O'er whom my sway extendeth, love I.  
 Oh, grant me, God in Heaven, that I may ne'er  
 Dispense with loftiness and love!

## HUMAN FEELINGS.

AH, ye gods! ye great immortals  
 In the spacious heavens above us!  
 Would ye on this earth but give us  
 Steadfast minds and dauntless courage,  
 We, oh, kindly ones, would leave you  
 All your spacious heavens above us!

EXPLANATION OF AN ANCIENT WOODCUT,  
 REPRESENTING HANS SACHS'S POETICAL  
 MISSION.

[I feel considerable hesitation in venturing to offer this version of a poem which Carlyle describes to be "a beautiful piece (a very *Hans Sachs beatified*, both in character and style), which we wish there was any possibility of translating." The reader will be aware that Hans Sachs was the celebrated minstrel-cobbler of Nuremberg, who wrote 208 plays, 1,700 comic tales, and between 4,000 and 5,000 lyric poems. He flourished throughout almost the whole of the sixteenth century.]

EARLY within his workshop here,  
 On Sundays stands our master dear;  
 His dirty apron he puts away,  
 And wears a cleanly doublet to-day;



Lets waxed thread, hammer, and pincers rest,  
And lays his awl within his chest ;  
The seventh day he takes repose  
From many pulls and many blows.

Soon as the spring-sun meets his view,  
Repose begets him labour anew ;  
He feels that he holds within his brain  
A little world that broods there amain,  
And that begins to act and to live,  
Which he unto others would gladly give.

He had a skilful eye and true,  
And was full kind and loving, too.  
For contemplation, clear and pure, —  
For making all his own again, sure ;  
He had a tongue that charmed when 'twas heard,  
And graceful and light flowed every word ;  
Which made the Muses in him rejoice,  
The Master-singer of their choice.

And now a maiden entered there,  
With swelling breast, and body fair ;  
With footing firm she took her place,  
And moved with stately, noble grace ;

She did not walk in wanton mood,  
Nor look around with glances lewd.  
She held a measure in her hand,  
Her girdle was a golden band,  
A wreath of corn was on her head,  
Her eye the day's bright lustre shed ;  
Her name is honest Industry,  
Else, Justice, Magnanimity.

She entered with a kindly greeting ;  
He felt no wonder at the meeting,

For, kind and fair as she might be,  
He long had known her, fancied he.

“I have selected thee,” she said,  
“From all who earth’s wild mazes tread,  
That thou shouldst have clear-sighted sense,  
And nought that’s wrong should e’er commence.  
When others run in strange confusion,  
Thy gaze shall see through each illusion ;  
When others dolefully complain,  
Thy cause with jesting thou shalt gain,  
Honour and right shall value duly,  
In everything act simply, truly, —  
Virtue and godliness proclaim,  
And call all evil by its name,  
Nought soften down, attempt no quibble,  
Nought polish up, nought vainly scribble.  
The world shall stand before thee, then,  
As seen by Albert Durer’s ken,  
In manliness and changeless life,  
In inward strength and firmness rife.  
Fair Nature’s Genius by the hand  
Shall lead thee on through every land,  
Teach thee each different life to scan,  
Show thee the wondrous ways of man,  
His shifts, confusions, thrustings, drubbings,  
Pushings, tearings, pressings, and rubbings ;  
The varying madness of the crew,  
The ant-hill’s ravings bring to view ;  
But thou shalt see all this expressed,  
As though ’twere in a magic chest.  
Write these things down for folks on earth,  
In hopes they may to wit give birth.” —  
Then she a window opened wide,  
And showed a motley crowd outside,  
All kinds of beings ’neath the sky,  
As in his writings one may spy.

Our master dear was after this,  
On nature thinking, full of bliss,  
When toward him, from the other side  
He saw an agèd woman glide ;  
The name she bears, Historia,  
Mythologia, Fabula ;  
With footstep tottering and unstable  
She dragged a large and wooden carved table,  
Where, with wide sleeves and human mien,  
The Lord was catechising seen ;  
Adam, Eve, Eden, the Serpent's seduction,  
Gomorrah and Sodom's awful destruction,  
The twelve illustrious women, too,  
That mirror of honour brought to view ;  
All kinds of bloodthirstiness, murder, and sin,  
The twelve wicked tyrants also were in,  
And all kinds of goodly doctrine and law ;  
Saint Peter with his scourge you saw,  
With the world's ways dissatisfied,  
And by our Lord with power supplied.  
Her train and dress, behind and before,  
And e'en the seams, were painted o'er  
With tales of worldly virtue and crime, —  
Our master viewed all this for a time ;  
The sight right gladly he surveyed,  
So useful for him in his trade,  
Whence he was able to procure  
Example good and precept sure,  
Recounting all with truthful care,  
As though he had been present there.  
His spirit seemed from earth to fly,  
He ne'er had turned away his eye,  
Did he not just behind him hear  
A rattle of bells approaching near.

And now a fool doth catch his eye,  
With goat and ape's leap drawing nigh,

A merry interlude preparing  
 With fooleries and jests unsparing.  
 Behind him, in a line drawn out,  
 He dragged all fools, the lean and stout,  
 The great and little, the empty and full,  
 All too witty, and all too dull,  
 A lash he flourished overhead,  
 As though a dance of apes he led,  
 Abusing them with bitterness,  
 As though his wrath would ne'er grow less.

While on this sight our master gazed,  
 His head was growing well-nigh crazed :  
 What words for all could he e'er find,  
 Could such a medley be combined ?  
 Could he continue with delight  
 For evermore to sing and write ?  
 When lo ! from out a cloud's dark bed  
 In at the upper window sped  
 The Muse, in all her majesty,  
 As fair as our loved maids we see.  
 With clearness she around him threw  
 Her truth, that ever stronger grew.

"I, to ordain thee come," she spake :  
 "So prosper, and my blessing take !  
 The holy fire that slumbering lies  
 Within thee, in bright flames shall rise ;  
 Yet that thine ever-restless life  
 May still with kindly strength be rife,  
 I, for thine inward spirit's calm,  
 Have granted nourishment and balm,  
 That rapture may thy soul imbue,  
 Like some fair blossom bathed in dew." —

Behind his house then secretly  
 Outside the doorway pointed she,

Where in a shady garden-nook  
A beauteous maid with downcast look  
Was sitting where a stream was flowing,  
With elder bushes near it growing ;  
She sat beneath an apple-tree,  
And nought around her seemed to see.  
Her lap was full of roses fair,  
Which in a wreath she twined with care,  
And with them leaves and blossoms blended :  
For whom was that sweet wreath intended ?  
Thus sat she, modest and retired,  
Her bosom throbbed, with hope inspired ;  
Such deep forebodings filled her mind,  
No room for wishing could she find,  
And with the thoughts that o'er it flew,  
Perchance a sigh was mingled, too.

“ But why should sorrow cloud thy brow ?  
That, dearest love, which fills thee now  
Is fraught with joy and ecstasy,  
Prepared in one alone for thee,  
That he within thine eye may find  
Solace when fortune proves unkind,  
And be new-born through many a kiss,  
That he receives with inward bliss :  
Whene'er he clasps thee to his breast,  
May he from all his toils find rest.  
When he in thy dear arms shall sink,  
May he new life and vigour drink :  
Fresh joys of youth shalt thou obtain,  
In merry jest rejoice again.  
With raillery and roguish spite,  
Thou now shalt tease him, now delight.  
Thus Love will never more grow old.  
Thus will the minstrel ne'er be cold.”

While he thus lives, in secret blessed,  
Above him in the clouds doth rest

An oak-wreath, verdant and sublime,  
 Placed on his brow in after-time ;  
 While they are banished to the slough,  
 Who their great master disavow.

### THE FRIENDLY MEETING.

IN spreading mantle to my chin concealed,  
 I trod the rocky path so steep and gray,  
 Then to the wintry plain I bent my way  
 Uneasily, to flight my bosom steeled.

But sudden was the new-born day revealed.  
 A maiden came, in heavenly bright array,  
 Like the fair creatures of the poet's lay  
 In realms of song. My yearning heart was healed !

Yet turned I thence, till she had onward passed,  
 While closer still the folds to draw I tried,  
 As though with heat self-kindled to grow  
 warm ;  
 But followed her. She stood. The die was cast !  
 No more within my mantle could I hide ;  
 I threw it off, — she lay within mine arm.

### IN A WORD.

THUS to be chained for ever, can I bear ?  
 A very torment that, in truth, would be.  
 This very day my new resolve shall see, —  
 I'll not go near the lately worshipped Fair.

Yet what excuse, my heart, can I prepare  
In such a case, for not consulting thee?  
But courage! while our sorrows utter we  
In tones where love, grief, gladness have a share.

But see! the minstrel's bidding to obey,  
Its melody pours forth the sounding lyre,  
Yearning a sacrifice of love to bring.  
Scarce would'st thou think it — ready is the lay;  
Well, but what then? Methought in the first fire  
We to her presence flew, that lay to sing.

### THE MAIDEN SPEAKS.

How grave thou lookest, loved one! wherefore so?  
Thy marble image seems a type of thee;  
Like it, no sign of life thou givest me;  
Compared with thee, the stone appears to glow.

Behind his shield in ambush lurks the foe,  
The friend's brow all unruffled we should see.  
I seek thee, but thou seekest away to flee;  
Fixed as this sculptured figure, learn to grow!

Tell me, to which should I the preference pay?  
Must I from both with coldness meet alone?  
The one is lifeless, thou with life art blest.  
In short, no longer to throw words away,  
I'll fondly kiss and kiss and kiss this stone,  
Till thou dost tear me hence with envious breast.

## GROWTH.

O'ER field and plain, in childhood's artless days,  
 Thou sprangest with me on many a spring-morn  
 fair.

“For such a daughter, with what pleasing care,  
 Would I, as father, happy dwellings raise?”

And when thou on the world didst cast thy gaze,  
 Thy joy was then in household toils to share.

“Why did I trust her, why she trust me e'er?  
 For such a sister, how I Heaven should praise!”

Nothing can now the beauteous growth retard;  
 Love's glowing flame within my breast is fanned.

Shall I embrace her form, my grief to end?  
 Thee as a queen must I, alas, regard:  
 So high above me placed thou seemest to stand;  
 Before a passing look I meekly bend.

## FOOD IN TRAVEL.

If to her eyes' bright lustre I were blind,  
 No longer would they serve my life to gild.  
 The will of destiny must be fulfilled,—  
 This knowing, I withdrew with saddened mind,

No further happiness I now could find;  
 The former longings of my heart were stilled,  
 I sought her looks alone, whereon to build  
 My joy in life — all else was left behind.

Wine's genial glow, the festal banquet gay,  
 Ease, sleep, and friends, all wanted pleasures glad  
 I spurned, till little there remained to prove.



Now calmly through the world I wend my way :  
 That which I crave may everywhere be had,  
 With me I bring the one thing needful — love.

### DEPARTURE.

WITH many a thousand kiss not yet content,  
 At length with one kiss I was forced to go ;  
 After that bitter parting's depth of woe,  
 I deemed the shore from which my steps I bent,

Its hills, streams, dwellings, mountains, as I went,  
 A pledge of joy, till daylight ceased to glow ;  
 Then on my sight did blissful visions glow ;  
 In the dim-lighted, distant firmament.

And when at length the sea confined my gaze,  
 My ardent longing filled my heart once more ;  
 What I had lost unwillingly I sought.  
 Then Heaven appeared to shed its kindly rays ;  
 Methought that all I had possessed of yore  
 Remained still mine — that I was reft of nought.

### THE LOVING ONE WRITES.

THE look that thy sweet eyes on mine impress,  
 The pledge thy lips to mine convey, — the kiss, —  
 He who, like me, hath knowledge sure of this,  
 Can he in aught beside find happiness ?

Removed from thee, friend-severed, in distress,  
 These thoughts I vainly struggle to dismiss  
 They still return to that one hour of bliss,  
 The only one ; then tears my grief confess.

But unawares the tear makes haste to dry :  
 He loves, methinks, e'en to those glades so still, —  
 And shalt not thou to distant lands extend ?  
 Receive the murmurs of this loving sigh ;  
 My only joy on earth is in thy will,  
 Thy kindly will tow'rd me ; a token send !

LOVINGLY I'll sing of love ;  
 Ever comes she from above.

### THE LOVING ONE ONCE MORE.

Why do I o'er my paper once more bend ?  
 Ask not too closely, dearest one, I pray :  
 For, to speak truth, I've nothing now to say ;  
 Yet to thy hands at length 'twill come, dear friend.

Since I can come not with it, what I send  
 My undivided heart shall now convey,  
 With all its joys, hopes, pleasures, pains, to-day :  
 All this hath no beginning, hath no end.

Henceforward I may ne'er to thee confide  
 How, far as thought, wish, fancy, will, can reach,  
 My faithful heart with thine is surely blended.  
 Thus stood I once enraptured by thy side,  
 Gazed on thee, and said nought. What need of  
 speech ?  
 My very being itself was ended.

## THE DOUBTERS AND THE LOVERS.

## THE DOUBTERS.

YE love, and sonnets write! Fate's strange behest!  
The heart, its hidden meaning to declare,  
Must seek for rhymes, uniting pair with pair:  
Learn, children, that the will is weak, at best.

Scarcely with freedom the o'erflowing breast  
As yet can speak, and well may it beware;  
Tempestuous passions sweep each chord that's there,  
Then once more sink to night and gentle rest.

Why vex yourselves and us, the heavy stone  
Up the steep path but step by step to roll?  
It falls again, and ye ne'er cease to strive.

## THE LOVERS.

But we are on the proper road alone!  
If gladly is to thaw the frozen soul,  
The fire of love must aye be kept alive.

## SHE CANNOT END.

WHEN unto thee I sent the page all white,  
Instead of first thereon inscribing aught,  
The space thou doubtless filledst up in sport,  
And sent it me to make my joy grow bright.

As soon as the blue cover met my sight,  
As well becomes a woman, quick as thought  
I tore it open, leaving hidden nought,  
And read the well-known words of pure delight:

MY ONLY BEING! DEAREST HEART! SWEET CHILD!  
 How kindly thou my yearning then didst still  
 With gentle words, enthralling me to thee.  
 In truth methought I read thy whispers mild  
 Wherewith thou lovingly my soul didst fill,  
 E'en to myself for aye ennobling me.

### NEMESIS.

WHEN through the nations stalks contagion wild,  
 We from them cautiously should steal away,  
 E'en I have oft with ling'ring and delay  
 Shunned many an influence, not to be defiled.

And e'en though Amor oft my hours beguiled,  
 At length with him preferred I not to play,  
 And so, too, with the wretched sons of clay,  
 When four and three-lined verses they compiled.

But punishment pursues the scoffer straight,  
 As if by serpent-torch of furies led  
 From hill to vale, from land to sea to fly.  
 I hear the genie's laughter at my fate;  
 Yet do I find all power of thinking fled  
 In sonnet-rage and love's fierce ecstasy.

### THE CHRISTMAS-BOX.

THIS box, mine own sweet darling, thou wilt find  
 With many a varied sweetmeat's form supplied:  
 The fruits are they of holy Christmas-tide,  
 But baked, indeed, for children's use designed.

I'd fain, in speeches sweet with skill combined,  
 Poetic sweetmeats for the feast provide ;  
 But why in such frivolities confide ?  
 Perish the thought, with flattery to blind !

One sweet thing there is still, that from within,  
 Within us speaks, — that may be felt afar ;  
 This may be wafted o'er to thee alone.  
 If thou a recollection fond canst win,  
 As if with pleasure gleamed each well-known star,  
 The smallest gift thou never wilt disown.

### THE WARNING.

WHEN sounds the trumpet at the Judgment Day,  
 And when for ever all things earthly die,  
 We must a full and true account supply  
 Of ev'ry useless word we dropped in play.

But what effect will all the words convey  
 Wherein with eager zeal and lovingly,  
 That I might win thy favour, laboured I,  
 If on thine ear alone they die away ?

Therefore, sweet love, thy conscience bear in mind,  
 Remember well how long thou hast delayed,  
 So that the world such sufferings may not know.  
 If I must reckon, and excuses find  
 For all things useless I to thee have said,  
 To a full year the Judgment Day will grow.

### THE EPOCHS.

ON Petrarch's heart, all other days before,  
 In flaming letters written, was impressed  
 GOOD FRIDAY. And on mine, be it confessed,  
 Is this year's ADVENT, as it passeth o'er.

I do not now begin, — I *still* adore  
 Her whom I early cherished in my breast,  
 Then once again with prudence dispossessed,  
 And to whose heart I'm driven back once more.

The love of Petrarch, that all-glorious love,  
 Was unrequited, and, alas, full sad ;  
 One long Good Friday 'twas, one heartache drear ;  
 But may my mistress' Advent ever prove,  
 With its palm-jubilee, so sweet and glad,  
 One endless May-day, through the livelong year !

### CHARADE.

Two words there are, both short, of beauty rare,  
 Whose sounds our lips so often love to frame,  
 But which with clearness never can proclaim  
 The things whose own peculiar stamp they bear.

'Tis well in days of age and youth so fair,  
 One on the other boldly to inflame ;  
 And if those words together linked we name,  
 A blissful rapture we discover there.

But now to give them pleasure do I seek,  
 And in myself my happiness would find ;  
 I hope in silence, but I hope for this :  
 Gently, as loved ones' names, those words to speak,  
 To see them both within one image shrined,  
 Both in one being to embrace with bliss.

### THE SOLDIER'S CONSOLATION.

No ! in truth there's here no lack :  
 White the bread, the maidens black !  
 To another town, next night,  
 Black the bread, the maidens white !

## TO ORIGINALS.

A FELLOW says: "I own no school or college;  
 No master lives whom I acknowledge;  
 And pray don't entertain the thought  
 That from the dead I e'er learnt aught."  
 This, if I rightly understand,  
 Means: "I'm a blockhead at first hand."

## GENIAL IMPULSE.

THUS roll I, never taking ease,  
 My tub, like Saint Diogenes,  
 Now serious am, now seek to please,  
 Now love and hate in turns one sees;  
 The motives now are those, now these;  
 Now nothings, now realities.  
 Thus roll I, never taking ease,  
 My tub, like Saint Diogenes.

## NEITHER THIS NOR THAT.

IF thou to be a slave shouldst will,  
 Thou'lt get no pity, but fare ill;  
 And if a master thou wouldst be,  
 The world will view it angrily;  
 And if in *statu quo* thou stay,  
 That thou art but a fool they'll say.

## THE WAY TO BEHAVE.

THOUGH tempers are bad, and peevish folks swear,  
 Remember to ruffle thy brows, friend, ne'er;  
 And let not the fancies of women so fair  
 E'er serve thy pleasure in life to impair.

## THE BEST.

WHEN head and heart are busy, say,  
 What better can be found ?  
 Who neither loves nor goes astray,  
 Were better under ground.

## AS BROAD AS IT'S LONG.

MODEST men must needs endure,  
 And the bold must humbly bow ;  
 Thus thy fate's the same, be sure,  
 Whether bold or modest thou.

## THE RULE OF LIFE.

IF thou wouldst live unruffled by care,  
 Let not the past torment thee e'er ;  
 As little as possible be thou annoyed,  
 And let the present be ever enjoyed ;  
 Ne'er let thy breast with hate be supplied,  
 And to God the future confide.

## THE SAME, EXPANDED.

IF thou wouldst live unruffled by care,  
 Let not the past torment thee e'er ;  
 If any loss thou hast to rue,  
 Act as though thou wert born anew ;  
 Inquire the meaning of each day,  
 What each day means, itself will say ;  
 In thine own actions take thy pleasure,  
 What others do thou'lt duly treasure ;  
 Ne'er let thy breast with hate be supplied,  
 And to God the future confide.



## CALM AT SEA.

SILENCE deep rules o'er the waters,  
Calmly slumbering lies the main,  
While the sailor views with trouble  
Nought but one vast level plain.

Not a zephyr is in motion!  
Silence fearful as the grave!  
In the mighty waste of ocean  
Sunk to rest is every wave.

If wealth is gone, — then something is gone!  
Quick, make up thy mind,  
And fresh wealth find.  
If honour is gone, — then much is gone!  
Seek glory to find,  
And people then will alter their mind.  
If courage is gone, — then all is gone!  
'Twere better that thou hadst never been born.

## THE PROSPEROUS VOYAGE.

THE mist is fast clearing,  
And radiant is heaven,  
Whilst Æolus loosens  
Our anguish-fraught bond.  
The zephyrs are sighing,  
Alert is the sailor.  
Quick! nimbly be plying!  
The billows are riven,  
The distance approaches;  
I see land beyond!

## COURAGE.

CARELESSLY over the plain away,  
 Where by the boldest man no path  
 Cut before thee thou canst discern,  
 Make for thyself a path!

Silence, loved one, my heart!  
 Cracking, let it not break!  
 Breaking, break not with thee!

## ADMONITION.

WHEREFORE ever ramble on  
 For the Good is lying near.  
 Fortune learn to seize alone,  
 For that Fortune's ever here.

## MY ONLY PROPERTY.

I FEEL that I'm possessed of nought,  
 Saving the free unfettered thought  
 Which from my bosom seeks to flow,  
 And each propitious passing hour  
 That suffers me in all its power  
 A loving fate with truth to know.

MAY each honest effort be  
 Crowned with lasting constancy.

## OLD AGE.

OLD age is courteous — no one more :  
For time after time he knocks at the door,  
But nobody says, " Walk in, sir, pray !"  
Yet turns he not from the door away,  
But lifts the latch and enters with speed,  
And then they cry, " A cool one, indeed !"

## EPITAPH.

As a boy, reserved and naughty ;  
As a youth, a coxcomb and haughty ;  
As a man, for action inclined ;  
As a graybeard, fickle in mind.  
Upon thy grave will people read :  
This was a very man, indeed !

## RULE FOR MONARCHS.

IF men are never their thoughts to employ,  
Take care to provide them a life full of joy ;  
But if to some profit and use thou wouldst bend them,  
Take care to shear them, and then defend them.

## PAULO POST FUTURI.

WEEP ye not, ye children dear,  
That as yet ye are unborn :  
For each sorrow and each tear  
Makes the father's heart to mourn.

Patient be a short time to it,  
 Unproduced, and known to none ;  
 If your father cannot do it,  
 By your mother 'twill be done.

HE who with life makes sport,  
 Can prosper never ;  
 Who rules himself in nought,  
 Is a slave ever.

### THE FOOL'S EPILOGUE.

MANY good works I've done and ended,  
 Ye take the praise — I'm not offended ;  
 For in the world, I've always thought  
 Each thing its true position hath sought.  
 When praised for foolish deeds am I,  
 I set off laughing heartily ;  
 When blamed for doing something good,  
 I take it in an easy mood.  
 If some one stronger gives me hard blows,  
 That it's a jest, I feign to suppose ;  
 But if 'tis one that's but my own like,  
 I know the way such folks to strike.  
 When Fortune smiles, I merry grow,  
 And sing *in dulci júbilo* ;  
 When sinks her wheel, and tumbles me o'er,  
 I think 'tis sure to rise once more.

In the sunshine of summer I ne'er lament,  
 Because the winter it cannot prevent ;  
 And when the white snowflakes fall around,  
 I don my skates, and am off with a bound.  
 Though I dissemble as I will,  
 The sun for me will ne'er stand still ;

The old and wonted course is run,  
 Until the whole of life is done ;  
 Each day the servant like the lord,  
 In turns comes home, and goes abroad ;  
 If proud or humble the line they take,  
 They all must eat, drink, sleep, and wake.  
 So nothing ever vexes me ;  
 Act like the fool, and wise ye'll be !

## AUTHORS.

OVER the meadows, and down the stream,  
 And through the garden-walks straying,  
 He plucks the flowers that fairest seem ;  
 His throbbing heart brooks no delaying.  
 His maiden then comes — oh, what ecstasy !  
 Thy flowers thou givest for one glance of her eye !

The gard'ner next door o'er the hedge sees the youth :  
 " I'm not such a fool as that, in good truth ;  
 My pleasure is ever to cherish each flower,  
 And see that no birds my fruit e'er devour.  
 But when 'tis ripe, your money, good neighbour !  
 'Twas not for nothing I took all this labour ! "

And such, methinks, are the author-tribe.  
 The one his pleasures around him strews,  
 That his friends, the public, may reap, if they choose ;  
 The other would fain make them all subscribe.

## CAT - PIE.

WHILE *he* is marked by vision clear  
 Who fathoms Nature's treasures,  
 The man may follow void of fear,  
 Who her proportions measures.

Though for one mortal, it is true,  
 These trades may both be fitted,  
 Yet, that the things themselves are *two*  
 Must always be admitted.

Once on a time there lived a cook  
 Whose skill was past disputing,  
 Who in his head a fancy took  
 To try his luck at shooting.

So, gun in hand, he sought a spot  
 Where stores of game were breeding,  
 And there ere long a cat he shot  
 That on young birds was feeding.

This cat he fancied was a hare,  
 Forming a judgment hasty,  
 So served it up for people's fare  
 Well spiced and in a pasty.

Yet many a guest with wrath was filled  
 (All who had noses tender):  
 The cat that's by the sportsman killed  
 No cook a hare can render.

### JOY.

A DRAGON-FLY with beauteous wing  
 Is hovering o'er a silvery spring;  
 I watch its motions with delight,—  
 Now dark its colours seem, now bright,  
 Chameleon-like appears now blue,  
 Now red, and now of greenish hue.  
 Would it would come still nearer me,  
 That I its tints might better see!

It hovers, flutters, resting ne'er!  
 But hush! it settles on the mead.  
 I have it safe now, I declare!  
     And when its form I closely view,  
     'Tis of a sad and dingy blue —  
 Such, Joy-Dissector, is thy case, indeed!

## EXPLANATION OF AN ANTIQUE GEM

A YOUNG fig-tree its form lifts high  
     Within a beauteous garden;  
 And see, a goat is sitting by,  
     As if he were its warden.

But, oh, Quirites, how one errs!  
     The tree is guarded badly;  
 For round the other side there whirrs  
     And hums a beetle madly.

The hero with his well-mailed coat  
     Nibbles the branches tall so;  
 A mighty longing feels the goat  
     Gently to climb up also.

And so, my friends, ere long ye see  
     The tree all leafless standing;  
 It looks a type of misery,  
     Help of the gods demanding.

Then listen, ye ingenuous youth,  
     Who hold wise saws respected:  
 From he-goat and from beetle's tooth  
     A tree should be protected!

## LEGEND.

THERE lived in the desert a holy man  
 To whom a goat-footed Faun one day  
 Paid a visit, and thus began  
 To his surprise: "I entreat thee to pray  
 That grace to me and my friends may be given,  
 That we may be able to mount to Heaven,  
 For great is our thirst for heavenly bliss."  
 The holy man made answer to this:  
 "Much danger is lurking in thy petition,  
 Nor will it be easy to gain admission;  
 Thou dost not come with an angel's salute;  
 For I see thou wearest a cloven foot."  
 The wild man paused, and then answered he:  
 "What doth my goat's foot matter to thee?  
 Full many I've known into heaven to pass  
 Straight and with ease, with the head of an ass!"

## THE WRANGLER.

ONE day a shameless and impudent wight  
 Went into a shop full of steel wares bright,  
 Arranged with art upon every shelf.  
 He fancied they all were meant for himself;  
 And so, while the patient owner stood by,  
 The shining goods needs must handle and try,  
 And valued, — for how should a fool better know? —  
 The bad things high, and the good ones low,  
 And all with an easy self-satisfied face;  
 Then, having bought nothing, he left the place.

The tradesman now felt sorely vexed,  
 So when the fellow went there next,



A lock of steel made quite red hot.  
 The other cried upon the spot :  
 "Such wares as these, who'd ever buy ?  
 The steel is tarnished shamefully," —  
 Then pulled it, like a fool, about,  
 But soon set up a piteous shout.  
 "Pray what's the matter ?" the shopman spoke ;  
 The other replied : " Faith, a very cool joke !"

### THE CRITIC.

I HAD a fellow as my guest,  
 Not knowing he was such a pest,  
 And gave him just my usual fare ;  
 He ate his fill of what was there,  
 And for a dessert my best things swallowed,  
 Soon as his meal was o'er, what followed ?  
 Led by the Deuce, to a neighbour he went,  
 And talked of my food to his heart's content :  
 "The soup might surely have had more spice,  
 The meat was ill-browned, and the wine wasn't nice."  
 A thousand curses alight on his head !  
 'Tis a critic, I vow ! Let the dog be struck dead !

### THE YELPERS.

OUR rides in all directions bend,  
 For business or for pleasure,  
 Yet yelpings on our steps attend,  
 And barkings without measure.  
 The dog that in our stable dwells,  
 After our heels is striding,  
 And all the while his noisy yells  
 But show that we are riding.

## THE STORK'S VOCATION.

THE stork who worms and frogs devours  
 That in our ponds reside,  
 Why should he dwell on high church towers,  
 With which he's not allied ?

Incessantly he chatters there,  
 And gives our ears no rest ;  
 But neither old nor young can dare  
 To drive him from his nest.

I humbly ask it, — how can he  
 Give of his title proof,  
 Save by his happy tendency  
 To sell the church's roof ?

## THE DILETTANTE AND THE CRITIC.

A BOY a pigeon once possessed,  
 In gay and brilliant plumage dressed ;  
 He loved it well, and in boyish sport  
 Its food to take from his mouth he taught,  
 And in his pigeon he took such pride,  
 That his joy to others he needs must confide.

An agèd fox near the place chanced to dwell,  
 Talkative, clever, and learned as well ;  
 The boy his society used to prize,  
 Hearing with pleasure his wonders and lies.

“ My friend, the fox, my pigeon must see ! ”  
 He ran, and stretched 'mongst the bushes lay he.  
 “ Look, fox, at my pigeon, my pigeon so fair !  
 His equal I'm sure thou hast looked upon ne'er ! ”

“Let’s see!” — The boy gave it. — “’Tis really not bad ;

And yet, it is far from complete, I must add.

The feathers, for instance, how short ! ’Tis absurd !”

So he set to work straightway to pluck the poor bird.

The boy screamed. — “Thou must now stronger pinions supply,

Or else ’twill be ugly, unable to fly.”

Soon ’twas stripped — oh, the villain ! — and torn all to pieces.

The boy was heartbroken, — and so my tale ceases.

. . . . .

He who sees in the boy shadowed forth his own case,  
Should be on his guard ’gainst the fox’s whole race.

### POETRY.

God to his untaught children sent

Law, order, knowledge, art, from high,

And every heavenly favour lent,

The world’s hard lot to qualify.

They knew not how they should behave,

For all from Heaven stark-naked came ;

But Poetry their garments gave,

And then not one had cause for shame.

### CELEBRITY.

[A satire on his own “Sorrrows of Werther.”]

ON bridges small and bridges great

Stand Nepomucks in every state,

Of bronze, wood, painted, or of stone,

Some small as dolls, some giants grown ;

Each passer must worship before Nepomuck,  
 Who to die on a bridge chanced to have the ill-luck  
 When once a man with head and ears  
 A saint in people's eyes appears,  
 Or has been sentenced piteously  
 Beneath the hangman's hand to die,  
 He's as a noted person prized,  
 In portrait is immortalised.  
 Engravings, woodcuts, are supplied,  
 And through the world spread far and wide.  
 Upon them all is seen his name,  
 And every one admits his claim;  
 Even the image of the Lord  
 Is not with greater zeal adored.  
 Strange fancy of the human race!  
 Half sinner frail, half child of grace,  
 We see Herr Werther of the story  
 In all the pomp of woodcut glory.  
 His worth is first made duly known,  
 By having his sad features shown  
 At every fair the country round;  
 In every alehouse, too, they're found.  
 His stick is pointed by each dunce;  
 "The ball would reach his brain at once!"  
 And each says, o'er his beer and bread:  
 "Thank Heaven, that 'tis not *we* are dead!"

### PLAYING AT PRIESTS.

WITHIN a town where parity  
 According to old form we see, —  
 That is to say, where Catholic  
 And Protestant no quarrels pick,  
 And where, as in his father's day,  
 Each worships God in his own way,

We Lutheran children used to dwell,  
By songs and sermons taught as well.  
The Catholic cling-clang in truth  
Sounded more pleasing to our youth,  
For all that we encountered there  
To us seemed varied, joyous, fair.  
As children, monkeys, and mankind  
To ape each other are inclined,  
We soon, the time to while away,  
A game at priests resolved to play.  
Their aprons all our sisters lent  
For copes, which gave us great content ;  
And handkerchiefs embroidered o'er,  
Instead of stoles we also wore ;  
Gold paper, whereon beasts were traced,  
The bishop's brow as mitre graced.

Through house and garden thus in state  
We strutted early, strutted late ;  
Repeating, with all proper unction,  
Incessantly each holy function,  
The best was wanting to the game ;  
    We knew that a sonorous ring  
    Was here a most important thing ;  
But fortune to our rescue came,  
For on the ground a halter lay ;  
    We were delighted, and at once  
    Made it a bell-rope for the nonce,  
And kept it moving all the day ;  
    In turns each sister and each brother  
    Acted as sexton to another ;  
All helped to swell the joyous throng ;  
    The whole proceeded swimmingly,  
    And since no actual bell had we,  
We all in chorus sang, Ding dong !

. . . . .

Our guileless child's-sport long was hushed  
 In memory's tomb, like some old lay;  
 And yet across my mind it rushed  
 With pristine force the other day.  
 The New-Poetic Catholics  
 In every point its aptness fix!

## SONGS.

SONGS are like painted window-panes!  
 In darkness wrapped the church remains,  
 If from the market-place we view it,  
 Thus sees the ignoramus through it.  
 No wonder that he deems it tame, —  
 And all his life 'twill be the same.

But let us now inside repair,  
 And greet the holy chapel there!  
 At once the whole seems clear and bright,  
 Each ornament is bathed in light,  
 And fraught with meaning to the sight.  
 God's children! thus your fortune prize,  
 Be edified, and feast your eyes!

## A PARABLE.

I PICKED a rustic nosegay lately,  
 And bore it homewards, musing greatly;  
 When, heated by my hand, I found  
 The heads all drooping toward the ground.  
 I placed them in a well-cooled glass,  
 And what a wonder came to pass!  
 The heads soon raised themselves once more,  
 The stalks were blooming as before,

And all were in as good a case  
As when they left their native place.

. . . . .  
So felt I, when I wondering heard  
My song to foreign tongues transferred.

### SHOULD E'ER THE LOVELESS DAY.

SHOULD e'er the loveless day remain  
Obscured by storms of hail and rain,  
Thy charms thou showest never ;  
I tap at window, tap at door :  
Come, loved one, come ! appear once more !  
Thou art as fair as ever !

### A PLAN THE MUSES ENTERTAINED.

A PLAN the Muses entertained  
Methodically to impart  
To Psyche the poetic art ;  
Prosaic-pure her soul remained,  
No wondrous sounds escaped her lyre  
E'en in the fairest summer night ;  
But Amor came with glance of fire, —  
The lesson soon was learned aright.

### THE DEATH OF THE FLY.

WITH eagerness he drinks the treacherous potion,  
Nor stops to rest, by the first taste misled ;  
Sweet is the draught, but soon all power of motion  
He finds has from his tender members fled ;

No longer has he strength to plume his wing,  
No longer strength to raise his head, poor thing!  
E'en in enjoyment's hour his life he loses,  
His little foot to bear his weight refuses;  
So on he sips, and ere his draught is o'er,  
Death veils his thousand eyes for evermore.

### BY THE RIVER.

WHEN by the broad stream thou dost dwell,  
Oft shallow is its sluggish flood;  
Then, when thy fields thou tendest well,  
It o'er them spreads its slime and mud.

The ships descend ere daylight wanes,  
The prudent fisher upward goes;  
Round reef and rock ice casts its chains,  
And boys at will the pathway close.

To this attend, then carefully,  
And what thou would, that execute!  
Ne'er linger, ne'er o'erhasty be,  
For time moves on with measured foot.

EACH road to the proper end  
Runs straight on, without a bend.

### THE FOX AND THE HUNTSMAN.

HARD 'tis on a fox's traces  
To arrive, midst forest-glades;  
Hopeless utterly the chase is,  
If his flight the huntsman aids.



And so 'tis with many a wonder  
 (Why A B make *Ab* in fact),  
 Over which we gape and blunder,  
 And our head and brains distract.

### THE FROGS.

A POOL was once congealed with frost ;  
 The frogs in its deep waters lost,  
 No longer dared to croak or spring ;  
 But promised, being half asleep,  
 If suffered to the air to creep,  
 As very nightingales to sing.

A thaw dissolved the ice so strong, —  
 They proudly steered themselves along,  
 When landed, squatted on the shore,  
 And croaked as loudly as before.

### THE WEDDING.

A FEAST was in a village spread, —  
 It was a wedding-day they said.  
 The parlour of the inn I found,  
 And saw the couples whirling round,  
 Each lass attended by her lad,  
 And all seemed loving, blithe, and glad ;  
 But on my asking for the bride,  
 A fellow with a stare replied :  
 " 'Tis not the place that point to raise !  
 We're only dancing in her honour ;  
 We now have danced three nights and days,  
 And not bestowed one thought upon her."

. . . . .  
 Whoe'er in life employs his eyes  
 Such cases oft will recognise.

## THE FOX AND CRANE.

ONCE two persons uninvited  
 Came to join my dinner table ;  
 For the nonce they lived united,  
 Fox and crane yeleft in fable.

Civil greetings passed between us ;  
 Then I plucked some pigeons tender  
 For the fox of Jackal-genus,  
 Adding grapes in full-grown splendour.

Long-necked flasks I put as dishes  
 For the crane without delaying,  
 Filled with gold and silver fishes,  
 In the limpid water playing.

Had ye witnessed Reynard planted  
 At his flat plate all demurely,  
 Ye with envy must have granted :  
 " Ne'er was such a gourmand, surely ! "

While the bird, with circumspection,  
 On one foot as usual cradled,  
 From the flask his fish-refection  
 With his bill and long neck ladled.

One the pigeons praised, — the other,  
 As they went, extolled the fishes,  
 Each one scoffing at his brother  
 For preferring vulgar dishes.

. . . . .

If thou wouldst preserve thy credit,  
 When thou askest folks to guzzle  
 At thy board, take care to spread it  
 Suited both for bill and muzzle.

### BURIAL.

To the grave one day from a house they bore  
 A maiden ;  
 To the window the citizens went to explore ;  
 In splendour they lived, and with wealth as of yore  
 Their banquets were laden.  
 Then thought they : "The maid to the tomb is now  
 borne ;  
 We too from our dwellings ere long must be torn,  
 And he that is left our departure to mourn,  
 To our riches will be the successor,  
 For some one must be their possessor."

### THE BUYERS.

To an apple-woman's stall  
 Once some children nimbly ran ;  
 Longing much to purchase all,  
 They with joyous haste began  
 Snatching up the piles there raised,  
 While with eager eyes they gazed  
 On the rosy fruit so nice ;  
 But when they found out the price,  
 Down they threw the whole they'd got,  
 Just as if they were red hot.

. . . . .  
 The man who gratis will his goods supply  
 Will never find a lack of folks to buy !

## SYMBOLS.

PALM SUNDAY at the Vatican  
 They celebrate with palms ;  
 With reverence bows each holy man,  
 And chants the ancient psalms.  
 Those very psalms are also sung  
 With olive boughs in hand,  
 While holly, mountain wilds among,  
 In place of palms must stand ;  
 In fine, one seeks some twig that's green,  
 And takes a willow rod,  
 So that the pious man may e'en  
 In small things praise his God.  
 And if ye have observed it well,  
 To gain what's fit ye're able,  
 If ye in faith can but excel ;  
 Such are the myths of fable.

## THREATENING SIGNS.

If Venus in the evening sky  
 Is seen in radiant majesty,  
 If rod-like comets, red as blood,  
 Are 'mongst the constellations viewed,  
 Out springs the Ignoramus, yelling :  
 "The star's exactly o'er my dwelling !  
 What woeful prospect, ah, for me !"  
 Then calls his neighbour mournfully :  
 "Behold that awful sign of evil,  
 Portending woe to me, poor devil !  
 My mother's asthma ne'er will leave her,  
 My child is sick with wind and fever ;  
 I dread the illness of my wife,  
 A week has passed, devoid of strife, —

And other things have reached my ear ;  
The Judgment Day has come, I fear !”

His neighbour answers : “ Friend, you’re right !  
Matters look very bad to-night.  
Let’s go a street or two, though, hence,  
And gaze upon the stars from thence.” —  
No change appears in either case.  
Let each remain then in his place,  
And wisely do the best he can,  
Patient as any other man.

### THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

“THE mountain village was destroyed ;  
But see how soon is filled the void !  
Shingles and boards, as by magic arise,  
The babe in his cradle and swaddling-clothes lies ;  
How blest to trust to God’s protection !”  
Behold a wooden new erection,  
So that, if sparks and wind but choose,  
God’s self at such a game must lose !

IN the world do things go with you ill,  
You can’t do right, do what you will.

### THREE PALINODIAS.

#### I.

“Incense is but a tribute for the gods, —  
To mortals ’tis but poison.”

THE smoke that from thine altar blows,  
Can it the gods offend ?  
For I observe thou hold’st thy nose —  
Pray what does this portend ?

Mankind deem incense to excel  
 Each other earthly thing,  
 So he that cannot bear its smell,  
 No incense e'er should bring.

With unmoved face by thee at least  
 To dolls is homage given ;  
 If not obstructed by the priest,  
 The scent mounts up to heaven.

## II.

## CONFLICT OF WIT AND BEAUTY.

SIR WIT, who is so much esteemed,  
 And who is worthy of all honour,  
 Saw Beauty his superior deemed  
 By folks who loved to gaze upon her ;  
 At this he was most sorely vexed.  
 Then came Sir Breath (long known as fit  
 To represent the cause of wit),  
 Beginning, rudely, I admit,  
 To treat the lady with a text.  
 To this she hearkened not at all,  
 But hastened to his principal :  
 " None are so wise, they say, as you, —  
 Is not the world enough for two ?  
 If you are obstinate, good-bye !  
 If wise, to love me you will try,  
 For be assured the world can ne'er  
 Give birth to a more handsome pair."

## \*Αλλως.

FAIR daughters were by beauty reared,  
 Wit had but dull sons for his lot ;  
 So for a season it appeared  
 Beauty was constant, Wit was not.

But Wit's a native of the soil,  
 So he returned, worked, strove amain,  
 And found — sweet guerdon for his toil! —  
 Beauty to quicken him again.

## III.

## RAIN AND RAINBOW.

DURING a heavy storm it chanced  
 That from his room a cockney glanced  
 At the fierce tempest as it broke,  
 While to his neighbour thus he spoke :  
 “ The thunder has our awe inspired,  
 Our barns by lightning have been fired, —  
 Our sins to punish, I suppose ;  
 But, in return, to soothe our woes,  
 See how the rain in torrents fell,  
 Making the harvest promise well !  
 But is't a rainbow that I spy  
 Extending o'er the dark-gray sky ?  
 With it I'm sure we may dispense,  
 The coloured cheat ! The vain pretence ! ”  
 Dame Iris straightway thus replied :  
 “ Dost dare my beauty to deride ?  
 In realms of space God stationed me  
 A type of better worlds to be  
 To eyes that from life's sorrows rove  
 In cheerful hope to Heaven above,  
 And through the mists that hover here  
 God and His precepts blest revere.  
 Do thou, then, grovel like the swine,  
 And to the ground thy snout confine  
 But suffer the enlightened eye  
 To feast upon my majesty.”

## A SYMBOL.

[This fine poem is given by Goethe amongst a small collection of what he calls *Loge* (Lodge) meaning thereby Masonic pieces.]

THE mason's trade  
 Resembles life,  
 With all its strife, —  
 Is like the stir made  
 By man on earth's face.

Though weal and woe  
 The future may hide,  
 Unterrified  
 We onward go  
 In ne'er-changing race.

A veil of dread  
 Hangs heavier still.  
 Deep slumbers fill  
 The stars overhead,  
 And the foot-trodden grave.

Observe them well,  
 And watch them revealing  
 How solemn feeling  
 And wonderment swell  
 The hearts of the brave.

The voice of the blest,  
 And of spirits on high  
 Seems loudly to cry:  
 "To do what is best,  
 Unceasing endeavour!



“In silence eterne  
 Here chaplets are twined,  
 That each noble mind  
 Its guerdon may earn, —  
 Then hope ye for ever!”

## VALEDICTION.

I ONCE was fond of fools,  
 And bid them come each day ;  
 Then each one brought his tools,  
 The carpenter to play ;  
 The roof to strip first choosing,  
 Another to supply,  
 The wood as trestles using,  
 To move it by-and-by,  
 While here and there they ran,  
 And knocked against each other ;  
 To fret I soon began,  
 My anger could not smother,  
 So cried, “Get out, ye fools!”  
 At this they were offended ;  
 Then each one took his tools,  
 And so our friendship ended.

Since that I’ve wiser been,  
 And sit beside my door ;  
 When one of them is seen,  
 I cry, “Appear no more!”  
 “Hence, stupid knave!” I bellow :  
 At this he’s angry, too :  
 “You impudent old fellow !  
 And pray, sir, who are you ?  
 Along the streets we riot,  
 And revel at the fair :

But yet we're pretty quiet,  
 And folks revile us ne'er.  
 Don't call us names, then, please!"  
 At length I meet with ease,  
 For now they leave my door —  
 'Tis better than before!

## THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

### I.

A MASTER of a country school  
 Jumped up one day from off his stool  
 Inspired with firm resolve to try  
 To gain the best society ;  
 So to the nearest baths he walked,  
 And into the saloon he stalked.  
 He felt quite startled at the door,  
 Ne'er having seen the like before.  
 To the first stranger made he now  
 A very low and graceful bow,  
 But quite forgot to bear in mind  
 That people also stood behind ;  
 His left-hand neighbour's paunch he struck  
 A grievous blow by great ill luck ;  
 Pardon for this he first entreated,  
 And then in haste his bow repeated.  
 His right-hand neighbour next he hit,  
 And begged him, too, to pardon it ;  
 But on his granting his petition,  
 Another was in like condition ;  
 These compliments he paid to all,  
 Behind, before, across the hall ;  
 At length one who could stand no more  
 Showed him impatiently the door.

. . . . .

May many, pondering on their crimes,  
A moral draw from this betimes!

## II.

As he proceeded on his way  
He thought, "I was too weak to-day;  
To bow I'll ne'er again be seen;  
For goats will swallow what is green."  
Across the fields he now must speed,  
Not over stumps and stones, indeed,  
But over meads and cornfields sweet,  
Trampling down all with clumsy feet.  
A farmer met him by-and-by,  
And didn't ask him: how? or why?  
But with his fist saluted him.

"I feel new life in every limb!"  
Our traveller cried in ecstasy.  
"Who art thou who thus gladden'st me?  
May Heaven such blessings ever send!  
Ne'er may I want a jovial friend!"

## THE LEGEND OF THE HORSESHOE.

WHEN still unknown, and low as well,  
Our Lord upon the earth did dwell,  
And many disciples with him went  
Who seldom knew what his words meant,  
He was extremely fond of holding  
His court in the market-place, unfolding  
The highest precepts to their hearing,  
With holy mouth and heart unfolding;  
For man, in Heaven's face when preaching,  
Adds freedom's strength unto his teaching!

By parables and by example,  
 He made each market-place a temple.  
 He thus in peace of mind one day  
 To some small town with them did stray,  
 Saw something glitter in the street,  
 A broken horseshoe lay at his feet.  
 He then to Peter turned and said :  
 " Pick up that iron in my stead."  
 St. Peter out of humour was,  
 Having in dreams indulged because  
 All men on thoughts so like to dwell,  
 How they the world would govern well ;  
 Here fancy revels without bounds ;  
 On this his dearest thoughts he founds.  
 This treasure-trove he quite despised,  
 But crowned sceptre he'd have prized ;  
 And why should he now bend his back  
 To put old iron in his sack ?  
 He turned aside with outward show  
 As though he heard none speaking so !

The Lord, to his long-suffering true,  
 Himself picked up the horse's shoe,  
 And of it made no further mention,  
 But to the town walked with intention  
 Of going to a blacksmith's door,  
 Who gave one farthing for his store.  
 And now, when through the market strolling,  
 Cherries some one he heard extolling.  
 Of these he bought as few or many  
 As farthing buys, if it buy any,  
 Which he, in wonted peacefulness,  
 Gently within his sleeve did press.

Now out at t'other gate they'd gone  
 Past fields and meadows, houses none ;

The road likewise of trees was bare,  
 The sun shone bright with ardent glare,  
 So that great price, in plain thus stretched,  
 A drink of water would have fetched.  
 The Lord, walking before them all,  
 Let unawares a cherry fall.  
 St. Peter ate it, then and there,  
 As though a golden apple it were.  
 He relished much the luscious fruit.  
 The Lord, whenever time would suit,  
 Another cherry forward sent,  
 For which St. Peter swiftly bent.  
 The Lord thus often and again  
 After the cherries made him strain.  
 When this had lasted quite awhile,  
 The Lord spoke thus with cheerful smile :  
 "If thou hadst stirred when first I bade thee,  
 More comfortable 'twould have made thee ;  
 Whoe'er small things too much disdains,  
 For smaller ones takes greater pains."

### THE WANDERER.

[Published in the Göttingen *Musen Almanach*, having been written "to express his feelings and caprices" after his separation from Frederica.]

#### WANDERER.

YOUNG woman, may God bless thee,  
 Thee, and the sucking infant  
 Upon thy breast !  
 Let me, against this rocky wall,  
 Neath the elm-tree's shadow,  
 Lay aside my burden,  
 Near thee take my rest.

## WOMAN.

What vocation leads thee,  
 While the day is burning,  
 Up this dusty path ?  
 Bring'st thou goods from out the town  
 Round the country ?  
 Smilest thou, stranger,  
 At my question ?

## WANDERER.

From the town no goods I bring.  
 Cool is now the evening ;  
 Show to me the fountain  
 Whence thou drinkest,  
 Woman young and kind !

## WOMAN.

Up the rocky pathway mount ;  
 Go thou first ? Across the thicket  
 Leads the pathway toward the cottage  
 That I live in,  
 To me the fountain  
 Whence I drink.

## WANDERER.

Signs of man's arranging hand  
 See I 'mid the trees !  
 Not by thee these stones were joined,  
 Nature, who so freely scattered !

## WOMAN.

Up, still up !

WANDERER.

Lo, a mossy architrave is here !  
I discern thee, fashioning spirit ?  
On the stone thou hast impressed thy seal.

WOMAN.

Onward, stranger !

WANDERER.

Over an inscription am I treading !  
'Tis effacèd !  
Ye are seen no longer,  
Words so deeply graven,  
Who your master's true devotion  
Should have shown to thousand grandsons.

WOMAN.

At these stones why  
Start'st thou, stranger ?  
Many stones are lying yonder  
Round my cottage.

WANDERER.

Yonder ?

WOMAN.

Through the thicket,  
Turning to the left,  
Here !

WANDERER.

Ye Muses and ye Graces !

WOMAN.

This, then, is my cottage.

WANDERER.

'Tis a ruined temple!<sup>1</sup>

WOMAN.

Just below you it, see,  
Springs, the fountain  
Whence I drink.

WANDERER.

Thou dost hover  
O'er thy grave, all glowing,  
Genius! while upon thee  
Hath thy masterpiece  
Fallen crumbling,  
Thou Immortal One!

WOMAN.

Stay, a cup I'll fetch thee  
Whence to drink.

WANDERER.

Ivy circles thy slender  
Form so graceful and godlike.

<sup>1</sup> Compare with the beautiful description contained in the subsequent lines, an account of a ruined temple of Ceres, given by Chamberlayne in his "Pharonnida" (published in 1659):—

" . . . With mournful majesty  
A heap of solitary ruins lie,  
Half sepulchred in dust, the bankrupt heir  
To prodigal antiquity . . ."



How ye rise on high  
 From the ruins,  
 Column-pair!  
 And thou, their lonely sister yonder, —  
 How thou,  
 Dusky moss upon thy sacred head, —  
 Lookest down in mournful majesty  
 On thy brethren's figures,  
 Lying scattered  
 At thy feet!  
 In the shadow of the bramble  
 Earth and rubbish veil them,  
 Lofty grass is waving o'er them!  
 Is it thus thou, Nature, prizest  
 Thy great masterpiece's masterpiece?  
 Carelessly destroyest thou  
 Thine own sanctuary,  
 Sowing thistles there?

## WOMAN.

How the infant sleeps!  
 Wilt thou rest thee in the cottage,  
 Stranger? Wouldst thou rather  
 In the open air still linger?  
 Now 'tis cool! take thou the child,  
 While I go and draw some water.  
 Sleep on, darling! sleep!

## WANDERER.

Sweet is thy repose!  
 How, with heaven-born health imbued,  
 Peacefully he slumbers!  
 O thou, born among the ruins  
 Spread by great antiquity,  
 On thee rest her spirit!  
 He whom it encircles

Will, in godlike consciousness,  
 Every day enjoy.  
 Full of germ, unfold  
 As the smiling spring-time's  
 Fairest charm,  
 Outshining all thy fellows!  
 And when the blossom's husk is faded,  
 May the full fruit shoot forth  
 From out thy breast,  
 And ripen in the sunshine!

WOMAN.

God bless him! — Is he sleeping still?  
 To the fresh draught I nought can add,  
 Saving a crust of bread for thee to eat.

WANDERER.

I thank thee well.  
 How fair the verdure all around,  
 How green!

WOMAN.

My husband soon  
 Will home return  
 From labour. Tarry, tarry, man,  
 And with us eat our evening meal.

WANDERER.

Is it here ye dwell?

WOMAN.

Yonder, within those walls, we live.  
 My father 'twas who built the cottage  
 Of tiles and stones from out the ruins.  
 'Tis here we dwell.

He gave me to a husbandman,  
 And in our arms expired. —  
 Hast thou been sleeping, dearest heart?  
 How lively, and how full of play,  
 Sweet rogue!

WANDERER.

Nature, thou ever budding one,  
 Thou formest each for life's enjoyments,  
 And, like a mother, all thy children dear  
 Blessest with that sweet heritage, — a home.  
 The swallow builds the cornice round,  
 Unconscious of the beauties  
 She plasters up.  
 The caterpillar spins around the bough,  
 To make her brood a winter house;  
 And thou dost patch, between antiquity's  
 Most glorious relics,  
 For thy mean use,  
 O man, a humble cot, —  
 Enjoyest e'en mid tombs!  
 Farewell, thou happy woman!

WOMAN.

Thou wilt not stay, then?

WANDERER.

May God preserve thee,  
 And bless thy boy!

WOMAN.

A happy journey!

WANDERER.

Whither conducts the path  
 Across yon hill?

WOMAN.

To Cuma.

WANDERER.

How far from hence ?

WOMAN.

'Tis full three miles.

WANDERER.

Farewell !  
 O Nature, guide me on my way !  
 The wandering stranger guide,  
 Who o'er the tombs  
 Of holy bygone times  
 Is passing,  
 To a kind sheltering place,  
 From North winds safe,  
 And where a poplar grove  
 Shuts out the noontide ray !  
 And when I come  
 Home to my cot  
 At evening,  
 Illumined by the setting sun,  
 Let me embrace a wife like this,  
 Her infant in her arms !

## THE DROPS OF NECTAR.

WHEN Minerva, to give pleasure  
 To Prometheus, her well-loved one,  
 Brought a brimming bowl of nectar  
 From the glorious realms of heaven

As a blessing for his creatures,  
And to pour into their bosoms  
Impulses for arts ennobling,  
She with rapid footstep hastened,  
Fearing Jupiter might see her,  
And the golden goblet trembled,  
And there fell a few drops from it  
On the verdant plain beneath her.  
Then the busy bees flew thither  
Straightway, eagerly to drink them,  
And the butterfly came quickly  
That he, too, might find a drop there ;  
Even the misshapen spider  
Thither crawled and sucked with vigour.

To a happy end they tasted,  
They, and other gentle insects !  
For with mortals now divide they  
Art — that noblest gift of all.

### LOVE AS A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

ON a rocky peak once sat I early,  
Gazing on the mist with eyes unmoving ;  
Stretched out like a pall of grayish texture,  
All things round, and all above it covered.

Suddenly a boy appeared beside me,  
Saying " Friend, what meanest thou by gazing  
On the vacant pall with such composure ?  
Hast thou lost for evermore all pleasure  
Both in painting cunningly, and forming ?"  
On the child I gazed, and thought in secret :  
" Would the boy pretend to be a master ?"

“Wouldst thou be for ever dull and idle,”  
Said the boy, “no wisdom thou’lt attain to;  
See, I’ll straightway paint for thee a figure,—  
How to paint a beauteous figure, show thee.”

And he then extended his forefinger—  
(Ruddy was it as a youthful rosebud)  
Toward the broad and far outstretching carpet,  
And began to draw there with his finger.

First on high a radiant sun he painted,  
Which upon mine eyes with splendour glistened,  
And he made the clouds with golden border.  
Through the clouds he let the sunbeams enter;

Painted then the soft and feathery summits  
Of the fresh and quickened trees; behind them  
One by one with freedom drew the mountains;  
Underneath he left no lack of water,  
But the river painted so like Nature,  
That it seemed to glitter in the sunbeams,  
That it seemed against its banks to murmur.

Ah, there blossomed flowers beside the river,  
And bright colours gleamed upon the meadow,  
Gold, and green, and purple, and enamelled,  
All like carbuncles and emeralds seeming;

Bright and clear he added then the heavens,  
And the blue-tinged mountains far and farther,  
So that I, as though new-born, enraptured  
Gazed on now the painter, now the picture.

Then spake he: “Although I have convinced thee  
That this art I understand full surely,  
Yet the hardest still is left to show thee.”

Thereupon he traced with pointed finger,  
And with anxious care, upon the forest,  
At the utmost verge, where the strong sunbeams  
From the shining ground appeared reflected,  
Traced the figure of a lovely maiden,  
Fair in form, and clad in graceful fashion ;  
Fresh the cheeks beneath her brown locks' ambush,  
And the cheeks possessed the self-same colour  
As the finger that had served to paint them.

“O thou boy!” exclaimed I then, “what master  
In his school received thee as his pupil,  
Teaching thee so truthfully and quickly  
Wisely to begin, and well to finish?”

Whilst I still was speaking, lo, a zephyr  
Softly rose, and set the tree-tops moving,  
Curling all the wavelets on the river,  
And the perfect maiden's veil, too, filled it,  
And to make my wonderment still greater,  
Soon the maiden set her foot in motion.  
On she came, approaching toward the station  
Where still sat I with my arch instructor.

As now all, yes, all thus moved together, —  
Flowers, rivers, trees, the veil, — all moving, —  
And the gentle foot of that most fair one,  
Can ye think that on my rock I lingered,  
Like a rock, as though fast-chained and silent?

## GOD, SOUL, AND WORLD.

## RHYMED DISTICHS.

[The Distichs, of which these are given as a specimen, are about forty in number.]

How? when? and where? — No answer comes from  
high;  
Thou waitest for the *Because*, and yet thou askest not  
*Why?*

IF the whole is ever to gladden thee,  
That whole in the smallest thing thou must see.

WATER its living strength first shows,  
When obstacles its course oppose.

TRANSPARENT appears the radiant air,  
Though steel and stone in its breast it may bear;  
At length they'll meet with fiery power,  
And metal and stones on the earth will shower.

WHATE'ER a living flame may surround,  
No longer is shapeless, or earthly bound.  
'Tis now invisible, flies from earth,  
And hastens on high to the place of its birth.

THIS truth may be by all believed:  
Whom God deceives, is well deceived.

WHO trusts in God,  
Fears not His rod.



## THE METAMORPHOSIS OF PLANTS.

THOU art confused, my belovèd, at seeing the thousand-  
fold union

Shown in this flowery troop over the garden dis-  
persed ;

Many a name dost thou hear assigned ; one after  
another

Falls' on thy listening ear, with a barbarian sound.

None resembleth another, yet all their forms have a  
likeness ;

Therefore a mystical law is by the chorus pro-  
claimed ;

Yes, a sacred enigma ! Oh, dearest friend, could I only  
Happily teach thee the word, which may the mys-  
tery solve !

Closely observe how the plant, by little and little pro-  
gressing,

Step by step guided on, changeth to blossom and  
fruit !

First from the seed it unravels itself, as soon as the  
silent

Fruit-bearing womb of the earth kindly allows its  
escape,

And to the charms of the light, the holy, the ever-in-  
motion,

Trusteth the delicate leaves, feebly beginning to  
shoot.

Simply slumbered the force in the seed ; a germ of the  
future,

Peacefully locked in itself, 'neath the integument  
lay,

Leaf, and root, and bud, still void of colour, and shape-  
less ;

Thus doth the kernel, while dry, cover that motion-  
less life.

Upward then strives it to swell, in gentle moisture  
confiding,  
And, from the night where it dwelt, straightway  
ascendeth to light.  
Yet still simple remaineth its figure, when first it ap-  
peareth ;  
And 'tis a token like this, points out the child 'mid  
the plants.  
Soon a shoot, succeeding it, rises on high, and re-  
neweth,  
Piling up node upon node, ever the primitive form ;  
Yet not ever alike ; for the following leaf, as thou  
seest,  
Ever produceth itself, fashioned in manifold ways.  
Longer, more indented, in points and in parts more  
divided,  
Which, all-deformed until now, slept in the organ  
below.  
So at length it attaineth the noble and destined per-  
fection,  
Which, in full many a tribe, fills thee with wonder-  
ing awe.  
Many ribbed and toothed, on a surface juicy and  
swelling,  
Free and unending the shoot seemeth in fulness  
to be ;  
Yet here Nature restraineth, with powerful hands, the  
formation,  
And to a perfect end, guided with softness its  
growth,  
Less abundantly yielding the sap, contracting the  
vessels,  
So that the figure ere long gentler effects doth dis-  
close.  
Soon and in silence is checked the growth of the vig-  
orous branches,  
And the rib of the stalk fuller becometh in form.

Leafless, however, and quick the tenderer stem then  
upspringeth,  
And a miraculous sight doth the observer enchant.  
Ranged in a circle in numbers that now are small, and  
now countless,  
Gather the small-sized leaves close by the side of  
their like.  
Round the axis compressed the sheltering calyx un-  
foldeth,  
And, as the perfectest type, brilliant-hued coronals  
forms.  
Thus doth Nature bloom, in glory still nobler and  
fuller,  
Showing, in order arranged, member on member  
upreared.  
Wonderment fresh dost thou feel, as soon as the stem  
rears the flower  
Over the scaffolding frail of the alternating leaves.  
But this glory is only the new creation's foreteller,  
Yes, the leaf with its hues feeleth the hand all  
divine,  
And on a sudden contracteth itself; the tenderest  
figures,  
Twofold as yet, hasten on, destined to blend into  
one.  
Lovingly now the beauteous pairs are standing to-  
gether,  
Gathered in countless array, there where the altar is  
raised.  
Hymen hovereth o'er them, and scents delicious and  
mighty  
Stream forth their fragrance so sweet, all things  
enlivening around.  
Presently, parcelled out, unnumbered germs are seen  
swelling,  
Sweetly concealed in the womb, where is made per-  
fect the fruit.

Here doth Nature close the ring of her forces eternal ;  
Yet doth a new one, at once, cling to the one gone  
before,  
So that the chain be prolonged for ever through all  
generations,  
And that the whole may have life, e'en as enjoyed  
by each part.  
Now, my belovèd one, turn thy gaze on the many-hued  
thousands  
Which, confusing no more, gladden the mind as they  
wave.  
Every plant unto thee proclaimeth the laws everlasting,  
Every floweret speaks louder and louder to thee ;  
But if thou here canst decipher the mystic words of  
the goddess,  
Everywhere will they be seen, e'en though the fea-  
tures are changed.  
Creeping insects may linger, the eager butterfly  
hasten, —  
Plastic and forming, may man change e'en the figure  
decreed.  
Oh, then, bethink thee, as well, how out of the germ  
of acquaintance,  
Kindly intercourse sprang, slowly unfolding its  
leaves ;  
Soon how friendship with might unveiled itself in our  
bosoms,  
And how Amor at length brought forth blossom and  
fruit !  
Think of the manifold ways wherein Nature hath lent  
to our feelings,  
Silently giving them birth, either the first or the  
last !  
Yes, and rejoice in the present day ! For love that is  
holy  
Seeketh the noblest of fruits, — that where the  
thoughts are the same,

Where the opinions agree, — that the pair may, in rapt  
 contemplation,  
 Lovingly blend into one, — find the more excellent  
 world.

## RELIGION AND CHURCH.

### THOUGHTS ON JESUS CHRIST'S DESCENT INTO HELL.

[The remarkable poem, of which this is a literal but faint representation, was written when Goethe was only sixteen years old. It derives additional interest from the fact of its being the very earliest piece of his that is preserved. The few other pieces included by Goethe under the title of "Religion and Church" are polemical, and devoid of interest to the English reader.]

WHAT wondrous noise is heard around !  
 Through heaven exulting voices sound,  
     A mighty army marches on.  
 By thousand millions followed, lo,  
 To yon dark place makes haste to go  
     God's Son, descending from His throne !  
 He goes — the tempests round Him break,  
     As Judge and Hero cometh He ;  
 He goes — the constellations quake,  
     The sun, the world quake fearfully.

I see Him in His victor-car,  
 On fiery axles borne afar,  
     Who on the cross for us expired.  
 The triumph to yon realms He shows, —  
 Remote from earth, where star ne'er glows, —  
     The triumph He for us acquired.  
 He cometh, Hell to extirpate,  
     Whom He, by dying well-nigh killed ;  
 He shall pronounce her fearful fate ;  
     Hark ! now the curse is straight fulfilled.

Hell sees the victor come at last,  
 She feels that now her reign is past,  
     She quakes and fears to meet His sight;  
 She knows His thunders' terrors dread,  
 In vain she seeks to hide her head,  
     Attempts to fly, but vain is flight;  
 Vainly she hastes to 'scape pursuit  
     And to avoid her Judge's eye;  
 The Lord's fierce wrath restrains her foot  
     Like brazen chains, — she cannot fly.

Here lies the Dragon, trampled down,  
 He lies, and feels God's angry frown,  
     He feels, and grinneth hideously;  
 He feels Hell's speechless agonies,  
 A thousand times he howls and sighs:  
 "Oh, burning flames! quick, swallow me!"  
 There lies he in the fiery waves,  
     By torments racked and pangs infernal,  
 Instant annihilation craves,  
     And hears, those pangs will be eternal.

Those mighty squadrons, too, are here,  
 The partners of his cursed career,  
     Yet far less bad than he were they.  
 Here lies the countless throng combined,  
 In black and fearful crowds entwined,  
     While round him fiery tempests play;  
 He sees how they the Judge avoid,  
     He sees the storm upon them feed,  
 Yet is not at the sight o'erjoyed,  
     Because his pangs e'en theirs exceed.

The Son of Man in triumph passes  
 Down to Hell's wild and black morasses,  
     And there unfolds His majesty.  
 Hell cannot bear the bright array,

For, since her first created day,  
Darkness alone e'er governed she.  
She lay remote from ev'ry light,  
With torments filled in Chaos here ;  
God turned for ever from her sight  
His radiant feature's glory clear.

Within the realms she calls her own,  
She sees the splendour of the Son,  
His dreaded glories shining forth ;  
She sees Him clad in rolling thunder,  
She sees the rocks all quake with wonder,  
When God before her stands in wrath.  
She sees He comes her Judge to be,  
She feels the awful pangs inside her,  
Herself to slay endeavours she,  
But e'en this comfort is denied her.

Now looks she back, with pains untold,  
Upon those happy times of old,  
When all these glories gave her joy ;  
When yet her heart revered the truth,  
When her glad soul in endless youth  
And rapture dwelt, without alloy.  
She calls to mind with maddened thought  
How over man her wiles prevailed ;  
To take revenge on God she sought,  
And feels the vengeance it entailed.

God was made man, and came to earth.  
Then Satan cried with fearful mirth :  
" E'en He my victim now shall be !"  
He sought to slay the Lord Most High,  
The world's Creator now must die ;  
But, Satan, endless woe to thee !

Thou thought'st to overcome Him then,  
 Rejoicing in His suffering:  
 But He in triumph comes again  
 To bind thee: Death! where is thy sting?

Speak, Hell! where is thy victory?  
 Thy power destroyed and scattered see!  
 Know'st thou not now the Highest's might?  
 See, Satan, see thy rule o'erthrown!  
 By thousand-varying pangs weighed down,  
 Thou dwell'st in dark and endless night.  
 As though by lightning struck thou liest,  
 No gleam of rapture far or wide;  
 In vain! no hope thou there descriest, —  
 For me alone Messiah died!

A howling rises through the air,  
 A trembling fills each dark vault there,  
 When Christ to Hell is seen to come.  
 She snarls with rage, but needs must cower  
 Before our mighty hero's power;  
 He signs — and Hell is straightway dumb.  
 Before His voice the thunders break,  
 On high His victor-banner blows;  
 E'en angels at His fury quake,  
 When Christ to the dread judgment goes.

Now speaks He, and His voice is thunder,  
 He speaks, the rocks are rent in sunder,  
 His breath is like devouring flames.  
 Thus speaks He: "Tremble, ye accursed!  
 He who from Eden hurled you erst,  
 Your kingdom's overthrow proclaims.  
 Look up! My children once were ye,  
 Your arms against Me then ye turned,  
 Ye fell, that ye might sinners be,  
 Ye've now the wages that ye earned.



" My greatest foemen from that day,  
 Ye led my dearest friends astray, —  
     As ye had fallen, man must fall.  
 To kill him evermore ye sought,  
 'They all shall die the death,' ye thought;  
     But how! for Me I've won them all.  
 For them alone did I descend,  
     For them prayed, suffered, perished I.  
 Ye ne'er shall gain your wicked end;  
     Who trust in Me shall never die.

" In endless chains here lie ye now,  
 Nothing can save you from the slough,  
     Not boldness, not regret for crime.  
 Lie, then, and writhe in brimstone fire!  
 'Twas ye yourselves drew down Mine ire.  
     Lie and lament throughout all time!  
 And also ye, whom I selected,  
     E'en ye for ever I disown,  
 For ye My saving grace rejected:  
     Ye murmur? blame yourselves alone!

" Ye might have lived with Me in bliss,  
 For I of yore had promised this;  
     Ye sinned, and all my prospects slighted;  
 Wrapped in the sleep of sin ye dwelt,  
 Now is My fearful judgment felt,  
     By a just doom your guilt requited." —  
 Thus spake He, and a fearful storm  
     From Him proceeds, the lightnings glow,  
 The thunders seize each wicked form,  
     And hurl them in a gulf below.

The God-man closeth Hell's sad doors;  
 In all His majesty He soars  
     From those dark regions back to light.  
 He sitteth at the Father's side;

Oh, friends, what joy doth this betide!  
 For us, for us He still will fight!  
 The angels' sacred choir around  
 Rejoice before the mighty Lord,  
 So that all creatures hear the sound:  
 "Zebaoth's God be aye adored!"

### PROVERBS.

A THOUSAND flies did I at even slay,  
 Yet did one wake me at the break of day.

WHO serves the public is a sorry beast;  
 He frets himself; no one thanks him the least.

WOULDST thou nothing useless buy,  
 Be sure the fairs you go not nigh.

I COULD no greater sorrow own  
 Than live in Paradise alone.

### TAME XENIA.

[The Epigrams bearing the title of "Xenia" were written by Goethe and Schiller together, having been first occasioned by some violent attacks made on them by some insignificant writers. They are extremely numerous, but scarcely any of them could be translated into English. Those here given are merely presented as a specimen.]

GOD gave to mortals birth,  
 In his own image, too;  
 Then came himself to earth,  
 A mortal kind and true.

BARBARIANS oft endeavour  
 Gods for themselves to make;  
 But they're more hideous ever  
 Than dragon or than snake.

“WHAT is science, rightly known?”  
 'Tis the strength of life alone.  
 Life canst thou engender never,  
 Life must be life's parent ever

IT matters not, I ween,  
 Where worms our friends consume,  
 Beneath the turf so green,  
 Or 'neath a marble tomb.  
 Remember, ye who live,  
 Though frowns the fleeting day,  
 That to your friends ye give  
 What never will decay.

WHAT shall I teach thee, the very first thing? —  
 Fain would I learn o'er my shadow to spring!

### EXCULPATION.

WILT thou dare to blame the woman for her seeming  
 sudden changes,  
 Swaying east and swaying westward, as the breezes  
 shake the tree?  
 Fool! thy selfish thought misguides thee — find the  
*man* that never ranges;  
 Woman wavers but to seek him — is not then the  
 fault in thee?

## PHOEMION.

IN His blest name, who was His own creation,  
 Who from all time makes *making* his vocation ;  
 The name of Him who makes our faith so bright,  
 Love, confidence, activity, and might ;  
 In that One's name, who, named though oft He be,  
 Unknown is ever in Reality :  
 As far as ear can reach, or eyesight dim,  
 Thou findest but the known resembling Him ;  
 How high soe'er thy fiery spirit hovers,  
 Its simile and type it straight discovers ;  
 Onward thou'rt drawn, with feelings light and gay,  
 Where e'er thou goest, smiling is the way ;  
 No more thou numberest, reckonest no time,  
 Each step is infinite, each step sublime.

WHAT God would *outwardly* alone control,  
 And on his finger whirl the mighty Whole ?  
 He loves the *inner* world to move, to view  
 Nature in Him, Himself in Nature, too,  
 So that what in Him works, and is, and lives,  
 The measure of His strength, His spirit gives.

WITHIN us all a universe doth dwell ;  
 And hence each people's usage laudable,  
 That every one the Best that meets his eyes  
 As God, yea, e'en *his* God, doth recognise ;  
 To Him both earth and heaven surrenders he,  
 Fears Him, and loves Him, too, if that may be.

## THE PARK.

How beautiful! A garden fair is heaven,  
 Flowers of all hues, and smiling in the sun,  
 Where all was waste and wilderness before.  
 Well do ye imitate, ye gods of earth,  
 The great Creator. Rock, and lake, and glade,  
 Birds, fishes, and untamed beasts are here.  
 Your work were all an Eden but for this —  
 Here is no man unconscious of a pang,  
 No perfect Sabbath of unbroken rest.

## ANTIQUES.

## LEOPOLD, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

[Written on the occasion of the death, by drowning, of that prince.]

THOU wert forcibly seized by the hoary lord of the  
 river, —  
 Holding thee, ever he shares with thee his stream-  
 ing domain.  
 Calmly sleepest thou near his urn as it silently  
 trickles,  
 Till thou to action art roused, waked by the swift-  
 rolling flood.  
 Kindly be to the people, as when thou still wert a  
 mortal.  
 Perfecting that as a god, which thou didst fail in,  
 as man.

## ANACREON'S GRAVE.

WHERE the rose is fresh and blooming — where the  
 vine and myrtle spring —  
 Where the turtle-dove is cooing — where the gay  
 cicalas sing —  
 Whose may be the grave surrounded with such store  
 of comely grace,  
 Like a God-created garden? 'Tis Anacreon's resting-  
 place.  
 Spring and summer and the autumn poured their gifts  
 around the bard,  
 And, ere winter came to chill him, sound he slept be-  
 neath the sward.

## THE HUSBANDMAN.

LIGHTLY doth the furrow fold the golden grain within  
 its breast,  
 Deeper shroud, old man, shall cover in thy limbs  
 when laid at rest.  
 Blithely plough, and sow as blithely! Here are  
 springs of mortal cheer,  
 And when e'en the grave is closing, Hope is ever stand-  
 ing near.

## THE BROTHERS.

SLUMBER, Sleep — they were two brothers, servants to  
 the Gods above:  
 Kind Prometheus lured them downwards, ever filled  
 with earthly love;  
 But what Gods could bear so lightly, pressed too hard  
 on men beneath.  
 Slumber did his brother's duty — Sleep was deepened  
 into Death.

## LOVE'S HOUR-GLASS.

EROS! wherefore do I see thee, with the glass in  
either hand?

Fickle god! with double measure wouldst thou count  
the shifting sand?

"*This* one flows for parted lovers — slowly drops each  
tiny bead —

*That* is for the days of dalliance, and it melts with  
golden speed."

## WARNING.

Do not touch him — do not wake him! Fast asleep  
is Amor lying;

Go — fulfil thy work appointed — do thy labour of  
the day.

Thus the wise and careful mother uses every moment  
flying,

Whilst her child is in the cradle — Slumbers pass  
too soon away.

## PHILOMELA.

SURELY, surely, Amor nursed thee, songstress of the  
plaintive note,

And, in fond and childish fancy, fed thee from his  
pointed dart.

So, sweet Philomel, the poison sunk into thy guileless  
throat,

Till, with all love's weight of passion, strike its  
notes to every heart.

## THE CHOSEN ROCK.

HERE, in the hush and stillness of mid-noon,  
 The lover lay, and thought upon his love ;  
 With blithesome voice he spoke to me : " Be thou  
 My witness, stone ! — Yet, therefore, vaunt thee not,  
 For thou hast many partners of my joy —  
 To every rock that crowns this grassy dell,  
 And looks on me and my felicity ;  
 To every forest-stem that I embrace  
 In my entrancement as I roam along,  
 Stand thou for a memorial of my bliss !  
 All mingle with my rapture, and to all  
 I lift a consecrating cry of joy.  
 Yet do I lend a voice to thee alone,  
 As culls the Muse some favourite from the crowd,  
 And, with a kiss, inspires for evermore."

## SOLITUDE.

OH, ye kindly nymphs, who dwell 'mongst the rocks  
 and the thickets,  
 Grant unto each whatsoever he may in silence  
 desire !  
 Comfort impart to the mourner, and give to the doubter  
 instruction,  
 And let the lover rejoice, finding the bliss that he  
 craves.  
 For from the gods ye received what they ever denied  
 unto mortals,  
 Power to comfort and aid all who in you may cou-  
 fide.



## HOLY FAMILY.

O CHILD of beauty rare —  
 O mother chaste and fair —  
 How happy seemed they both, so far beyond compare!  
 She in her infant blest,  
 And he in conscious rest,  
 Nestling within the soft warm cradle of her breast!  
 What joy that sight might bear  
 To him who sees them there,  
 If, with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye,  
 He looked upon the twain, like Joseph standing by.

## THE MUSES' MIRROR.

EARLY one day, the Muse, when eagerly bent on adorn-  
 ment,  
 Followed a swift-running streamlet, the quietest nook  
 by it seeking.  
 Quickly and noisily flowing, the changeful surface dis-  
 torted  
 Ever her moving form; the goddess departed in anger.  
 Yet the stream called mockingly after her, saying:  
 "What, truly!  
 Wilt thou not view, then, the truth, in my mirror so  
 clearly depicted?"  
 But she already was far away, on the brink of the  
 ocean,  
 In her figure rejoicing, and duly arranging her garland.

## THE TEACHERS.

WHAT time Diogenes, unmoved and still,  
 Lay in his tub, and basked him in the sun —  
 What time Calanus clomb, with lightsome step  
 And smiling cheek, up to his fiery tomb —

What rare examples there for Philip's son  
 To curb his overmastering lust of sway,  
 But that the Lord of the majestic world  
 Was all too great for lessons even like these!

### MARRIAGE UNEQUAL.

ALAS, that even in a heavenly marriage,  
 The fairest lots should ne'er be reconciled!  
 Psyche waxed old, and prudent in her carriage,  
 Whilst Cupid evermore remains the child.

### PHŒBUS AND HERMES.

THE deep-browed lord of Delos once, and Maia's nimble-witted son,  
 Contended eagerly by whom the prize of glory should be won;  
 Hermes longed to grasp the lyre, — the lyre Apollo hoped to gain,  
 And both their hearts were full of hope, and yet the hopes of both were vain.  
 For Ares, to decide the strife, between them rudely dashed in ire,  
 And waving high his falchion keen, he cleft in twain the golden lyre.  
 Loud Hermes laughed maliciously, but at the direful deed did fall  
 The deepest grief upon the heart of Phœbus and the Muses all.

### THE WREATHS.

OUR German Klopstock, if he had his will,  
 Would bar us from the skirts of Pindus old;  
 No more the classic laurel should be prized,  
 But the rough leaflets of our native oak

Alone should glisten in the poet's hair ;  
 Yet did himself, with spirit unreclaimed  
 From first allegiance to those early gods,  
 Lead up to Golgotha's most awful height  
 With more than epic pomp the new Crusade.  
 But let him range the bright angelic host  
 On either hill — no matter. By his grave  
 All gentle hearts should bow them down and weep  
 For where a hero and a saint have died,  
 Or where a poet sung prophetic,  
 Dying as greatly as they greatly lived,  
 To give memorial to all after-times,  
 Of lofty worth and courage undismayed ;  
 There, in mute reverence, all devoutly kneel,  
 In homage of the thorn and laurel wreath,  
 That were at once their glory and their pang !

#### THE NEW LOVE.

LOVE, not the simple youth that whilom wound  
 Himself about young Psyche's heart, looked round  
 Olympus with a cold and roving eye,  
 That had accustomed been to victory.  
 It rested on a Goddess, noblest far  
 Of all that noble throng — glorious star —  
 Venus Urania. And from that hour  
 He loved her. Ah ! to his resistless power  
 Even she, the holy one, did yield at last,  
 And in his daring arms he held her fast.  
 A new and beauteous Love from that embrace  
 Had birth, which to the mother owed his grace  
 And purity of soul, whilst from his sire  
 He borrowed all his passion, all his fire.  
 Him ever, where the gracious Muses be,  
 Thou'lt surely find. Such sweet society  
 Is his delight, and his sharp-pointed dart  
 Doth rouse within men's breasts the love of ART.

## THE CONSECRATED SPOT.

WHEN in the dance of the Nymphs, in the moonlight  
so holy assembled,  
Mingle the Graces, down from Olympus in secret de-  
scending,  
Here doth the minstrel hide, and list to their numbers  
enthraling,  
Here doth he watch their silent dances' mysterious  
measure.

## SAKONTALA.

WOULDST thou the blossoms of spring, as well as the  
fruits of the autumn,  
Wouldst thou what charms and delights, wouldst  
thou what plenteously feeds,  
Wouldst thou include both heaven and earth in one  
designation,  
All that is needed is done, when I Sakontala name.

YESTERDAY thy head was brown, as are the flowing  
locks of love ;  
In the bright blue sky I watched thee towering, giant-  
like above.  
Now thy summit, white and hoary, glitters all with  
silver snow,  
Which the stormy night hath shaken from its robes  
upon thy brow ;  
And I know that youth and age are bound with such  
mysterious meaning,  
As the days are linked together, one short dream but  
intervening.

## DISTICHS.

CHORDS are touched by Apollo, — the death-laden bow,  
too, he bendeth ;  
While he the shepherdess charms, Python he lays  
in the dust.

WHAT is merciful censure ? to make thy faults appear  
smaller ?  
May be to veil them ? No, no ! O'er them to raise  
thee on high !

DEMOCRATIC food soon cloy's on the multitude's  
stomach ;  
But I'll wager, ere long, other thou'lt give them  
instead.

WHAT in France has passed by, the Germans continue  
to practise,  
For the proudest of men flatters the people and  
fawns.

WHO is the happiest of men ? He who values the  
merits of others,  
And in their pleasure takes joy, even as though  
'twere his own.

NOT in the morning alone, not only at mid-day he  
charmeth ;  
Even at setting, the sun is still the same glorious  
planet.

## THE CHINAMAN IN ROME.

IN Rome I saw a stranger from Pekin :  
 Uncouth and heavy to his eye appeared  
 The mingled piles of old and modern time.  
 "Alas!" he said, what wretched taste is here!  
 When will they learn to stretch the airy roof  
 On light pilastered shafts of varnished wood —  
 Gain the fine sense, and educated eye,  
 Which only finds in lacquer, carvings quaint,  
 And variegated tintings, pure delight?"  
 Hearing these words, unto myself I said,  
 "Behold the type of many a moon-struck bard,  
 Who vaunts his tissue, woven of a dream,  
 'Gainst nature's tapestry, that lasts for aye,  
 Proclaims as sick the truly sound; and this,  
 That he, the truly sick, may pass for sound!"

## PERFECT BLISS.

ALL the divine perfections, which whilere  
 Nature in thrift doled out 'mongst many a fair,  
 She showered with open hand, thou peerless one, on  
 thee!  
 And she that was so wondrously endowed,  
 To whom a throng of noble knees were bowed,  
 Gave all — Love's perfect gift — her glorious self,  
 to me!

## PROVERBS.

A BREACH is every day,  
 By many a mortal stormed;  
 Let them fall in the gaps as they may,  
 Yet a heap of dead is ne'er formed.

WHAT harm has thy poor mirror done, alas?  
 Look not so ugly, prythee, in the glass!

ONE of the mightiest actions is that  
 When one fries himself in his own fat.

### VENETIAN EPIGRAMS.

(Written in 1790.)

URN and sarcophagus erst were with life adorned by  
 the heathen ;  
 Fauns are dancing around, while with the Bacchanal  
 troop  
 Checkered circles they trace; and the goat-footed,  
 puffy-cheeked player  
 Wildly produceth hoarse tones out of the clamorous  
 horn.  
 Cymbals and drums resound ; we see and we hear, too,  
 the marble.  
 Fluttering bird ! oh, how sweet tastes the ripe fruit  
 to thy bill !  
 Noise there is none to disturb thee, still less to scare  
 away Amor,  
 Who, in the midst of the throng, learns to delight  
 in his torch.  
 Thus doth fulness overcome death ; and the ashes  
 there covered  
 Seem, in that silent domain, still to be gladdened  
 with life.  
 Thus may the minstrel's sarcophagus be hereafter  
 surrounded  
 With such a scroll, which himself richly with life  
 has adorned.

CLASPED in my arms for ever eagerly hold I my mistress,  
 tress,

Ever my panting heart throbs wildly against her  
 dear breast,

And on her knees for ever is leaning my head, while  
 I'm gazing

Now on her sweet smiling mouth, now on her bright  
 sparkling eyes.

"Oh, thou effeminate!" spake one, "and thus, then,  
 thy days thou art spending?"

Ah, they in sorrow are spent. List while I tell thee  
 my tale:

Yes! I have left my only joy in life far behind me,

Twenty long days hath my car borne me away from  
 her sight.

*Vetturini* defy me, while crafty chamberlains flatter,

And the sly *valet de place* thinks but of lies and  
 deceit.

If I attempt to escape, the postmaster fastens upon me,  
 Postboys the upper hand get, custom-house duties  
 enrage.

"Truly, I can't understand thee! thou talkest enigmas!  
 thou seemest

Wrapped in a blissful repose, glad as Rinaldo of  
 yore:" —

Ah, I myself understand full well; 'tis my body that  
 travels,

And 'tis my spirit that rests still in my mistress's  
 arms.

I WOULD liken this gondola unto the soft-rocking  
 cradle,

And the chest on its deck seems a vast coffin to be.  
 Yes! 'tween the cradle and coffin, we totter and waver  
 for ever

On the mighty canal, careless our lifetime is spent,



WHY are the people thus busily moving? For food  
they are seeking,  
Children they fain would beget, feeding them well  
as they can.  
Traveller, mark this well, and when thou art home, do  
thou likewise!  
More can no mortal effect, work with what ardour  
he will.

I WOULD compare to the land this anvil, its lord to the  
hammer,  
And to the people the plate, which in the middle is  
bent.  
Sad is the poor tin-plate's lot, when the blows are but  
given at random:  
Ne'er will the kettle be made, while they uncertainly  
fall.

WHAT is the life of a man? Yet thousands are ever  
accustomed  
Freely to talk about man, — what he has done, too,  
and how.  
Even less is a poem; yet thousands read and enjoy it,  
Thousands abuse it. — My friend, live and continue  
to rhyme!

MERRY'S the trade of a poet; but somewhat a dear  
one, I fear me;  
For, as my book grows apace, all my sequins I lose.

IF thou'rt in earnest, no longer delay, but render me  
happy;  
Art thou in jest? Ah, sweet love! time for all  
jesting is past.

ART thou, then, vexed at my silence? What shall I  
speak of? Thou markest

Neither my sorrowful sigh, nor my soft eloquent  
look.

Only one goddess is able the seal of my lips to un-  
loosen, —

When by Aurora I'm found, slumbering calm on thy  
breast.

Ah, then my hymn in the ears of the earliest gods  
shall be chanted,

As the Memnonian form breathed forth sweet secrets  
in song.

IN the twilight of morning to climb to the top of the  
mountain, —

Thee to salute, kindly star, earliest herald of day, —  
And to await, with impatience, the gaze of the ruler  
of heaven, —

Youthful delight, oh, how oft lurest thou me out in  
the night!

Oh, ye heralds of day, ye heavenly eyes of my mistress,  
Now ye appear, and the sun evermore riseth too  
soon.

THOU art amazed, and dost point to the ocean. It  
seems to be burning;

Flame-crested billows in play dart round our night-  
moving bark.

Me it astonisheth not, — of the ocean was born Aphro-  
dite, —

Did not a flame, too, proceed from her for us, in her  
son?

GLEAMING the ocean appeared, the beauteous billows  
were smiling,

While a fresh, favouring wind, filling the sails, drove  
us on.

Free was my bosom from yearning; yet soon my  
languishing glances  
Turned themselves backward in haste, seeking the  
snow-covered hills.  
Treasures unnumbered are southwards lying. Yet one  
to the northwards  
Draws me resistlessly back, like the strong magnet  
in force.

SPACIOUS and fair is the world; yet oh! how I thank  
the kind heavens  
That I a garden possess, small though it be, yet  
mine own.  
One which enticeth me homewards; why should a  
gardener wander?  
Honour and pleasure he finds, when to his garden he  
looks.

AH, my maiden is going! she mounts the vessel! My  
monarch,  
Æolus! potentate dread! keep every storm far  
away!  
"Oh, thou fool!" cried the god: "ne'er fear the  
blustering tempest;  
When Love flutters his wings, then mayest thou  
dread the soft breeze."

## ELEGIES.

## PART I.

## ROMAN ELEGIES.

[The "Roman Elegies" were written in the same year as the "Venetian Epigrams" — viz., 1790.]

SPEAK, ye stones, I entreat! Oh, speak, ye palaces  
lofty!

Utter a word, oh, ye streets! Wilt thou not, Genius,  
awake?

All that thy sacred walls, eternal Rome, hold within  
them

Teemeth with life; but to *me* all is still silent and  
dead.

Oh, who will whisper unto me, — when shall I see at  
the casement

That one beauteous form, which, while it scorcheth,  
revives?

Can I as yet not discern the road, on which I for ever  
To her and from her shall go, heeding not time as it  
flies?

Still do I mark the churches, palaces, ruins, and col-  
umns,

As a wise traveller should, would he his journey  
improve.

Soon all this will be past; and then will there be but  
*one* temple,

Amor's temple alone, where the Initiate may go.

Thou art indeed a world, O Rome; and yet were Love  
absent,

Then would the world be no world, then would e'en  
Rome be no Rome.

Do not repent, mine own love, that thou so soon didst  
surrender!

Trust me, I deem thee not bold! reverence only I  
feel.

Manifold workings the darts of Amor possess; some  
but scratching,

Yet, with insidious effect, poison the bosom for years.  
Others mightily feathered, with fresh and newly-born  
sharpness,

Pierce to the innermost bone, kindle the blood into  
flame.

In the heroic times, when loved each god and each  
goddess,

Longing attended on sight; then with fruition was  
blessed.

Thinkest thou the goddess had long been thinking of  
love and its pleasures

When she, in Ida's retreats, owned to Anchises her  
flame?

Had but Luna delayed to kiss the beautiful sleeper,

Oh, by Aurora, ere long, he had in envy been  
roused!

Hero Leander espied at the noisy feast, and the lover

Hotly and nimbly, ere long, plunged in the night-  
covered flood.

Rhea Silvia, virgin princess, roamed near the Tiber,

Seeking there water to draw, when by the god she  
was seized.

Thus were the sons of Mars begotten! The twins did  
a she-wolf

Suckle and nurture, — and Rome called herself  
queen of the world.

ALEXANDER, and Cæsar, and Henry, and Frederick, the  
mighty,

On me would gladly bestow half of the glory they  
earned,

Could I but grant unto each one night on the couch  
where I'm lying;

But they, by Orcus' night, sternly, alas! are held  
down.

Therefore rejoice, O thou living one, blest in thy love-  
lighted homestead,

Ere the dark Lethe's sad wave wetteth thy fugitive  
foot.

THESE few leaves, O ye Graces, a bard presents, in  
your honour,

On your altar so pure, adding sweet rosebuds as  
well,

And he does it with hope. The artist is glad in his  
workshop,

When a Pantheon it seems round him for ever to  
bring.

Jupiter knits his godlike brow, — hers, Juno uplifteth;  
Phœbus strides on before, shaking his curly-locked  
head;

Calmly and dryly Minerva looks down, and Hermes,  
the light one,

Turneth his glances aside, roguish and tender at  
once.

But toward Bacchus, the yielding, the dreaming, raiseth  
Cythere

Looks both longing and sweet, e'en in the marble  
yet moist.

Of his embraces she thinks with delight, and seems to  
be asking: —

“Should not our glorious son take up his place by our  
side?”

AMOR is ever a rogue, and all who believe him are  
cheated!

To me the hypocrite came: “Trust me, I pray thee,  
this once.

Honest is now my intent, — with grateful thanks I  
 acknowledge  
 That thou thy life and thy works hast to my wor-  
 ship ordained.  
 See, I have followed thee hither, to Rome, with kindly  
 intention,  
 Hoping to give thee mine aid, e'en in the foreigner's  
 land.  
 Every traveller complains that the quarters he meets  
 with are wretched ;  
 Happily lodged, though, is he, who is by Amor re-  
 ceived.  
 Thou dost observe the ruins of ancient buildings with  
 wonder,  
 Thoughtfully wandering on, over each time-hallowed  
 spot.  
 Thou dost honour still more the worthy relics created  
 By the few artists whom *I* loved in their studios to  
 seek.  
*I* 'twas fashioned those forms! thy pardon, — I boast  
 not at present ;  
 Presently thou shalt confess, that what I tell thee is  
 true.  
 Now that thou servest me more idly, where are the  
 beauteous figures,  
 Where are the colours, the light, which thy creations  
 once filled ?  
 Hast thou a mind again to form? The school of the  
 Grecians  
 Still remains open, my friend ; years have not barred  
 up its doors.  
 I, the teacher, am ever young, and love all the youthful,  
 Love not the subtle and old ; Mother, observe what  
 I say !  
 Still was new the Antique, when yonder blest ones  
 were living ;  
 Happily live, and in thee, ages long vanished will live !

Food for song, where hopest thou to find it? I only  
can give it,

And a more excellent style, love, and love only can  
teach."

Thus did the Sophist discourse. What mortal, alas!  
could resist him?

And when a master commands, I have been trained  
to obey.

Now he deceitfully keeps his word, gives food for my  
numbers,

But, while he does so, alas! robs me of time,  
strength, and mind.

Looks, and pressure of hands, and words of kindness,  
and kisses,

Syllables teeming with thought, by a fond pair are  
exchanged.

Then becomes whispering talk,—and stammering, a  
language enchanting.

Free from all prosody's rules, dies such a hymn on  
the ear.

Thee, Aurora, I used to own as the friend of the Muses;  
Hath, then, Amor the rogue cheated, Aurora, e'en  
thee?

Thou dost appear to me now as his friend, and again  
dost awake me

Unto a day of delight, while at his altar I kneel.

All her locks I find on my bosom, her head is reposing,  
Pressing with softness the arm, which round her  
neck is entwined;

Oh! what a joyous awakening, ye hours so peaceful,  
succeeded,

Monument sweet of the bliss which had first rocked  
us to sleep!

In her slumber she moves, and sinks, while her face is  
averted,

Far on the breadth of the couch, leaving her hand  
still in mine.



Heartfelt love unites us for ever, and yearnings unsullied,  
 And our cravings alone claim for themselves the exchange.  
 One faint touch of the hand, and her eyes so heavenly see I  
 Once more open. Ah, no! let me still look on that form!  
 Closed still remain! Ye make me confused and drunken, ye rob me  
 Far too soon of the bliss pure contemplation affords.  
 Mighty, indeed, are these figures! these limbs, how gracefully rounded!  
 Theseus, could'st thou e'er fly, whilst Ariadne thus slept?  
 Only one single kiss on these lips! O Theseus, now leave us!  
 Gaze on her eyes! she awakes!—Firmly she holds thee embraced!

## PART II.

## ALEXIS AND DORA.

[This beautiful poem was first published in Schiller's *Horen*.]

FARTHER and farther away, alas! at each moment the vessel  
 Hastens, as onward it glides, cleaving the foam-covered flood!  
 Long is the track ploughed up by the keel where dolphins are sporting,  
 Following fast in its rear, while it seems flying pursuit.

All forebodes a prosperous voyage; the sailor with  
 calmness  
 Leans 'gainst the sail, which alone all that is needed  
 performs.  
 Forward presses the heart of each seaman, like colours  
 and streamers ;  
 Backward one only is seen, mournfully fixed near  
 the mast,  
 While on the blue-tinged mountains, which fast are  
 receding, he gazeth,  
 And as they sink in the sea, joy from his bosom  
 departs.  
 Vanished from thee, too, O Dora, is now the vessel  
 that robs thee  
 Of thine Alexis, thy friend, — ah, thy betrothèd as  
 well !  
 Thou, too, art after me gazing in vain. Our hearts are  
 still throbbing,  
 Though, for each other, yet, ah ! 'gainst one another  
 no more.  
 Oh, thou single moment wherein I found life ! thou  
 outweighest  
 Every day which had else coldly from memory fled.  
 'Twas in that moment alone, the last, that upon me  
 descended  
 Life, such as deities grant, though thou perceived'st  
 it not.  
 Phœbus, in vain with thy rays dost thou clothe the  
 ether in glory :  
 Thine all-brightening day hateful alone is to me.  
 Into myself I retreat for shelter, and there, in the  
 silence,  
 Strive to recover the time when she appeared with  
 each day.  
 Was it possible beauty like this to see, and not feel it ?  
 Worked not those heavenly charms e'en on a mind  
 dull as thine ?

Blame not thyself, unhappy one! Oft doth\*the bard  
an enigma

Thus propose to the throng, skilfully hidden in words.  
Each one enjoys the strange commingling of images  
graceful,

Yet still is wanting the word which will discover  
the sense.

When at length it is found, the heart of each hearer is  
gladdened,

And in the poem he sees meaning of twofold delight.  
Wherefore so late didst thou remove the bandage, O  
Amor,

Which thou hadst placed o'er mine eyes, — where-  
fore remove it so late?

Long did the vessel, when laden, lie waiting for fa-  
vouring breezes,

Till in kindness the wind blew from the land o'er  
the sea.

Vacant times of youth! and vacant dreams of the  
future!

Ye all vanish, and nought, saving the moment, re-  
mains.

Yes! it remains, — my joy still remains! I hold thee,  
my Dora,

And thine image alone, Dora, by hope is disclosed.

Oft have I seen thee go, with modesty clad, to the  
temple,

While thy mother so dear solemnly went by thy  
side.

Eager and nimble thou wert, in bearing thy fruit to  
the market,

Boldly the pail from the well didst thou sustain on  
thy head.

Then was revealed thy neck, then seen thy shoulders  
so beauteous,

Then, before all things, the grace filling thy motions  
was seen.

Oft have I feared that the pitcher perchance was in  
danger of falling,  
Yet it ever remained firm on the circular cloth.  
Thus, fair neighbour, yes, thus I oft was wont to  
observe thee,  
As on the stars I might gaze, as I might gaze on  
the moon,  
Glad indeed at the sight, yet feeling within my calm  
bosom  
Not the remotest desire ever to call them mine own.  
Years thus fled away! Although our houses were  
only  
Twenty paces apart, yet I thy threshold ne'er  
crossed.  
Now by the fearful flood are we parted! Thou liest  
to Heaven,  
Billow! thy beautiful blue seems to me dark as the  
night.  
All were now in movement: a boy to the house of my  
father  
Ran at full speed and exclaimed: "Hasten thee  
quick to the strand!  
Hoisted the sail is already, e'en now in the wind it is  
fluttering,  
While the anchor they weigh, heaving it up from  
the sand;  
Come, Alexis, oh, come!" — My worthy stout-hearted  
father  
Pressed, with a blessing, his hand down on my  
curly-locked head,  
While my mother carefully reached me a newly-made  
bundle;  
"Happy may'st thou return!" cried they — "both  
happy and rich!"  
Then I sprang away, and under my arm held the bundle,  
Running along by the wall. Standing I found thee  
hard by,

At the door of thy garden. Thou smilingly saidst  
then: "Alexis!

Say, are yon boisterous crew going thy comrades  
to be?

Foreign coasts wilt thou visit, and precious merchan-  
dise purchase,

Ornaments meet for the rich matrons who dwell in  
the town;

Bring me, also, I pray thee, a light chain; gladly I'll  
pay thee,

Oft have I wished to possess some such trinket as  
that."

There I remained, and asked, as merchants are wont,  
with precision

After the form and the weight which thy commission  
should have.

Modest, indeed, was the price thou didst name! I  
meanwhile was gazing

On thy neck, which deserved ornaments worn but by  
queens.

Loudly now rose the cry from the ship; then kindly  
thou spakest:—

"Take, I entreat thee, some fruit out of the garden,  
my friend!

Take the ripest oranges, figs of the whitest; the ocean  
Beareth no fruit, and, in truth, 'tis not produced by  
each land."

So I entered in. Thou pluckedst the fruit from the  
branches,

And the burden of gold was in thine apron upheld.

Oft did I cry, enough! But fairer fruits were still  
falling

Into thy hand as I spake, ever obeying thy touch.

Presently didst thou reach the harbour; there lay there  
a basket,

Sweet blooming myrtle-trees waved, as we drew  
nigh, o'er our heads.

Then thou began'st to arrange the fruit with skill and  
in silence :

First the orange, which lay heavy as though 'twere  
of gold,

Then the yielding fig, by the slightest pressure dis-  
figured,

And with myrtle the gift soon was both covered and  
graced.

But I raised it not up. I stood. Our eyes met to-  
gether,

And my eyesight grew dim, seeming obscured by a  
film.

Soon I felt thy bosom on mine ! Mine arm was soon  
twining

Round thy beautiful form ; thousand times kissed I  
thy neck.

On my shoulder sank thy head ; thy fair arms, encir-  
cling,

Soon rendered perfect the ring knitting the raptur-  
ous pair.

Amor's hands I felt : he pressed us together with  
ardour,

And, from the firmament clear, thrice did it thun-  
der ; then tears

Streamed from mine eyes in torrents, thou weptest, I  
wept, both were weeping,

And, 'mid our sorrow and bliss, even the world  
seemed to die.

Louder and louder they called from the strand ; my  
feet would no longer

Bear my weight, and I cried : "Dora ! and art  
thou not mine ?"

"Thine for ever !" thou gently didst say. Then the  
tears we were shedding

Seemed to be wiped from our eyes, as by the breath  
of a god.

Nearer was heard the cry "Alexis!" The stripling  
who sought me  
Suddenly peeped through the door. How he the  
basket snatched up!  
**H**ow he urged me away! how pressed I thy hand!  
Dost thou ask me  
How the vessel I reached? Drunken I seemed, well  
I know.  
**D**runken my shipmates believed me, and so had pity  
upon me;  
And as the breeze drove us on, distance the town  
soon obscured.  
"Thine for ever!" thou, Dora, didst murmur; it fell  
on my senses  
With the thunder of Zeus! while by the thunderer's  
throne  
Stood his daughter, the Goddess of Love; the Graces  
were standing  
Close by her side! so the bond beareth an impress  
divine!  
Oh, then hasten, thou ship, with every favouring  
zephyr!  
Onward, thou powerful keel, cleaving the waves as  
they foam!  
Bring me unto the foreign harbour, so that the gold-  
smith  
May in his workshop prepare straightway the  
heavenly pledge!  
Ay, of a truth, the chain shall indeed be a chain, O  
my Dora!  
Nine times encircling thy neck, loosely around it  
entwined.  
Other and manifold trinkets I'll buy thee; gold-  
mounted bracelets,  
Richly and skilfully wrought, also shall grace thy  
fair hand.

There shall the ruby and emerald vie, the sapphire so  
lovely

Be to the jacinth opposed, seeming its foil ; while  
the gold

Holds all the jewels together, in beauteous union com-  
mingled.

Oh, how the bridegroom exults, when he adorns his  
betrothed !

Pearls if I see, of thee they remind me ; each ring that  
is shown me

Brings to my mind thy fair hand's graceful and  
tapering form.

I will barter and buy ; the fairest of all shalt thou  
choose thee,

Joyously would I devote all of the cargo to thee.

Yet not trinkets and jewels alone is thy loved one  
procuring ;

With them he brings thee whate'er gives to a house-  
wife delight.

Fine and woollen coverlets, wrought with an edging  
of purple,

Fit for a couch where we both, lovingly, gently may  
rest ;

Costly pieces of linen. Thou sittest and sewest, and  
clothest

Me, and thyself, and, perchance, even a third with  
it too.

Visions of hope, deceive ye my heart ! Ye kindly  
Immortals,

Soften this fierce-raging flame, wildly pervading my  
breast !

Yet how I long to feel them again, those rapturous  
torments,

When, in their stead, care draws nigh, coldly and  
fearfully calm.

Neither the Furies' torch, nor the hounds of hell with  
their barking



Awe the delinquent so much, down in the plains of  
despair,  
As by the motionless spectre I'm awed, that shows  
me the fair one  
Far away ; of a truth, open the garden-door stands !  
And another one cometh ! For him the fruit, too, is  
falling,  
And for him, also, the fig strengthening honey doth  
yield !  
Doth she entice him as well to the arbour ? He fol-  
lows ? Oh, make me  
Blind, ye Immortals ! efface visions like this from  
my mind !  
Yes, she is but a maiden ! And she who to one doth  
so quickly  
Yield, to another ere long, doubtless, will turn her-  
self round.  
Smile not, Zeus, for this once, at an oath so cruelly  
broken !  
Thunder more fearfully ! Strike ! — Stay — thy  
fierce lightnings withhold !  
Hurl at me thy quivering bolt ! In the darkness of  
midnight  
Strike with thy lightning this mast, make it a pitiful  
wreck !  
Scatter the planks all around, and give to the boister-  
ous billows  
All these wares, and let *me* be to the dolphins a  
prey ! —  
Now, ye Muses, enough ! In vain would ye strive to  
depicture  
How, in a love-laden breast, anguish alternates with  
bliss.  
Ye cannot heal the wounds, it is true, that love hath  
inflicted ;  
Yet from you only proceeds, kindly ones, comfort  
and balm.

## SONG OF THE FATES.

FROM IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

YE children of mortals  
 The deities dread!  
 The mastery hold they  
 In hands all eternal,  
 And use them, unquestioned,  
 What manner they like.

Let *him* fear them doubly,  
 Whom they have uplifted!  
 On cliffs and on clouds, lo,  
 Round tables all-golden,  
 The seats are made ready.  
 When rises contention,  
 The guests are hurled downward  
 With shame and dishonour  
 To deep depths of midnight,  
 And vainly await they,  
 Bound fast in the darkness,  
 A just condemnation.

But *they* remain ever  
 In firmness unshaken  
 Round tables all-golden.  
 On stride they from mountain  
 To mountain far distant:  
 From out the abysses'  
 Dark jaws, the breath rises  
 Of torment-choked Titans  
 Up tow'rd them, like incense  
 In light clouds ascending.

The rulers immortal  
Avert from whole peoples  
Their blessing-fraught glances,  
And shun, in the children,  
To trace the once cherished,  
Still eloquent features  
Their ancestors wore.

Thus chanted the Parcæ ;  
The old man, the banished,  
In gloomy vault lying,  
Their song overheareth,  
Sons, grandsons rememb'reth,  
And shaketh his head.

# Songs from Various Plays, Etc.

## FROM FAUST.

### I.

#### DEDICATION.

YE shadowy forms, again ye're drawing near,  
So wout of yore to meet my troubled gaze!  
Were it in vain to seek to keep you here?  
Loves still my heart that dream of olden days?  
Oh, come, then! and in pristine force appear,  
Parting the vapoury mist that round me plays!  
My bosom finds its youthful strength again,  
Feeling the magic breeze that marks your train.

Ye bring the forms of happy days of yore,  
And many a shadow loved attends you, too;  
Like some old lay, whose dream was well-nigh o'er,  
First love appears again, and friendship true;  
Upon life's labyrinthine path once more  
Is heard the sigh, and grief revives anew;  
The friends are told, who, in their hour of pride,  
Deceived by fortune, vanished from my side.

No longer do they hear my plaintive song,  
The souls to whom I sang in life's young day;  
Scattered for ever now thy friendly throng,  
And mute, alas! each sweet responsive lay.

My strains but to the careless crowd belong,  
 Their smiles but sorrow to my heart convey ;  
 And all who heard my numbers erst with gladness,  
 If living yet, roam o'er the earth in sadness.

Long buried yearnings in my breast arise,  
 Yon calm and solemn spirit-realm to gain ;  
 Like the Æolian harp's sweet melodies,  
 My murmuring song breathes forth its changeful  
 strain,  
 A trembling seizes me, tears fill mine eyes,  
 And softer grows my rugged heart amain.  
 All I possess far distant seems to be,  
 The vanished only seems reality.

## II.

## PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

## THE ARCHANGELS' SONG.

## RAPHAEL.

THE sun still chants, as in old time,  
 With brother-shepherds in choral song,  
 And with his thunder-march sublime  
 Moves his predestined course along.  
 Strength find the angels in his sight,  
 Though he by none may fathomed be ;  
 Still glorious is each work of might  
 . As when first formed in majesty.

## GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, in wondrous guise,  
 Revolves the earth in splendour bright,

The radiant hues of Paradise  
 Alternating with deepest night.  
 From out the gulf against the rock,  
 In spreading billows foams the ocean, —  
 And cliff and sea with mighty shock,  
 The spheres whirl round in endless motion.

## MICHAEL.

And storms in emulation growl  
 From land to sea, from sea to land,  
 And fashion, as they wildly howl,  
 A circling, wonder-working band.  
 Destructive flames in mad career  
 Precede thy thunders on their way ;  
 Yet, Lord, Thy messengers revere  
 The soft mutations of Thy day.

## THE THREE.

Strength find the angels in Thy sight  
 Though none may hope to fathom Thee ;  
 Still glorious are Thy works of might,  
 As when first formed in majesty.

## III.

## CHORUS OF ANGELS.

CHRIST is arisen !  
 Mortal, all hail !  
 Thou, of earth's prison  
 Dreary and frail,  
 Bursting the veil,  
 Proudly hast arisen !

## CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Rich spices and myrrh,  
 To embalm Him we brought ;  
 His corpse to inter  
 His true followers sought.  
 In pure cerements shrined,  
 'Twas placed in the bier ;  
 But, alas ! we now find  
 That Christ is not here.

## CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen !  
 Speechless His love,  
 Who to earth's prison  
 Came from above,  
 Trials to prove.  
 Now is He risen !

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Death's gloomy portal  
 Now hath He rended, —  
 Living, immortal,  
 Heavenward ascended ;  
 Freed from His anguish,  
 Sees He God's throne ;  
 We still must languish,  
 Earthbound, alone.  
 Now that He's left us,  
 Heart-sad we pine ;  
 Why hast Thou left us.  
 Master divine ?

## CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,  
 Death hath He slain ;

Burst ye your prison,  
 Rend ye each chain!  
 Songs of praise lead ye, —  
 Love to show, heed ye, —  
 Hungry ones feed ye, —  
 Preaching, on speed ye, —  
 Coming joys plead ye, —  
 Then is the Master near,  
 Then is He here!

## IV.

## CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

VANISH, dark clouds on high,  
 Offspring of night!  
 Let a more radiant beam  
 Through the blue ether gleam,  
 Charming the sight!  
 Would the dark clouds on high  
 Melt into air!  
 Stars glimmer tenderly,  
 Planets more fair  
 Shed their soft light.  
 Spirits of heavenly birth,  
 Fairer than sons of earth,  
 Quiv'ring emotions true  
 Hover above;  
 Yearning affections, too,  
 In their train move.  
 See how the spirit band,  
 By the soft breezes fanned,  
 Covers the smiling land, —  
 Covers the leafy grove,  
 Where happy lovers rove,  
 Deep in a dream of love,



True love that never dies !  
Bowers on bowers rise,  
    Soft tendrils twine ;  
While from the press escapes,  
Born of the juicy grapes,  
    Foaming, the wine ;  
And as the current flows  
O'er the bright stones it goes, —  
Leaving the hilly lands  
    Far, far behind, —  
Into a sea expands,  
    Loving to wind  
Round the green mountain's base ;  
And the glad-wingèd race,  
    Rapture sip in,  
As they the sunny light  
And the fair islands bright,  
    Hasten to win,  
That on the billows play  
With sweet deceptive ray,  
Where in glad choral song  
Shout the exulting throng ;  
Where on the verdant plain  
    Dancers we see,  
Spreading themselves amain  
    Over the lea.  
Some boldly climbing are  
    O'er the steep brake,  
Others are floating far  
    O'er the smooth lake.  
All for a purpose move,  
    All with life teem,  
While the sweet stars above  
    Blissfully gleam.

## V.

## MARGARET AT HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

My heart is sad,  
My peace is o'er ;  
I find it never  
And nevermore.

When gone is he,  
The grave I see ;  
The world's wide all  
Is turned to gall.

Alas, my head  
Is well-nigh crazed ;  
My feeble mind  
Is sore amazed.

My heart is sad,  
My peace is o'er ;  
I find it never  
And nevermore.

For him from the window  
Alone I spy ;  
For him alone  
From home go I.

His lofty step,  
His noble form,  
His mouth's sweet smile,  
His glances warm,

His voice so fraught  
 With magic bliss,  
 His hand's soft pressure,  
 And, ah, his kiss!

My heart is sad,  
 My peace is o'er;  
 I find it never  
 And nevermore.

My bosom yearns  
 For his form so fair;  
 Ah, could I clasp him  
 And hold him there!

My kisses sweet  
 Should stop his breath,  
 And 'neath his kisses  
 I'd sink in death!

## VI.

SCENE. — A GARDEN.

*Margaret. Faust.*

MARGARET.

DOST thou believe in God?

FAUST.

Doth mortal live  
 Who dares to say that he believes in God?  
 Go, bid the priest a truthful answer give,  
 Go, ask the wisest who on earth e'er trod, —  
 Their answer will appear to be  
 Given alone in mockery.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe ? This sayest thou ?

FAUST.

Sweet love, mistake not what I utter now !  
 Who knows his name ?  
 Who dares proclaim :  
 Him I believe ?  
 Who so can feel  
 His heart to steel  
 To say : I believe Him not ?  
 The All-Embracer,  
 The All-Sustainer,  
 Holds and sustains He not  
 Thee, me, Himself ?  
 Hang not the heavens their arch o'erhead ?  
 Lies not the earth beneath us, firm ?  
 Gleam not with kindly glances  
 Eternal stars on high ?  
 Looks not mine eye deep into thine ?  
 And do not all things  
 Crowd on thy head and heart,  
 And around thee twine, in mystery eterne,  
 Invisible, yet visible ?  
 Fill, then, thy heart, however vast, with this,  
 And when the feeling perfecteth thy bliss,  
 Oh, call it what thou wilt,  
 Call it joy ! heart ! love ! God !  
 No name for it I know !  
 'Tis feeling all — nought else ;  
 Name is but sound and smoke,  
 Obscuring heaven's bright glow.

## VII.

## MARGARET'S PRAYER.

O THOU well-tried in grief,  
Grant to thy child relief,  
And view with mercy this unhappy one !

The sword within thy heart,  
Speechless with bitter smart,  
Thou lookest up toward thy dying Son.

Thou lookest to God on high,  
And breathest many a sigh  
O'er His and thy distress, thou holy One !

Who e'er can know  
The depth of woe  
Piercing my very bone ?  
The sorrows that my bosom fill,  
Its tremblings, its aye-yearning will  
Are known to thee, to thee alone.

Wherever I may go,  
With woe, with woe, with woe,  
My bosom sad is aching !  
I scarce alone can creep,  
I weep, I weep, I weep,  
My very heart is breaking.

The flowers at my window  
My falling tears bedewed,  
When I, at dawn of morning,  
For thee these flow'rets strewed.

When early to my chamber  
 The cheerful sunbeams stole,  
 I sat upon my pallet,  
 In agony of soul.

Help! rescue me from death and misery!  
 Oh, thou well-tried in grief,  
 Grant to thy child relief,  
 And view with mercy my deep agony!

## FROM FAUST — SECOND PART.

### I.

#### ARIEL.

WHEN in spring the gentle rain  
 Breathes into the flower new birth,  
 When the green and happy plain  
 Smiles upon the sons of earth,  
 Haste to give what help we may,  
 Little elves of wondrous might!  
 Whether good or evil they,  
 Pity for them feels the sprite.

### II.

#### CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

WHEN the moist and balmly gale  
 Round the verdant meadow sighs,  
 Odours sweet in misty veil  
 At the twilight-hour arise.  
 Murmurings soft of calm repose  
 Rock the heart to childlike rest,  
 And the day's bright portals close  
 On the eyes with toil oppressed.

Night already reigns o'er all,  
 Strangely star is linked to star;  
 Planets mighty, sparklings small,  
 Glitter near and gleam afar.  
 Gleam above in clearer night,  
 Glitter in the glassy sea;  
 Pledging pure and calm delight,  
 Rules the moon in majesty.

Now each well-known hour is over,  
 Joy and grief have passed away;  
 Feel betimes! thou'lt then recover:  
 Trust the new-born eye of day.  
 Vales grow verdant, hillocks teem,  
 Shady nooks the bushes yield,  
 And with waving, silvery gleam,  
 Rocks the harvest in the field.

Wouldst thou wish for wish obtain,  
 Look upon yon glittering ray!  
 Lightly on thee lies the chain,  
 Cast the shell of sleep away!  
 Tarry not, but be thou bold,  
 When the many loiter still;  
 All with ease may be controlled  
 By the man of daring will.

## III.

## ARIEL.

HARK! the storm of hours draws near,  
 Loudly to the spirit-ear  
 Signs of coming day appear.  
 Rocky gates are wildly crashing,  
 Phœbus' wheels are onward dashing;

(A wonderful noise proclaims the approach of the sun.)

Light doth mighty sounds beget !  
 Pealing loud as rolling thunder,  
 Eye and ear it fills with wonder,  
 Though itself unconscious yet  
 Downward steals it, 'mongst the flowers  
 Seeking deeper, stiller bowers,  
 'Mongst the foliage, neath the rock ;  
 Thou'lt be deafened by the shock !

## FROM FAUST — SECOND PART.

### SCENE THE LAST.

#### ANGELS.

[Hovering in the higher regions of air, and bearing the immortal  
 part of Faust.]

THE spirit-region's noble limb  
 Hath 'scaped the Archfiend's power ;  
 For we have strength to rescue him  
 Who labours every hour.  
 And if he feels within his breast  
 A ray of love from heaven,  
 He's met by all the squadron blest  
 With welcome gladly given.

#### THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Yonder roses, from the holy  
 Hands of penitents so lowly,  
 Helped to render us victorious,  
 And to do the deed all-glorious ;  
 For they gained us this soul-treasure.  
 Evil ones those roses banished,  
 Devils, when we met them, vanished.  
 Spirits felt love's pangs with pleasure,



Where hell's torments used to dwell;  
E'en the hoary king of hell  
Felt sharp torments through him run.  
Shout for joy! the prize is won.

## THE MORE PERFECT ANGELS.

Strains of mortality  
    Long have oppressed us;  
Pure could they ever be,  
    If of asbestos.  
If mighty spirit strength  
    Elements ever  
Knew how to seize at length,  
    Angels could never  
Linked twofold natures move,  
    Where single-hearted;  
By nought but deathless love  
    Can they be parted.

## THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

See where a spirit-race  
    Bursts on the sight!  
Dimly their forms I trace  
    Round the far height.  
Each cloud becometh clear,  
While the bright troops appear  
    Of the blest boys,  
From the Earth's burden free,  
In a glad company  
    Drinking in joys,  
Born of the world above,  
    Spring-time and bliss.  
May they forerunners prove  
Of a more perfect love,  
    Linked on to this!

## THE BEATIFIED CHILDREN.

Thus as a chrysalis  
 Gladly we gain him,  
 And as a pledge of bliss  
 Safely retain him ;  
 When from the shell he's free  
 Whereby he's tainted,  
 Perfect and fair he'll be,  
 Holy and sainted.

## DOCTOR MARIANUS.

(In the highest, purest cell.)

Wide is the prospect here,  
 Raised is the soul ;  
 Women on high appear,  
 Seeking their goal.  
 'Mongst them the radiant one,  
 Queen of the skies,  
 In her bright starry crown  
 Greets my glad eyes.

(*With ecstasy.*)

Thou who art of earth the queen,  
 Let me, 'neath the blue  
 Heavenly canopy serene  
 Thy sweet mystery view !  
 Grant the gentle solemn force  
 Which our breast can move,  
 And direct our onward course  
 Toward thy perfect love.  
 Dauntless let our courage be,  
 At the bright behest ;  
 Mild our ardour suddenly,  
 When thou biddest us rest.

Virgin, type of holiness,  
 Mother, honour-crowned,

Thou whom we as queen confess,  
 Godlike and renowned.  
 Round her, in gentle play,  
 Light clouds are stealing;  
 Penitents fair are they,  
 Who, humbly kneeling,  
 Sip in the ether sweet,  
 As they for grace entreat.

Thou, who art from passions free,  
 Kindly art inclined,  
 When the sons of frailty  
 Seek thee, meek in mind.  
 Borne by weakness' stream along,  
 Hard it is to save them;  
 Who can burst lust's chains so strong,  
 That, alas, enslave them?  
 Oh, how soon the foot may slip,  
 When the smooth ground pressing!  
 Oh, how false are eye and lip,  
 False a breath caressing!

MATER GLORIOSA *hovers past.*

CHORUS OF PENITENT WOMEN.

To bright realms on high  
 In majesty soaring,  
 Oh, hark to our cry  
 Thy pity imploring,  
 Thou help to the cheerless,  
 In glory so peerless!

MAGNA PECCATRIX (St. Luke vii. 36).

By the love, which o'er the feet  
 Of the God-transfigured Son

Dropped the tears, like balsam sweet,  
 Spite of every scornful one ;  
 By the box of ointment rare,  
 Whence the drops so fragrant fell ;  
 By the locks, whose gentle care  
 Dried His holy members well —

MULIER SAMARITANA (St. John iv.).

By the well where Abram erst  
 Drove his flock to drink their fill ;  
 By the bucket which the thirst  
 Of the Saviour served to still ;  
 By the fountain, balm-exhaling,  
 That from you bright region flows,  
 Ever clear and never failing,  
 As round every world it goes —

MARIA ÆGYPTIACA (*Acta Sanctorum*).

By the sacred spot immortal,  
 Where the Lord's remains they placed ;  
 By the arm, that from the portal  
 Drove me back with warning haste ;  
 By my forty years of lowly  
 Penance in a desert land ;  
 By the farewell greetings holy  
 That I wrote upon the sand —

THE THREE.

Thou who ne'er thy radiant face  
 From the greatest sinners hidest,  
 Thou who Thine atoning grace  
 Through eternity providest,  
 Let this soul, by virtue stirred,  
 Self-forgetful though when living,  
 That perceived not that it erred,  
 Feel thy mercy, sin forgiving!

## UNA PŒNITENTIA.

(Once named Margaret, pressing near them.)

O radiance-spreading One,  
 Who equalled art by none,  
 In mercy view mine ecstasy !  
 For he whom erst I loved,  
 No more by sorrow proved,  
 Returns at length to me !

## BEATIFIED CHILDREN.

(Approaching as they hover round.)

He now in strength of limb  
 Far doth outweigh us,  
 And as we tended him,  
 So will repay us.  
 Early removed were we  
 Far from life's story ;  
 Trained now himself, will he  
 Train *us* in glory.

THE PENITENT, *once named Margaret.*

Linked with the noble band of spirits,  
 Scarce can the new one feel or see  
 The radiant life he now inherits,  
 So like that holy band is he.  
 See how he bursts each bond material,  
 And parts the olden veil at length, —  
 In vesture clad in grace ethereal,  
 Comes in the glow of youthful strength.  
 Oh, let me guide his steps victorious,  
 While dazzled by the new-born light.

## MATER GLORIOSA.

Come ! raise thyself to spheres more glorious,  
 He'll follow when thou meetest his sight.

DOCTOR MARIANUS.

(Prostrated in adoration.)

Oh, repentant sinful ones,  
 On that bright face gaze ye,  
 And in grateful orisons,  
 Your blest fortune praise ye!  
 Be each virtue of the mind  
 To thy service given!  
 Virgin, mother, be thou kind!  
 Goddess, queen of heaven!

CHORUS MYSTICUS.

Each thing of mortal birth  
 Is but a type;  
 What was of feeble worth  
 Here becomes ripe.  
 What was a mystery  
 Here meets the eye;  
 The ever-womanly  
 Draws us on high.

## FROM GÖTZ VON BERLICHINGEN.

ACT II.

LIEBETRAUT *plays and sings.*

His bow and dart bearing,  
 And torch brightly flaring,  
 Dan Cupid on flies;  
 With victory laden,  
 To vanquish each maiden  
 He roguishly tries.  
 Up! up!  
 On! on!

His arms rattle loudly,  
 His wings rustle proudly,  
 And flames fill his eyes.

Then finds he each bosom  
 Defenceless and bare ;  
 They gladly receive him  
 And welcome him there.  
 The point of his arrows  
 He lights in the glow ;  
 They clasp him and kiss him  
 And fondle him so.  
*Hei ei o ! Popeio !*

## FROM EGMONT.

### ACT I.

CLARA *winds a skein and sings with Brackenburg.*

THE drum gives the signal !  
 Loud rings the shrill fife !  
 My love leads his troops on  
 Full armed for the strife,  
 While his hand grasps his lance  
 As they proudly advance.

My bosom pants wildly !  
 My blood hotly flows !  
 Oh, had I doublet,  
 A helmet, and hose !  
 Through the gate with bold footstep  
 I after him hied, —  
 Each province, each country  
 Explored by his side.

The coward foe trembled  
 When rattled our shot :  
 What bliss e'er resembled  
 A soldier's glad lot !

## ACT III.

CLARA *sings.*

Gladness  
 And sadness  
 And pensiveness blending ;  
 Yearning  
 And burning  
 In torment ne'er ending ;  
 Sad unto death.  
 Proudly soaring above ;  
 Happy alone  
 Is the soul that doth love !

FROM WILHELM MEISTER'S APPREN-  
TICESHIP.

## BOOK II. CHAP. XIII.

## RETRIBUTION.

HE that with tears did never eat his bread,  
 He that hath never lain through night's long hours,  
 Weeping in bitter anguish on his bed —  
 He knows ye not, ye dread celestial powers.  
 Ye lead us onward into life. Ye leave  
 The wretch to fall ; then yield him up, in woe,  
 Remorse, and pain, unceasingly to grieve ;  
 For every sin is punished here below.



Who gives himself to solitude,  
Soon lonely will remain ;  
Each lives, each loves in joyous mood,  
And leaves him to his pain.  
Yes! leave me to my grief!  
Were solitude's relief  
E'er granted me,  
Alone I should not be.

A lover steals, on footstep light,  
To learn if his love's alone ;  
Thus o'er me steals, by day and night,  
Anguish before unknown ;  
Thus o'er me steals deep grief.  
Ah, when I find relief  
Within the tomb so lonely,  
Will rest be met with only!

## BOOK IV. CHAP. XI.

My grief no mortals know,  
Except the yearning!  
Alone, a prey to woe,  
All pleasure spurning,  
Up towards the sky I throw  
A gaze discerning.

He who my love can know  
Seems ne'er returning ;  
With strange and fiery glow  
My heart is burning.  
My griefs no mortals know,  
Except the yearning!

## PHILINE'S SONG.

SING not thus in notes of sadness  
Of the loneliness of night :  
No ! 'tis made for social gladness,  
Converse sweet, and love's delight.

As to rugged man his wife is  
For his fairest half decreed,  
So dear night the half of life is,  
And the fairest half, indeed.

Who could hail the day with pleasure,  
Which but interrupts our joys,  
Scares us from our dreams of leisure  
With its glare and irksome noise ?

But when night is come, and glowing  
Is the lamp's attempered ray,  
And from lip to lip are flowing  
Love and mirth, in sparkling play ;

When the fiery boy, that wildly  
Gambols in his wayward mood,  
Calms to rest, disporting mildly,  
By some trivial gift subdued ;

When the nightingale is trilling  
Songs of love to lovers' ears,  
Which, to hearts with sorrow thrilling,  
Seem but sighs and waken tears ;

How, with pulses lightly bounding,  
Leaps the heart to hear the bell,  
Which, the hour of midnight sounding,  
Doth of rest and safety tell.

Then, dear heart, this comfort borrow  
 In the long day's lingering light —  
 Every day hath its own sorrow.  
 Gladness cometh with the night!

### EPILOGUE TO SCHILLER'S "SONG OF THE BELL."

[This fine piece, written originally in 1805, on Schiller's death, was altered and recast by Goethe in 1815, on the occasion of the performance on the stage of the "Song of the Bell." Hence the allusion in the last verse.]

To this city joy reveal it!  
 Peace as its first signal peal it!  
 — *Song of the Bell* — concluding lines.

AND so it proved! The nation felt, ere long,  
 That peaceful signal, and, with blessings fraught,  
 A new-born joy appeared; in gladsome song  
 To hail the youthful princely pair we sought;  
 While in the living, ever-swelling throng  
 Mingled the crowds from every region brought,  
 And on the stage, in festal pomp arrayed,  
 The HOMAGE OF THE ARTS<sup>1</sup> we saw displayed.

When, lo! a fearful midnight sound I hear,  
 That with a dull and mournful echo rings.  
 And can it be that of our friend so dear  
 It tells, to whom each wish so fondly clings?  
 Shall death o'ercome a life that all revere?  
 How such a loss to all confusion brings!  
 How such a parting we must ever rue!  
 The world is weeping — shall not we weep, too?

<sup>1</sup> The title of a lyric piece composed by Schiller in honour of the marriage of the hereditary Prince of Weimar to the Princess Maria of Russia, and performed in 1804.

He was our own ! How social, yet how great  
 Seemed in the light of day his noble mind !  
 How was his nature, pleasing yet sedate,  
 Now for glad converse joyously inclined,  
 Then swiftly changing, spirit-fraught, elate,  
 Life's plan with deep-felt meaning it designed,  
 Fruitful alike in counsel and in deed !  
 This have we proved, this tested, in our need.

He was our own ! Oh, may that thought so blest  
 O'ercome the voice of wailing and of woe !  
 He might have sought the Lasting, safe at rest  
 In harbour, when the tempest ceased to blow.  
 Meanwhile his mighty spirit onward pressed  
 Where goodness, beauty, truth, for ever grow ;  
 And in his rear, in shadowy outline, lay  
 The vulgar, which we all, alas, obey !

Now doth he deck the garden-turret fair  
 Where the stars' language first illumed his soul,  
 As secretly yet clearly through the air  
 On the eterne, the living sense it stole ;  
 And to his own, and our great profit, there  
 Exchangeth to the seasons as they roll ;  
 Thus nobly doth he vanquish, with renown,  
 The twilight and the night that weigh us down.

Brighter now glowed his cheek, and still more bright,  
 With that unchanging ever-youthful glow, —  
 That courage which o'ercomes, in hard-fought fight,  
 Sooner or later, every earthly foe, —  
 That faith which, soaring to the realms of light,  
 Now boldly presseth on, now bendeth low,  
 So that the good may work, wax, thrive amain,  
 So that the day the noble may attain.

Yet, though so skilled, of such transcendent worth,  
 This boarded scaffold doth he not despise ;  
 The fate that on its axis turns the earth  
 From day to night, here shows he to our eyes,  
 Raising, through many a work of glorious birth,  
 Art and the artist's fame up toward the skies.  
 He fills with blossoms of the noblest strife,  
 With life itself, this effigy of life.

His giant-step, as ye full surely know,  
 Measured the circle of the will and deed,  
 Each country's changing thoughts and morals, too,  
 The darksome book with clearness could he read ;  
 Yet how he, breathless 'midst his friends so true,  
 Despaired in sorrow, scarce from pain was freed, —  
 All this have we, in sadly happy years,  
 For he was ours, bewailed with feeling tears.

When from the agonising weight of grief  
 He raised his eyes upon the world again,  
 We showed him how his thoughts might find relief  
 From the uncertain present's heavy chain,  
 Gave his fresh-kindled mind a respite brief,  
 With kindly skill beguiling every pain,  
 And e'en at eve when setting was his sun,  
 From his wan cheeks a gentle smile we won.

Full early had he read the stern decree.  
 Sorrow and death to him, alas, were known ;  
 Ofttimes recovering, now departed he, —  
 Dread tidings, that our hearts had feared to own !  
 Yet his transfigured being now can see  
 Itself, e'en here on earth, transfigured grown.  
 What his own age reproved, and deemed a crime,  
 Hath been ennobled now by death and time.

And many a soul that with him strove in fight,  
 And his great merit grudged to recognise,  
 Now feels the impress of his wondrous might,  
 And in his magic fetters gladly lies ;  
 E'en to the highest hath he winged his flight,  
 In close communion linked with all we prize.  
 Extol him then ! What mortals while they live  
 But half receive, posterity shall give.

Thus is he left us who so long ago, —  
 Ten years, alas, already ! — turned from earth ;  
 We all, to our great joy, his precepts know,  
 Oh, may the world confess their priceless worth !  
 In swelling tide toward every region flow  
 The thoughts that were his own peculiar birth ;  
 He gleams like some departing meteor bright,  
 Combining, with his own, eternal light.

### L'ENVOI.

Now, gentle reader, is our journey ended.  
 Mute is our minstrel, silent is our song ;  
 Sweet the bard's voice whose strains our course  
 attended,  
 Pleasant the paths he guided us along.  
 Now must we part, — oh, word all full of sadness,  
 Changing to pensive retrospect our gladness !

Reader, farewell ! we part perchance for ever.  
 Scarce may I hope to meet with thee again ;  
 But e'en though fate our fellowship may sever,  
 Reader, will aught to mark that tie remain ?  
 Yes ! there is left one sad, sweet bond of union, —  
 Sorrow at parting links us in communion.

But of the twain, the greater is *my* sorrow, —  
Reader, and why? — Bethink thee of the sun,  
How, when he sets, he waiteth for the morrow,  
Proudly once more his giant race to run, —  
Yet e'en when set, a glow behind him leaving,  
Gladdening the spirit, which had else been grieving.

Thus mayst thou feel, for thou to GOETHE only  
Biddest farewell, nor carest aught for me.  
Twofold *my* parting, leaving me all lonely, —  
I now must part from GOETHE and from thee,  
Parting at once from comrade and from leader, —  
Farewell great minstrel! farewell gentle reader!

Hushed is the harp, its music sunk in slumbers,  
Memory alone can waken now its numbers.

THE END.

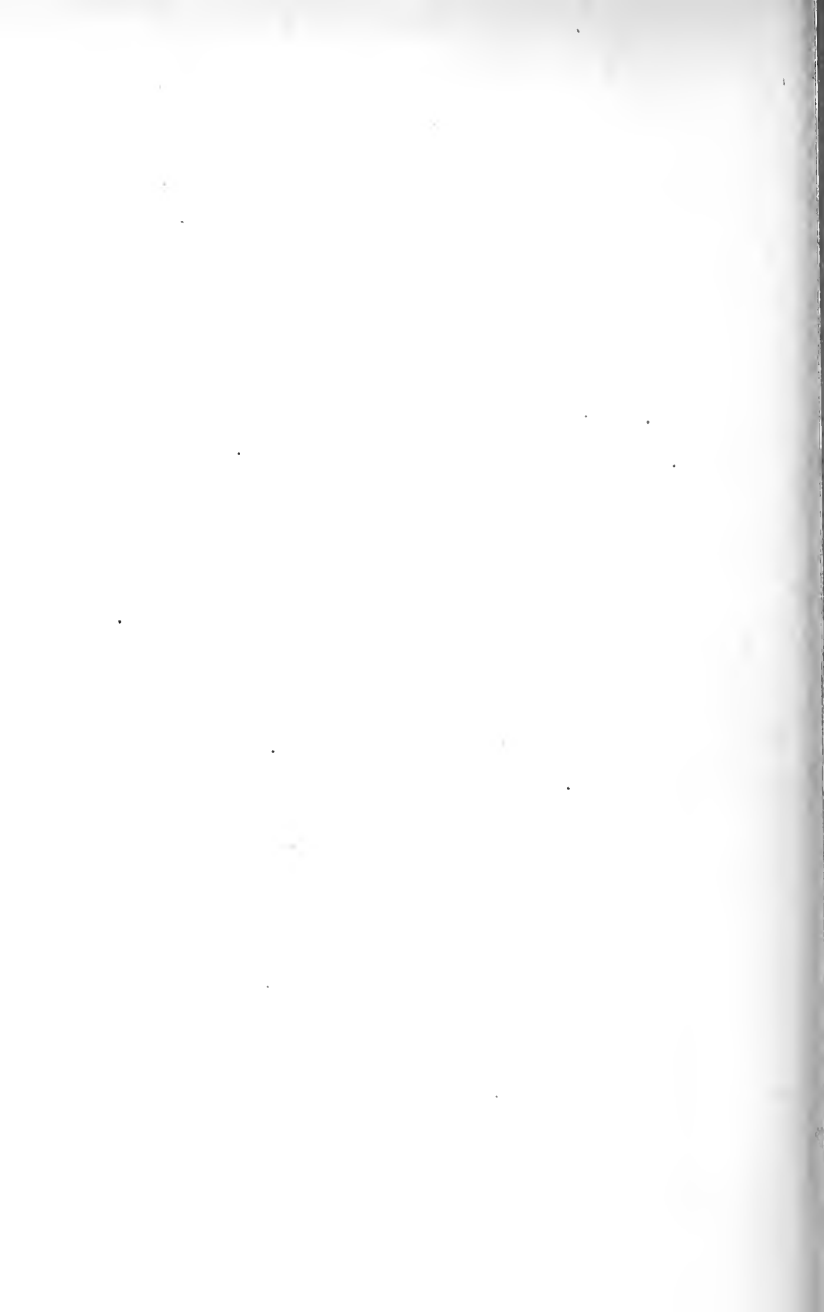




POEMS OF GOETHE

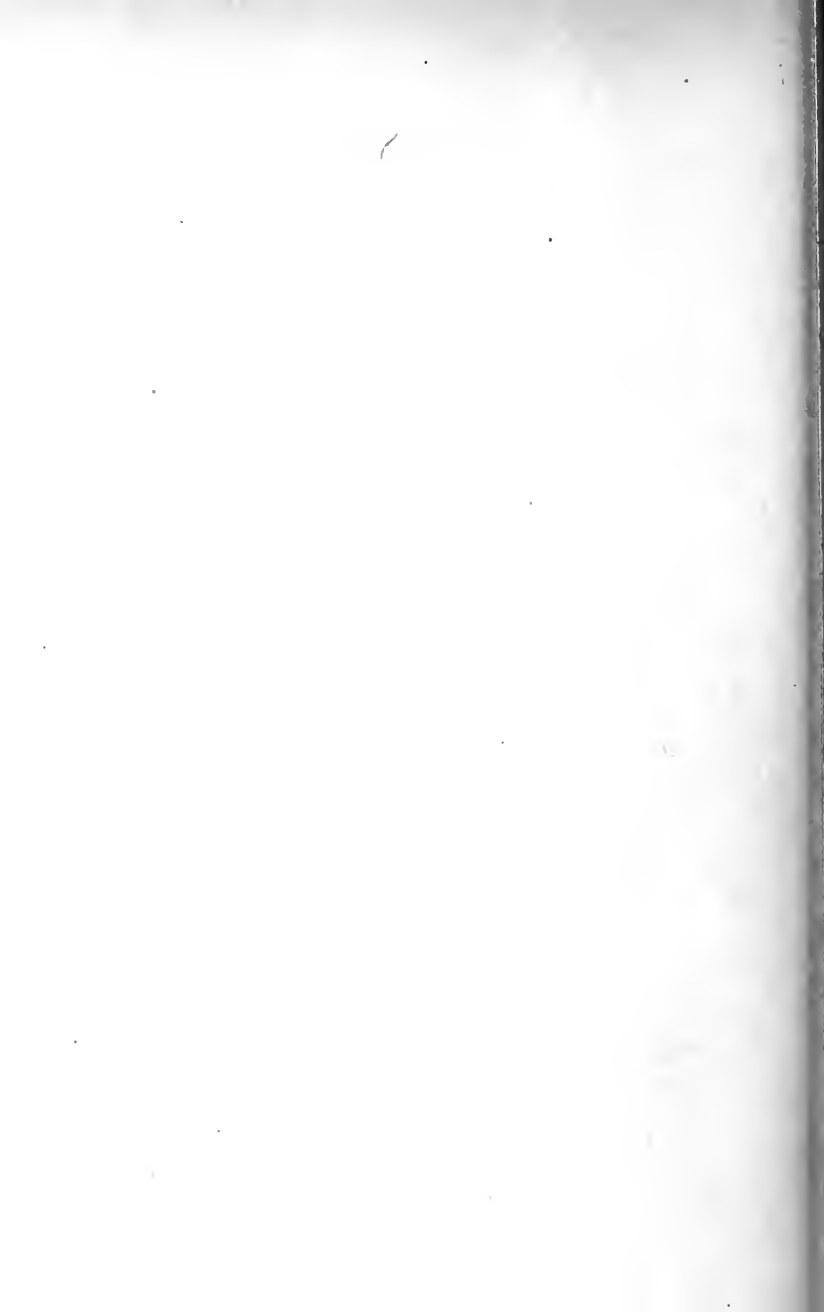
VOLUME II

REYNARD THE FOX



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# Poems of Goethe

## Part II.

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### HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

#### FORTUNE AND LOT.

NEVER before have I seen our market and streets so  
deserted ;

Truly the town is as though 'twere swept out, or dead :  
for not fifty

Still are remaining behind, methinks, of our whole  
population.

What will not curiosity do? Thus runneth and  
rusheth,

Each one now to see the train of the poor wretched  
exiles.

Up to the causeway on which they travel, is nigh an  
hour's journey.

Still runs thither the crowd, in the dust and heat of  
the midday ;

Yet, should not I like to stir from my place to see  
what affliction

Good men suffer in flight, who now, with the rescued  
 possessions,  
 Leaving, alas! the Rhine's charming bank, that coun-  
 try of beauty,  
 Come over here to us, and wander along through the  
 windings  
 Of this fruitful vale, a nook by fortune most favoured.  
 Nobly, wife, hast thou done, in sending our son on  
 kind errand,  
 Bearing with him old linen, and something for eating  
 and drinking.

All to dispense to the poor; for to give is the rich  
 man's first duty;  
 Oh, what a pace the boy drove! and how he managed  
 the horses!  
 Ay, and took for himself our carriage, — the new one;  
 four persons  
 Sit with comfort inside, and out on the dickey the  
 driver;  
 But all alone went he now, and how lightly it rolled  
 round the corner;  
 Sitting at ease beneath the gate of his house in the  
 market,  
 Thus, addressed his wife, the host of the Golden Lion.

Then made answer to him the prudent and sensible  
 housewife:  
 "Father, not willing am I to part with my linen,  
 though worn out,  
 For it is useful for much, and not to be purchased  
 with money,  
 If one should need its use. Yet to-day I gave, ay, and  
 gladly,  
 Many a better piece, made up for chemises and covers,  
 Since I heard of old people and children going there  
 naked.

But wilt thou pardon me now? for thy chest, too, has  
 been rifled,  
 And, above all, I gave the dressing-gown — finest of  
 cotton,  
 Bright with Indian flowers, and lined with the finest  
 of flannel;  
 But it was thin, you know, and old, and quite out of  
 fashion.”

But upon that, with a smile, out spake the excellent  
 landlord:  
 “Still, am I sorry to lose it, — the old gown made of  
 good cotton, —  
 Real East Indian stuff — one will not get such another.  
 Well! I wore it no more; for a man (so the world  
 will now have it),  
 Must at all hours of the day, in frock or dress-coat  
 exhibit,  
 And ever booted be; both slippers and caps are for-  
 bidden.”

“Look!” replied the good wife, “there are some al-  
 ready returning,  
 Who, with the rest, saw the train; yet surely it now  
 must have passed by.  
 See how dusty are all their shoes, how glowing their  
 faces!  
 And with his handkerchief each wipes off the sweat  
 from his forehead.  
 Never may I in the heat, for such a spectacle, so far  
 Run and suffer! In truth the *recital* I find quite suffi-  
 cient.”

Then, observed the good father, in tones of great  
 animation:  
 “Seldom hath such weather for such a harvest been  
 granted;

And we are getting in the fruit, as the hay is in  
 already,  
 Dry : — the sky is clear, no cloud can be seen in the  
 heavens,  
 And from the East the wind is blowing with loveliest  
 coolness ;  
 This is indeed settled weather ! the corn over-ripe is  
 already,  
 And we begin to-morrow to cut down the glorious  
 harvest.”

Whilst he thus spake, still swelled the troops of men  
 and of women  
 Who, through the market square, to their homes were  
 now seen returning ;  
 And thus, too, at full speed returning along with his  
 daughters,  
 Came to the other side of the square, where his new  
 house was standing,  
 Riding in open carriage of handsome landau pat-  
 tern,  
 Richest amongst his neighbours, the foremost of all the  
 town's merchants.  
 Lively grew the streets ; for the place was well peo-  
 pled, and in it  
 Many a factory worked, and many a business was  
 thriving.

Thus, then, under the gateway still sat the couple  
 familiar,  
 And in many remarks on the passing crowd found  
 amusement.  
 But the worthy housewife at length spoke out, thus  
 commencing :  
 “ See ! there comes the vicar, and there, too, our  
 neighbour, the druggist,



Coming along with him ; a full account they shall  
give us,  
What they have seen out yonder, and what gives no  
pleasure to look on."

Friendly they both came on, and greeted the good  
married couple ;  
Seated themselves on the benches, — the wooden ones  
under the gateway, —  
Shook off the dust from their feet, and fanned for a  
breeze with their 'kerchiefs.

Then the druggist first, after many mutual greetings,  
Thus began to speak, and said, in a tone almost fretful :  
"So is it ever with men ! and one is still just like the  
other,  
In that he loves to stare, when misfortune befalleth  
his neighbour ;  
Each one runs to behold the flames breaking out with  
destruction,  
Each the poor criminal marks who is dragged to a  
death of keen torture ;  
Each one is walking out now to gaze on the woes of  
the exiles.  
No one thinking, meanwhile, that himself by a similar  
fortune,  
If not next, yet at least, in the course of time may be  
stricken.  
Levity such as this I pardon not : yet man displays  
it !"

Then observed in reply the honoured, intelligent  
vicar, —  
He, the pride of the town, still young in his earliest  
manhood.  
He was acquainted with life, and knew the wants of  
his hearers.

Thoroughly was he impressed with the value supreme  
of the Scriptures,  
Which man's destiny to him reveal, and what feelings  
best suit it ;  
While he was also well versed in the best of secular  
writings.  
He then said : " I am loath to find fault with an inno-  
cent instinct,  
Which hath at all times been given to man by good  
Mother Nature ;  
For what prudence and sense cannot always do, may  
be often  
Done by such fortunate impulse as irresistibly guides  
us.  
Were not man strongly induced by curiosity's ardour,  
Say, would he ever have learnt how natural things  
hold together  
In such lovely connection ? For, first, he craved what  
was novel,  
Then with unwearied pains continued his search for  
the useful,  
Longing at last for the good, which exalts him, and  
gives him new value.  
Levity in his youth is his gladsome companion, to  
danger  
Ever shutting his eyes, and the traces of pain and of  
evil  
Blotting with wholesome speed, so soon as their forms  
have past by him.  
Truly may that man be praised, in whose riper years  
is developed  
Out of such jovial temper the steady and strong  
understanding,  
Which in joy or in sorrow exerts itself, zealous and  
active ;  
For he will bring forth good, and atone for each hour  
he has wasted."

Suddenly then began the hostess, with friendly impatience,

“Tell us what you have seen; for that’s what I wish to be hearing.”

“Hardly,” replied thereupon the druggist, with emphasis speaking,

“Shall I in short space again feel happy since all I have witnessed.

Who could describe it aright,— that manifold scene of disaster?

Clouds of dust from afar, ere yet we came down to the meadows,

Saw we at once; though the train, from hill to hill as it progressed,

Still was hid from our sight, and we could but little distinguish.

But when we reached the road which goes across through the valley,

Truly great was the crowding and din of the travellers’ wagons.

Ah! we saw then enough of the poor men, while they passed by us,

And could but learn, how bitter is flight, with such sorrows attended,

And yet how joyous the sense of life, when hastily rescued.

Piteous was it to see the goods of every description,

Which the well-furnished house contains, and which a good landlord

In it has placed about, each thing in its proper position,

Always ready for use (for all things are needed and useful),

Now to see all these loaded on wagons and carts of all fashions,

One thing thrust through another, in over-haste of removal.  
Over the chest there lay the sieve, and the good woollen blankets  
In the kneading-trough, the bed and the sheets o'er the mirror.  
Ah! and, as at the fire twenty years ago we all noticed,  
Danger took from man altogether his powers of reflection,  
So that he seized what was paltry, and left what was precious behind him.  
Just so in this case, too, with a carefulness lacking discretion,  
Worthless things took they on, to burden their oxen and horses,  
Such as old boards and casks, the goose-coop, and with it the bird-cage.  
Women and children, too, gasped as they dragged along with their bundles,  
Under baskets and tubs filled with things of no use to their owners:  
Since man is still unwilling the last of his goods to abandon.  
Thus on the dusty road the crowding train travelled onward,  
Orderless and confused with ill-matched pairs of faint horses,  
One of which wished to go slow, while the other was eager to hasten,  
Then there arose the cry of the squeezed-up women and children,  
Mixed with the lowing of cattle, and dogs all barking in chorus,  
And with the wail of the aged and sick, all seated and swaying  
High aloft upon beds, on the hard and overpacked wagons.

But, driven out of the rut, to the very edge of the  
highway,  
Wandered a creaking wheel;—upsetting, the vehicle  
rolled down  
Into the ditch, with the swing its human freight quick  
discharging  
Far in the field, — with dire screams, yet with fortunate  
issue.  
After them tumbled the chests, and fell by the side of  
the wagon.  
Truly, he who saw them in falling, expected to find  
them  
Crushed and shattered beneath the load of the boxes  
and cupboards.  
Thus, then, they lay, — the wagon all broken, the  
people all helpless —  
For the others went on, and with speed drew past,  
each one thinking  
Only about himself, while the stream still hurried him  
forward.  
Then did we hasten to them, and found the sick and  
the aged,  
Who, when at home and in bed, scarce bore their  
continual sufferings,  
And now injured here on the ground lay moaning and  
groaning,  
Scorched at once by the sun, and choked by the dust  
thickly waving.”

Moved by the tale, thereupon replied the humane-  
hearted landlord:  
“O that Hermann may find them, to give both com-  
fort and clothing!  
Loath should I be to see them; the sight of misery  
pains me.  
Though deeply moved by the first report of such a  
disaster,

Sent we in haste a mite from our superfluity, so  
that  
Some might be strengthened therewith, and we feel  
our hearts the more tranquil.  
But let us now no more renew these pictures of sor-  
row.  
Quickly into the hearts of men steals fear of the  
future,  
And dull care, which by me than evil itself is more  
hated.  
Step now into our room at the back — our cool little  
parlour.  
Ne'er shines the sun therein; ne'er forces the warm air  
a passage  
Through the thickly built walls. And, mother dear,  
bring us a wee glass  
Of the good Eighty-three, to drive far away all bad  
fancies.  
Here there is no pleasure in drinking; the flies so buzz  
round the glasses."  
Thus they all went in, and enjoyment found in the  
coolness.

Carefully brought the good mother some wine of  
glorious brightness,  
In well-cut decanters, on tray of tin brightly var-  
nished,  
With the light-green rummers, the genuine goblets for  
Rhine wine.  
And, thus sitting, the three surrounded the high pol-  
ished table,  
Round and brown, which stood upon feet so strong  
and so steady.  
Merrily soon rang the glass of the host on that of the  
vicar;  
But the druggist held *his* unmoved, in deep medita-  
tion;

Whom with friendly words the host thus challenged  
to join them :

“ Drink and be merry, good neighbour ; for God from  
misfortune hath saved us,  
And, of His goodness, will still continue to save us in  
future.

Who can fail to acknowledge that since the dread con-  
flagration,

When He chastened us sore, He hath ever constantly  
blessed us ;

Ay, and constantly guarded, as man doth guard his  
eye’s apple,

Keeping with greatest care what of all his members is  
dearest ?

Should He not, then, continue to guard and help us  
still further ?

Truly, how great is His power, then only man sees,  
when in danger.

Should, then, this flourishing town, which He, through  
its diligent burghers,

First from its ashes anew built up, and then loaded  
with blessings,

Now again be destroyed by Him, and our pains  
brought to nothing ?”

Cheerfully, then, and gently, replied the excellent  
vicar :

“ Hold ye fast this faith, and hold ye fast this convic-  
tion !

For it will make you in joy both steadfast and sure,  
and in sorrow

Sweet is the comfort it yields, and glorious the hope it  
enlivens.”

Then replied the host, with thoughts judicious and  
manly :

“ How have I greeted full oft with wonder the swell  
of the Rhine flood,

When, in my business journeys engaged, once more I  
approached it!  
Grander it always seemed, and exalted my thoughts  
and my spirits!  
But I could never think that his bank, in loveliness  
smiling,  
Soon should prove a rampart to guard off Frankish  
invasion.  
Thus doth Nature guard us, thus guard us our brave-  
hearted Germans,  
Thus the Lord himself; who, then, would lose heart,  
like a dotard?  
Tired are the combatants now, and to peace is every-  
thing pointing.  
And when the feast long wished for within our church  
shall be holden,  
And the bells' solemn peal shall reply to the swell of  
the organ,  
Mixed with the trumpet's sound, keeping time with  
the soaring Te Deum,  
Then may our Hermann, too, on that day of rejoicing.  
Sir Vicar,  
Stand resolved with his bride before you in front of  
the altar,  
And so the happy feast-day, observed alike in all  
countries,  
Seem in future to me a glad home-anniversary like-  
wise!  
But I am sorry to see the lad, who always so active  
Shows himself for me at home, out of doors so slow  
and so bashful.  
Little desire hath he amongst people to make his ap-  
pearance;  
Nay, he avoids altogether the company of our young  
maidens,  
And the frolicsome dance, in which youth ever re-  
joiceth."



Thus he spake and then listened. The noise of clat-  
tering horses,  
Distant at first, was heard to draw near, and the roll  
of the carriage,  
Which with impetuous speed now came thundering  
under the gateway.

## HERMANN.

When now the well-formed son came into the parlour  
and joined them,  
Keen and direct were the glances with which the  
vicar surveyed him,  
And remarked his manner, and scanned the whole of  
his bearing  
With the observant eye which easily reads through  
each feature :  
Then he smiled, and with words of cordial purport  
addressed him :  
“ Surely, an altered man you come in ! I never have  
seen you  
Look so sprightly before, with a gleam of such anima-  
tion.  
Joyous you come and gay ; 'tis clear you divided your  
presents  
Able amongst the poor, and received in return their  
rich blessing.”

Quickly then the son with words of earnestness an-  
swered :  
“ Whether I merited praise, I know not ; but my own  
feelings  
Bade me to do what now I wish to relate to you fully.  
Mother, you rummaged so long your old stores in  
searching and choosing,  
That it was not till late that the bundle was all got  
together,

And the wine and the beer were slowly and carefully  
packed up.  
When to the gate at length, and along the street I  
proceeded,  
Streaming back came the mass of the townsmen, with  
women and children,  
Right in my way ; and now far off was the train of  
the exiles.  
Therefore I held on faster, and quickly drove to the  
village,  
Where they would halt, as I heard, for the night, and  
rest their poor bodies.

When now, as I went on, I reached the new road  
through the valley,  
There was a wagon in sight, constructed with suitable  
timbers,  
Drawn by two oxen, the largest and strongest that  
foreigners boast of ;  
Close by its side with steps full of strength was walk-  
ing a maiden,  
Guiding with a long rod the pair of powerful cattle,  
Urging on now, and again holding back, as she skil-  
fully led them.  
Soon as the maiden saw me, she calmly came near to  
my horses,  
Saying : ' It is not always we've been in such doleful  
condition  
As you behold us to-day along these roads of your  
country ;  
Truly I am not accustomed to ask the donations of  
strangers,  
Which they oft grudgingly give, to be rid of the poor  
man's petitions :  
But I am urged to speak by necessity. Stretched on  
the straw here,

Newly delivered, the wife of a once rich proprietor  
lieth,  
Whom, with child as she was, I scarce saved with the  
steers and the wagon.  
Slowly we follow the rest, while in life she hath hardly  
continued.  
Naked now on her arm the new-born infant is lying,  
And with but scanty means our people are able to  
help us,  
If in the village hard by, where we think of resting,  
we find them ;  
Though I am greatly in fear they already are gone along  
past it.  
If from these parts you come, and a store of superflu-  
ous linen  
Anywhere have at command, on the poor it were kind  
to bestow it.'

Thus she spake ; and, faint and pale, from the straw  
the poor woman  
Rising showed herself to me ; when thus in return I  
addressed them :  
' Good men, surely, oft are warned by a spirit from  
heaven,  
So that they feel the need which o'er their poor brother  
is hanging :  
For my mother, your trouble thus feeling beforehand,  
a bundle  
Gave me, wherewith at once to supply the wants of  
the naked.'  
Then I untied the knots of the cord, and the dressing-  
gown gave her,  
Once our father's, and with it I gave the chemises and  
flannel,  
And she thanked me with joy, and exclaimed : ' The  
prosperous think not  
Miracles still are wrought ; for man in misery only

Sees God's hand and finger, which good men guideth  
to good men.  
What through you He is doing to us, may He do to  
you likewise !'  
And I saw the glad mother the different pieces of  
linen  
Handling, but most of all, the gown's soft lining of  
flannel.  
Then said the maiden to her : ' Now speed we on to  
the village,  
Where for the night our people already are halting and  
resting.  
There the baby-clothes, one and all, I'll quickly attend  
to.'  
Then she greeted me, and thanks the most cordial  
expressing,  
Drove on the oxen, and so the wagon went forward.  
I waited,  
Still holding back my horses ; for doubt arose in my  
bosom,  
Whether with hurrying steeds I should go to the vil-  
lage, the viands  
'Mongst the rest of the crowd to dispense, or here to  
the maiden  
All deliver at once, that she with discretion might  
share it,  
But within my heart I quickly decided, and gently  
After her went, and o'ertook her soon, and quickly  
said to her,  
' 'Tis not linen alone, good maiden, to bring in the  
carriage,  
That my mother gave me, wherewith to cover the  
naked ;  
But she added thereto both meat and drink in abun-  
dance,  
And I have plenty thereof packed up in the box of the  
carriage,

But now I feel inclined these presents, as well as the  
others,  
Into thy hand to give, thus best fulfilling my mission :  
Thou wilt dispense them with judgment, while I by  
chance must be guided.'  
Then replied the maiden : ' With all fidelity will I  
There dispose of your gifts, and the poor shall richly  
enjoy them.'  
Thus she spake, and quickly I opened the box of the  
carriage,  
Bringing out therefrom the loaves, and the hams  
weighing heavy,  
Bottles of wine and beer, and all the rest, to give to  
her ;  
More would I fain have given her still, but the box  
was now empty.  
Then she packed them all by the feet of the mother,  
and so went  
Onward, while with all speed to the town I came back  
with my horses."

When now Hermann had ended, at once the talka-  
tive neighbour,  
Taking up the discourse, exclaimed : " Oh, that man is  
happy,  
Who in these days of flight and confusion alone in his  
house lives,  
Having nor wife nor children to cringe before him in  
terror.  
Happy I feel myself now ; nor would I to-day for  
much money  
Bear the title of father, and have wife and children to  
care for.  
Often ere now about flight have I thought with my-  
self, and have packed up  
All the best of my goods together, — the chains and  
the old coins

Of my late mother, whereof not a thing has been sold  
to this moment.  
Much, to be sure, would be left behind not easy to  
furnish ;  
Even my simples and roots, collected there with much  
trouble,  
I should be sorry to lose, though things of no very  
great value.  
Still, only let the dispenser remain, and I go with some  
comfort.  
Let me but rescue my cash and my body, and all is  
then rescued.  
Easiest from such troubles escapes the man that is  
single."

"Neighbour," replied thereupon young Hermann, with  
emphasis speaking,  
" Not at all do I think as thou, and thy speech I must  
censure.  
Is, then, he the best man, who in prosperous days and  
in adverse  
Thinks of himself alone, and to share his joys and his  
sorrows  
Knows not, nor feels thereto in his heart the least  
inclination ?  
Sooner now than ever could I determine to marry.  
Many a good maid now stands in need of a man to  
protect her :  
Many a man needs a wife to cheer him when troubles  
are threatening."

Smiling, said thereupon the father : " I hear thee  
with gladness ;  
Such a sensible word in my presence thou seldom hast  
spoken."

But the mother at once chimed in, her part quickly  
taking ;  
“ Son, in good truth thou art right ; and thy parents  
set the example.  
For they were no days of joy in which we chose one  
another,  
And our most sorrowful hour but joined us the closer  
together.  
Next Monday morning — I know it full well ; for the  
day before happened  
That most terrible fire which gave our dear town to  
destruction —  
It will be twenty years. It was, like to-day, on a  
Sunday ;  
Hot and dry was the season, and in the place little  
water.  
All the people were out, taking walks in their holiday  
clothing,  
Scattered about the hamlets, and in the mills<sup>1</sup> and the  
taverns,  
Then at the end of the town the fire commenced, and  
the flames ran  
Quickly through the streets, with the wind themselves  
had created.  
And the barns were burnt, with the rich and new-  
gathered harvest.  
And the streets were burnt ; right up to the market ; my  
father  
Lost his house hard by, and this one soon perished  
with it.  
Little saved we in flight. I sat the sorrowful night  
through  
Out of the town, on the green, taking care of the beds  
and the boxes.  
Sleep at length fell o’er me ; and when the cold of the  
morning,

<sup>1</sup> The mills in Germany are generally places of refreshment.

Falling down ere the sun was up, from my slumber  
awoke me,  
There I saw the smoke, and the flame, and the old  
walls and chimneys.  
Then was my heart in anguish, until, more splendid  
than ever,  
Up came the sun once more, and into my soul shed  
new courage.  
Then I arose with haste, for I longed the spot to  
examine,  
Where our dwelling had stood, and see if the fowls  
had been rescued,  
Which I so fondly loved ; for childish still were my  
feelings.  
As, then, I thus stepped on, o'er the ruins of house and  
of homestead,  
Smoking still, and so found my home, and beheld its  
destruction ;  
Thou, too, searching the spot, camest up in the other  
direction,  
Thou hadst a horse buried there in his stall ; the tim-  
bers and rubbish  
Glimmering lay upon him, and nought could be seen  
of the poor beast.  
Thoughtful thus and sad we stood o'er against one  
another ;  
For the wall was fallen which erst had divided our  
houses.  
Then by the hand thou took'st me, and saidst :  
' Louisa, poor maiden,  
How camest thou here ? Go thy way ! thou art burn-  
ing thy soles in the rubbish ;  
For it is hot, and singes e'en these strong boots I am  
wearing.'  
And thou didst lift me up, and carry me through thine  
own homestead.



Still there was standing the gate of the house, with its  
high vaulted ceiling,  
As it now stands; but that alone of all was re-  
maining.

And thou didst set me down, and kiss me, although I  
forbade it.

But upon that thou spakest with kindly words full of  
meaning:

‘See, the house lies low. Stay here, and help me to  
build it;

And let me help, in return, to build thy father’s up  
likewise.’

Yet did I not understand thee, until to my father thou  
sentest,

And through my mother full soon the vows of glad  
wedlock were plighted.

Joyfully still to this day I remember the half-consumed  
timbers,

And still joyfully see the sun arise in his splendour;  
For it was that day gave me my husband; the son of  
my youth was

First bestowed upon me by those wild times of de-  
struction.

Therefore I praise thee, Hermann, that thou, with  
bright trust in the future,

In these sorrowful times of a maid for thyself, too, art  
thinking,

And hast courage to woo in the war, and over its  
ruins.”

Quickly then the father replied, with much anima-  
tion:

“Laudable is the feeling, and true, too, each word of  
the story,

Mother, dear, which thou hast told, for so it happened  
exactly;

But what is better is better. It is not becoming that  
each one  
Should from the past be content to form his whole life  
and condition,  
Nor should every one choose, as we did, and others  
before him.  
Oh, how happy is he, to whom his father and mother  
Leave the house well furnished, and who with success  
then adorns it,  
Every beginning is hard, — the beginning of house-  
keeping hardest.  
Things of many a kind man wants, and all things  
grow daily  
Dearer; then let him in time provide for increasing  
his money;  
And thus I cherish a hope of thee, my Hermann, that  
quickly  
Into the house thou wilt bring thy bride with fine  
marriage-portions,  
For a high-spirited man deserves a well-endowed maiden;  
And it gives so much pleasure, when with the dear  
wife of his wishes  
Come in the useful presents, too, in baskets and boxes.  
'Tis not in vain that the mother through many a year  
is preparing  
Linen of ample store, of web fine and strong, for her  
daughter.  
'Tis not in vain that sponsors present their silver  
donations,  
And that the father lays by in his desk a gold-piece,  
though seldom,  
For in due time shall she thus delight with her goods  
and her presents  
That young men have made her, before all others, his  
chosen.  
Yes, I know, in her house how pleasant the dear wife  
must find it,

Both in kitchen and parlour, to see her own furniture  
standing,  
And herself her own bed, herself her own board, to  
have covered.  
May I but see in the house the bride that is hand-  
somerly portioned!  
For the poor one at last is only despised by her hus-  
band,  
And as a servant she's treated, who, servant-like, came  
with a bundle.  
Men continue unjust, and the season of love passeth  
by them.  
Yes, my Hermann, thou wouldst to my age grant  
highest enjoyment,  
If to my house ere long thou shouldst bring me a dear  
little daughter  
From the neighbourhood here, — from the house painted  
green over yonder.  
Rich is the man, that's sure; and his trade and fac-  
tories make him  
Daily richer; for what does not turn to gain for the  
merchant?  
And there are only three daughters to share his pos-  
sessions amongst them.  
Won already, I know, is the eldest, and promised in  
marriage;  
But the second and third may be had, though not long  
may they be so.  
Had I been in your place, till now I would not have  
tarried,  
One of the girls myself to bring here, as I did your  
mother."

Modestly then the son to his august father made  
answer:

"Truly, my wish, too, was, as yours is, one of the  
daughters

Of our neighbour to choose ; for we all were brought  
up together ;  
Round the spring in the market in former times have  
we sported,  
And from the town-boys' rudeness I often used to pro-  
tect them.  
But that was long ago ; and girls at length, when they  
grow up,  
Stay, as is proper, at home and avoid such wild sport-  
ive meetings.  
Well brought up they are, to be sure ; still, from for-  
mer acquaintance,  
As you wished it, I went from time to time over  
yonder :  
But in their conversation I never could feel myself  
happy,  
Since they would always be finding fault, which  
taxed my endurance.  
Quite too long was my coat, the cloth was too coarse,  
and the colour  
Quite too common ; and then my hair was not cut and  
curled rightly ;  
So that at last I thought of bedecking myself like the  
shopboys  
Over there, who on Sunday are always displaying their  
figures,  
And whose lappets in summer, half silk, hang so  
loosely about them.  
But I observed soon enough that they always to ridi-  
cule turned me ;  
Which offended me much, for my pride was wounded.  
More deeply  
Still did it vex me to find they misunderstood the  
kind feeling  
Which I cherished for *them*, — especially Minnie, the  
youngest,  
For I went the last time at Easter to pay them a visit,

And had donned my new coat, which now hangs up  
in the wardrobe,  
And my hair I had got well curled, like the rest of the  
fellows.  
When I went in they tittered ; but I to myself did not  
take it.  
At the piano sat Minnie ; her father also was present,  
Hearing his dear daughter sing, — entranced and in  
excellent spirits.  
Much was expressed in the songs that surpassed my  
poor comprehension,  
But I heard a great deal of Pamina and of Tamino ;  
But since I did not like to sit dumb, as soon as she  
finished,  
Questions I asked on the words and the two chief  
characters in them.  
Then they all at once were silent, and smiled ; but the  
father  
Said, ‘ Our friend, sure, with none but Adam and Eve  
is acquainted.’  
No one then refrained, but loud was the laugh of the  
maidens,  
Loud the laugh of the boys, while the old man held  
tightly his stomach.  
Then I let fall my hat through embarrassment, and  
the rude titter  
Still went on and on, in spite of the singing and playing.  
Then did I hurry back to my home in shame and vex-  
ation,  
Hung up my coat in the wardrobe, and drew my hair  
with my fingers  
Down to my head, and swore never more to pass over  
the threshold.  
And I was perfectly right ; for vain they all are and  
loveless,  
And I hear that with them my name is always  
Tamino.”

Then replied the mother, "Thou shouldst not, Hermann, so long time  
 Angry be with the children, for children they are all  
 together,  
 Minnie is certainly good, and for thee always showed  
 an affection,  
 And but lately she asked after thee; thou oughtest to  
 choose her."

Thoughtfully then the son replied: "I know not; that  
 insult  
 Hath so deep an impression made on me that truly I  
 wish not  
 At the piano again to see her, and list to her singing."

Then the father broke out, and spoke with wrathful  
 expressions:  
 "Slight is the joy I receive from thee; I have ever  
 asserted  
 That thou couldst show no taste but for horses and  
 field operations.  
 Just what a servant does for a man of ample posses-  
 sions,  
 That dost thou; and meanwhile the son must be missed  
 by the father,  
 Who still showed himself off to his honour before all  
 the townsmen.  
 Early thus with vain hope of thee did thy mother  
 deceive me,  
 When in the school never progressed thy reading and  
 writing and learning  
 As did that of the rest, but thy place was always the  
 lowest.  
 That must happen, of course, when no ambition is  
 stirring  
 In the breast of a youth, and he cares not to raise him-  
 self higher.

Had my father for me shown the care which on thee I  
have lavished,  
Had he sent me to school, and for me engaged the best  
masters,  
Then had I been something else than the host of the  
Golden Lion."

But the son rose up and approached the door in deep  
silence,  
Slow, and without any noise; while the father, with  
wrath still increasing,  
After him called: "Ay, begone! I know thine obsti-  
nate temper;  
Go, and attend henceforth to the business, or fear my  
displeasure.  
But never think thou wilt bring, as a daughter-in-law  
to thy father,  
Into the house where he lives, a boorish girl and a  
trollop.  
Long have I lived, and with men I know how to deal  
as I should do,  
Know how to treat both ladies and gentlemen, so that  
they leave me  
Gratined, — know how to flatter, as always is welcome  
to strangers.  
But now at length I must find a dear daughter-in-law  
to assist me,  
And to sweeten the toil which I still shall bear in  
abundance.  
On the piano too, must she play to me, while are as-  
sembled,  
Listening around her with pleasure, our burghers, the  
best and the fairest,  
As on Sunday is done in the house of our neighbour."  
Then Hermann  
Softly lifted the latch, and so went out of the parlour.

## THE BURGHER.

Thus, then, the modest son escaped that passionate  
language ;  
But the father went on in the selfsame way he began  
in :  
“ That which is not in man comes out of him ; and I  
can hardly  
Ever expect to bring my heart’s dearest wish to fulfil-  
ment,  
That my son might be, not his father’s equal, but  
better.  
For, now, what were the house, and what were the  
town, did not each one  
Always think with desire of upholding and of renew-  
ing,  
Ay, and improving too, as time and travel instruct  
us ?  
Must not man in such case grow out of the ground  
like a mushroom,  
And as quickly decay on the spot which lately pro-  
duced him,  
No single vestige behind him of vital activity leaving ?  
Surely, one sees in a house the mind of the master as  
clearly  
As in the town, where one walks, of the magistrate’s  
wisdom he judgeth.  
For, where the towers and the walls are falling, where  
in the trenches  
Dirt is piled up, and dirt in all the streets, too, lies  
scattered !  
Where the stone from the joining protrudes, with none  
to replace it,  
Where the beam is decayed, and the house, all idle and  
empty,  
Waits to be underpinned, afresh, — that place is ill-  
governed,



For, where the rulers work not for order and cleanliness always,  
Easily there the townsmen to dirty sloth grow accustomed ;  
Just as his tattered clothes to the beggar become most familiar,  
Therefore is it my wish that Hermann, my son, on a journey  
Soon should set out, and at least have a sight of Strasburg and Frankfort,  
And the agreeable Manheim, with cheerful and regular outlines,  
For whoever hath seen cities large and cleanly, will rest not  
Till his own native town, however small, he embellish.  
Do not strangers commend our gateways since their improvement,  
And our whitened tower, and our church restored so completely ?  
Does not each one extol our pavements, and mains rich with water,  
Covered and well-divided, for usefulness and for assurance  
That on its first breaking out a fire might at once be kept under ?  
Has not all this been done since that terrible conflagration ?  
Six times I acted as builder, and won the praise of the Council,  
And the most hearty thanks of the townsmen, for having suggested,  
And by assiduous efforts completed, that good institution,  
Which honest men now support, but before had left unaccomplished.  
Thus at length the desire possessed each member of Council ;

All alike at present exert themselves, and the new  
 causeway  
 Is decided on quite, with the great highroads to connect us.  
 But I am much afraid our youth will not act in this  
 manner,  
 Some of whom only think of the pleasure and show of  
 the moment,  
 While others sit in the house, and behind the stove  
 still are brooding ;  
 And what I fear is to see such a character always in  
 Hermann."

Then replied at once the good and sensible mother :  
 " Father e'en so toward our son thou art ever prone  
 to injustice ;  
 And e'en so least of all will thy wish for his good find  
 fulfilment.  
 After our own inclinations we cannot fashion our  
 children,  
 But as God gave them to us, e'en so must we keep  
 them and love them,  
 Training them up for the best, and then leaving each  
 to improve it.  
 Gifts of one kind to one, of another belong to another ;  
 Each one doth use them, and each is still only good  
 and successful  
 In his peculiar way. Thou shalt not find fault with  
 my Hermann,  
 Who, I am sure, will deserve the fortune he'll some  
 day inherit  
 And be an excellent landlord, a pattern of townsmen  
 and farmers,  
 And not the last in the Council, — I see it already be-  
 forehand.  
 But in the poor boy's breast with thy daily blaming  
 and scolding,

As hast thou done to-day, thou checkest all feeling of  
 courage."  
 Then she left the room, and after her son quickly  
 followed,  
 That, having somewhere found him, she might with  
 soft words of kindness  
 Cheer him again; for he, her excellent son, well de-  
 served it.

When she had thus gone away, at once the father  
 said, smiling:  
 "Truly a marvellous race are women — as much so as  
 children!  
 Each of them loves so to live just after her own  
 proper liking;  
 And one must do nothing then but always be praising  
 and fondling,  
 But once for all holds good that truth-speaking prov-  
 erb of old time,  
 'Who will not foremost go, he comes in hindmost.'  
 So is it."

Then replied to him the druggist, with great circum-  
 spection:  
 "Gladly, neighbour, I grant you this, and for all that is  
 better  
 Ever myself do look out, — if 'tis new without being  
 dearer.  
 But is it really good, when one has not abundance of  
 money,  
 Active and bustling to be, and *in* doors and *out* to be  
 mending?  
 Nay, too much is the burgher kept back: increase his  
 possessions  
 E'en if he could, he may not: his purse is ever too  
 slender,

And his need is too great; and so he is always impeded.

Many a thing had I done, but the cost of such alterations

Who does not wish to avoid? above all in times of such danger.

Long, in time past, my house in its dress of new fashion was laughing;

Long with ample panes throughout it the windows did glitter,

But does the man who in this would vie with the merchant, know also,

As *he* does, the best way to make his property greater?

Only look at the house over there — the new one; — how handsome

Shows on its ground of green each white compartment of stucco!

Large are the lights of the windows; the panes are flashing and gleaming,

So that the rest of the houses throughout the square stand in darkness.

And yet, after the fire, were *ours* at first quite the finest, Mine with the Golden Angel, and yours with the Golden Lion.

So was my garden, too, throughout the whole neighbourhood famous,

And each traveller stood, and looked through the red palisading

At the beggars in stone and the pigmies coloured so gayly.

Then, when I gave a friend coffee within the glorious shell-work,

Which, to be sure, now stands all dusty and ready to tumble,

Great was the pleasure he took in the coloured sheen of the mussels,

Ranged in beautiful order ; and even the connoisseur,  
gazing,  
Looked with dazzled eye on the crystals<sup>1</sup> of lead and  
corals.  
So did the paintings, too, in the drawing-room gain  
admiration,  
When fine lords and ladies were taking a walk in the  
garden.  
And with their taper fingers the flowers were giving  
and holding.  
Yes, who would now any more cast an eye upon that ?  
For vexation  
Scarce do I ever stir out : for all must be modern and  
tasteful,  
As it is called, — the pails must be white, and the  
seats must be wooden.  
All now is simple and plain ; carved work and gilding  
no longer  
Will they endure ; and now foreign wood is of all  
things most costly.  
Were I, now, so disposed to have my things newly-  
fashioned,  
Even to go with the times, and my furniture often be  
changing,  
Yet does every one fear to make e'en the least alterations,  
For who now can afford to pay the bills of the work-  
men ?  
'Twas but lately I thought of having Michael the  
Angel,  
Who is the sign of my shop, again embellished with  
gilding,  
And the green dragon, too, winding under his feet ;  
but I left him  
Dingy still, as he is ; for the sum that they asked quite  
alarmed me."

<sup>1</sup>The original word signifies properly a combination of lead and sulphur, often found in crystalline form.

## MOTHER AND SON.

Thus spake together the men in friendly converse.  
The mother  
Went meanwhile in front of the house, to search for  
her Hermann  
On the bench of stone, the seat he most often frequented.  
When she found him not there, she went and looked  
in the stable,  
Whither the noble steeds of high courage claimed his  
attention,  
Which he had bought when foals, and which he en-  
trusted to no one.  
Then the servant said: "He is gone away into the  
garden."  
Quickly then she stepped across the long double court-  
yard,  
Left the stables behind, and the barns all built of good  
timber,  
Into the garden went, which extended right up to the  
town walls;  
Passed straight through it, enjoying meanwhile the  
bloom of each object,  
Upright set the props on which the apple-trees'  
branches  
Rested, o'erladen with fruit, and the burdened boughs  
of the pear-tree,  
And from the strong smelling kale picked a few cater-  
pillars in passing;  
For the industrious wife takes no single step that is  
useless.  
Thus had she come to the end of the garden, and up  
to the arbour,  
Covered with honeysuckles; but there no more of her  
Hermann  
Saw she, than she had seen in the garden she just now  
traversed,

But on the latch was left the wicket, which out of the  
    arbour,  
As an especial favour, their trusty forefather, the mayor,  
Had in times gone by through the walls of the town  
    got erected.  
Thus without any trouble she passed across the dry  
    trenches,  
Where from the road close at hand went up the steep  
    path of the vineyard,  
Well enclosed, and straight to the sun's rays turning  
    its surface,  
This, too, she traversed throughout, and enjoyed the  
    sight, while ascending,  
Of the abundant grapes, beneath their leaves scarcely  
    covered.  
Shaded and roofed-in with vines was the lofty walk in  
    the centre,  
Which they ascended by steps of slab-stones rough  
    from the quarry,  
And within it were hanging Gutédel and Muscatel  
    bunches,  
Wondrous in size, and e'en then displaying tints red  
    and purple,  
Planted all with care, to the guests' dessert to add  
    splendour.  
But with single plants the rest of the vineyard was  
    covered,  
Bearing smaller grapes, from which flows wine the  
    most costly.  
Thus, then, she mounted up, with glad thoughts  
    already of autumn,  
And of that festal day when the country in jubilee  
    gathers,  
Plucking and treading the grapes, and in casks the  
    sweet must collecting ;  
While, in the evening, fireworks light up each spot  
    and each corner,

Flashing and cracking; and so full honour is paid to  
the vintage.  
Yet she went ill at ease, when the name of her son she  
had shouted  
Twice or thrice, and echo alone in manifold voices  
From the towers of the town with great loquacity  
answered.  
It was so strange for her to seek him; he never had  
wandered  
Far; or he told it to her, — the cares of his dear loving  
mother  
Thus to prevent, and her fears lest aught of ill should  
befall him,  
And she was still in hope that on the way she should  
find him;  
For the doors of the vineyard, the lower and also the  
upper,  
Open alike were standing. And so the field she next  
entered,  
With whose further slopes the back of the hill was all  
covered.  
Still on ground of her own all the time she was tread-  
ing, and pleasant  
Was it for her to see her own crops and corn nodding  
richly,  
Which over all the land with golden vigour was  
waving.  
Right between the fields she went, on the green sward,  
the foot-path  
Keeping still in view, and the great pear-tree on the  
summit,  
Which was the bound of the fields her house still held  
in possession.  
Who had planted it none could tell. Far and wide  
through the country  
There it was to be seen, and the fruit of the tree was  
most famous.



'Neath it the reaper was wont to enjoy his meal in the  
midday,  
And in its shade the neatherd to wait the return of  
his cattle,  
Benches of rough stone and turf the seats they there  
found to sit on.  
And she was not mistaken; there sat her Hermann,  
and rested —  
Sat with his arm propped up, and seemed to gaze o'er  
the country  
Far away tow'rd the mountain, his back turned full  
on his mother.  
Softly she stole up to him, and shook quite gently his  
shoulder ;  
And, as he quickly turned round, she saw there were  
tears on his eyelids.

“ Mother,” he said, disconcerted, “ your coming sur-  
prised me.” Then quickly  
Dried he up his tears — that youth of excellent feel-  
ings.  
“ What! thou art weeping, my son,” his mother re-  
plied, with amazement,  
“ And must I to thy grief be a stranger? I ne'er was  
thus treated.  
Say, what is breaking thy heart? What urges thee  
thus to sit lonely  
Under the pear-tree here? What brings the tears to  
thine eyelids?”  
Then the excellent youth collected himself, and thus  
answered:  
“ He who beareth no heart in his brazen bosom now  
feels not,  
Truly, the wants of men who are driven about in mis-  
fortune:  
He in whose head is no sense, in these days will take  
little trouble

Studying what is good for himself and the land of his  
fathers.  
What I had seen and heard to-day filled my heart  
with disquiet ;  
And then I came up here, and saw the glorious land-  
scape  
Spreading afar, and winding around us with fruit-  
bearing uplands.  
Saw, too, the golden fruit bowing down, as if for the  
reaping,  
Full of promise to us of rich harvest and garners  
replenished.  
Oh, but, alas, how near is the foe ! The Rhine's flow-  
ing waters  
Are, to be sure, our guard : yet what now are waters  
and mountains  
To that terrible people which comes on thence like a  
tempest ?  
For they are calling together from every corner the  
young men,  
Ay, and the old, and onward are urging with might,  
and the masses  
Shun not the face of death, but masses still press upon  
masses.  
And does a German, alas ! in his house still venture to  
linger ?  
Hopes he, forsooth, alone to escape the menacing ruin ?  
Dearest Mother, I tell you it fills me to-day with vexa-  
tion,  
That I was lately excused, when from out our towns-  
men were chosen  
Men for the wars. To be sure, I'm the only son of  
my father,  
And our household is large, and of great importance  
our business ;  
But were I not doing better to take my stand far out  
yonder

On the borders, than here to wait for affliction and  
bondage ?  
Yes, my spirit hath spoken, and in my innermost  
bosom  
Courage and wishes are stirred, to live for the land of  
my fathers,  
Ay, and to die, and so set a worthy example to others.  
Truly, were but the might of our German youth  
altogether  
On the borders, and leagued not an inch to yield to  
the stranger,  
Oh, they should not be allowed to set foot on our glo-  
rious country,  
And before our eyes consume our land's fruitful  
produce,  
Lay their commands on our men, and rob us of wives  
and of maidens.  
See, then, mother ; within the depth of my heart I'm  
determined,  
Quickly to do, and at once, what seems to me right  
and judicious ;  
For not always is his the best choice who thinks of it  
longest.  
Lo ! I will not return to my home from the spot that  
I stand on,  
But go straight into town, and devote to the ranks  
of our soldiers  
This good arm and this heart, to serve the land of  
my fathers.  
Then let my father say if my breast by no feeling of  
honour  
Be enlivened, and if I refuse to raise myself higher."

Then with deep meaning replied his good and intel-  
ligent mother,  
Shedding the gentle tears which so readily came to  
her eyelids :

"Son, what change is this that hath come o'er thee  
 and thy spirit,  
 That to thy mother thou speakest not, as yesterday  
 and as ever,  
 Open and free to tell me what 'tis that would suit  
 with thy wishes?  
 Should a third person hear thee at present discoursing,  
 he doubtless  
 Would both commend thee much, and thy purpose  
 praise, as most noble,—  
 Led away by thy words, and thy speech so full of deep  
 meaning.  
 Yet do I only blame thee; for, lo! I know thee much  
 better.  
 Thou art concealing thy heart, and thy thoughts from  
 thy words widely differ,  
 For it is not the drum, I know, nor the trumpet that  
 calls thee,  
 Nor in the eyes of the girls dost thou wish to shine in  
 regimentals.  
 For, whatever thy valour and courage, 'tis still thy  
 vocation  
 Well to guard the house, and the field to attend to in  
 quiet.  
 Wherefore tell me, with frankness, what brings thee  
 to this resolution?"

Earnestly said the son: "You err, dear mother;  
 one day is  
 Not just like another; the youth into manhood will  
 ripen,  
 Better oft ripen for action in quiet, than midst all the  
 tumult  
 Of a wild, roving life, which to many a youth has  
 been fatal.  
 Thus, then, however calm I am, and was, in my  
 bosom

Still hath been moulded a heart which hateth wrong  
and injustice.

Work, too, strength to my arm and power to my feet  
hath imparted.

This, I feel, is all true, and boldly I dare to main-  
tain it.

And yet, mother, you blame me with justice, since  
you have caught me

Dealing with words but half true, and with half dis-  
guises of meaning.

For, let me simply confess it, it is not the coming of  
danger

That from my father's house now calls me, nor  
thoughts great and soaring,

Succour to bring to the land of my sires, and its foes  
strike with terror.

All that I spoke was mere words alone, intended to  
cover

Those bitter feelings from thee, which my heart are  
tearing asunder.

Oh, then, leave me, my mother; for since all vain are  
the wishes

Cherished here in my bosom, in vain may my life, too,  
be wasted,

For I know that himself the individual injures

Who devotes himself, when all for the common weal  
strive not."

"Do but proceed," so said thereupon the intelli-  
gent mother,

"All to relate to me, the chief thing alike and the  
smallest.

Men are hasty, and think on the end alone; and the  
hasty

Easily out of their path the least impediment driveth.

But a *woman* is apt to look at the *means*, and to  
travel

Even by roundabout ways, and so to accomplish her purpose.

Tell me then all: what has moved thee to such excitement as never

Thou hast displayed before, — the blood in thy veins fiercely boiling,

And, in spite of thy will, the tears from thine eyes gushing thickly ?”

Then the good youth to his pain his whole being surrendered, and weeping,

Weeping aloud on his mother's breast, said with deepest emotion :

“Truly, my father's words of to-day did grievously wound me,

Undeserved as they weré, alike this day and all others ;

For 'twas my earliest pleasure to honour my parents, and no one

Cleverer seemed, or wiser, than they whom I thanked for my being,

And for their earnest commands in the twilight season of childhood.

Much, in truth, had I then to endure from my play-fellows' humours,

When for my good will to them full oft with spite they repaid me.

Many a time when struck by stone, or hand, I o'erlooked it.

But if they ever turned my father to sport, when on Sunday

Out of church he came, with step of dignified slowness ;

If they e'er laughed at the band of his cap, and the flowers on his loose gown,

Which he so stately wore, and ne'er till to-day would abandon ;

Fearlessly then did I clench my fist, and with furious  
passion  
Fell I upon them, and struck and hit, with blind, reck-  
less onset,  
Seeing not where my blows fell; they howled, and  
with blood-dripping noses  
Hardly escaped from the kicks and strokes which I  
dealt in my fury.  
And thus grew I up, with much to endure from my  
father,  
Who full often to me, instead of to others, spoke  
chiding,  
When he was moved to wrath in the Council, at its  
last sitting;  
And I still had to pay for the strifes and intrigues of  
his colleagues.  
Ofttimes did you yourself commiserate all that I suf-  
fered,  
Wishing still from my heart to serve and honour my  
parents,  
Whose sole thought was for our sake to add to their  
goods and possessions,  
Often denying themselves in order to save for their  
children.  
Oh, but it is not saving alone, and tardy enjoy-  
ment,  
Not heap piled upon heap, and acre still added to  
acre,  
All so compactly enclosed, — it is not this that makes  
happy.  
No, for the father grows old, and with him the sons,  
too, grow older,  
Void of joy for to-day, and full of care for to-morrow.  
Look down there, and say how rich and fair to the  
vision  
Lies yon noble expanse, and beneath it the vineyard  
and garden,

Then the barns and stables, — fair ranges of goodly  
 possessions.  
 Further on still I see the house-back, where, in the  
 gable,  
 Peeping under the roof my own little room shows its  
 window.  
 And I reflect on the times when there the moon's late  
 appearing  
 Many a night I awaited, and many a morning the sun-  
 rise,  
 When my sleep was so sound that only a few hours  
 were sufficient.  
 Ah! all seems to me now as lonely as that little  
 chamber, —  
 House, and garden, and glorious field outstretched on  
 the hillside,  
 All lies so dreary before me: I want a partner to  
 share it."

Then replied to him his good and intelligent mother:  
 "Son, thou dost not more wish to lead a bride to thy  
 chamber,  
 That the night may yield thee a lovely half of exist-  
 ence,  
 And the work of the day be more free and more inde-  
 pendent,  
 Than thy father and I, too, wish it. We always ad-  
 vised thee,  
 Ay, and have urged thee also, to make thy choice of  
 a maiden.  
 Yet do I know it well, and my heart this moment re-  
 peats it,  
 That till the right hour come, and with the right hour  
 the right maiden  
 Make her appearance, this choice must remain still in  
 the distance,



And in most cases meanwhile fear urges to catch at  
the wrong one.  
If I must tell thee, my son, I believe thou hast chosen  
already ;  
Since thy heart is smitten, and sensitive more than is  
common.  
Speak it then plainly out, for thy soul already de-  
clares it ;  
Yonder maiden is she, — the exile, — whom thou hast  
chosen.”

“Dearest mother, thou sayest it,” the son then  
quickly made answer,  
“Yes, it is she ; and unless as my bride,<sup>1</sup> this day I  
may bring her  
Home to our house, she goes on, and perhaps will van-  
ish for ever,  
In the confusion of war and sad journeyings hither  
and thither.  
Then ever vainly for me our rich possessions will  
prosper,  
And for these eyes ever vainly the years to come will  
be fruitful.  
Yes, the familiar house and the garden become my  
aversion,  
Ah ! and the love of his mother, e’en that her poor  
son fails to comfort.  
For love loosens, I feel, all other ties in the bosom,  
When it makes fast her own ; nor is it only the  
maiden  
That leaves father and mother to follow the youth she  
has chosen ;  
But the youth, too, knows no more of mother and  
father,

<sup>1</sup>The titles of “bride” and “bridegroom” are given in Ger-  
many to persons who are only engaged to be married.

When he sees his maiden, his only beloved, go from  
him.

Wherefore let me depart where desperation now drives  
me ;

For my father hath spoken the words that must needs  
be decisive.

And his house is no longer mine, if from it the maiden,  
Whom alone I wish to bring home, by him is excluded."

Quickly then replied the good and sensible mother :  
" Two men, surely, stand like rocks in stern opposition ;  
Still unmoved and proud will neither advance toward  
the other ;

Neither move his tongue the first to words of good  
feeling.

Wherefore I tell thee, son, in my heart the hope is still  
living,

That if she be but worthy and good, to thee he'll be-  
troth her

Though she is poor, and he the poor hath so stoutly  
forbidden.

Many a thing he says, in his passionate way, which he  
never

Cares to perform ; and so it may be with this his  
refusal.

But he demands a soft word, and may with reason  
demand it ;

For he's thy father. We know, too, that after dinner  
his anger

Makes him more hastily speak, and doubt the motives  
of others,

Giving no reason ; for wine the whole strength of his  
hot wilful temper

Then stirs up, nor lets him attend to what others are  
saying ;

Only for what he says himself has he hearing or feel-  
ing,

But the evening is now coming on, and long conversations  
Have ere this been exchanged by him and his friendly  
companions.  
Gentler, I'm sure, he must be, when the fumes of the  
wine have now left him,  
And he feels the injustice he showed so keenly to  
others.  
Come! let us venture at once; nought speeds like the  
quickly-tried venture;  
And we require the friends who now sit with him  
assembled;  
But, above all, the support of our worthy pastor will  
help us."

Quickly thus she spoke, and herself from the bench  
of stone rising,  
Drew, too, her son from his seat, who willingly fol-  
lowed. In silence  
Both descended the hill, on their weighty purpose re-  
flecting.

#### THE CITIZENS OF THE WORLD.

Meanwhile sat the three still incessantly talking to-  
gether,  
With the pastor the druggist, and each by the side of  
the landlord.  
Ay, and the theme of their talk was still the selfsame  
as ever,  
Carried backwards and forwards, and well examined  
on all sides.  
Then the excellent vicar replied, with worthy reflec-  
tions:  
"I will not contradict you. I know man must ever  
be striving

After improvement, and still, as we see, he will also be  
striving

After what is higher; at least he seeks something  
novel.

But ye must not go too far. For close by the side of  
this feeling

Nature hath also given the wish to linger mid old  
things,

And to enjoy the presence of what has long been  
familiar.

Each condition is good that is sanctioned by nature  
and reason.

Man wisheth much for himself, and yet he wanteth but  
little;

For his days are but few and his mortal sphere is con-  
tracted.

Ne'er do I blame the man, who, constantly active and  
restless,

Urged on and on, o'er the sea and along each path of  
the mainland,

Passes busy and bold, and enjoyment finds in the profits  
Which are so richly heaped up, alike round himself  
and his children.

But *that* character, too, I esteem, — the good quiet  
yeoman,

Who with tranquil steps o'er the fields which his sires  
left behind them

Walks about, and attends to the ground, as the hours  
may require him.

Not for him each year is the soil still altered by  
culture;

Not for him does the tree, newly planted, with hastiest  
increase

Stretch forth its boughs to heaven with blossoms most  
richly embellished.

No, the man has need of patience, — has need, too,  
of simple,

Quiet, unvarying plans, and an intellect plain and straightforward.  
Small is the measure of seed he commits to the earth which supports him,  
Few are the beasts he is taught to raise by his system of breeding ;  
For what is useful is still the only object he thinks of.  
Happy the man to whom nature hath given a mind so decided !  
He supporteth us all. And joy to the small town's good burgher,  
Who with the countryman's trade the trade of the burgher uniteth.  
On him lies not the pressure which cripples the countryman's efforts ;  
Nor is he crazed by the care of the townsmen with many requirements,  
Who, though scanty their means, with those who are richer and higher  
Ever are wont to vie, — most of all their wives and their maidens.  
Bless, then, for ever, say I, the tranquil pursuits of thy Hermann,  
And of the like-minded partner who by him will some day be chosen."

Thus he spake ; and just then came in with her son the good mother,  
Whom she led by the hand, and placed in front of her husband.  
" Father," said she, " how oft have we thought, when chatting together,  
Of that jovial day which would come, when Hermann hereafter,  
Choosing a bride for himself, completed at length our enjoyment ;

Backward and forward then ran our thoughts; now  
     this one, now that one,  
 Was the maiden we fixed on for him, in converse  
     parental.  
 Now, then, that day is come; now heaven itself hath  
     before him  
 Brought and pointed out his bride, and his heart hath  
     decided.  
 Did we not always, then, say he should choose for him-  
     self unrestricted?  
 Didst thou not just now wish that his feelings might  
     for some maiden  
 Clear and lively be? Now is come the hour that you  
     wished for;  
 Yes, he hath felt, and chosen, and come to a manly  
     decision.  
 That is the maiden, — the stranger, — the one who met  
     him this morning;  
 Give her him; or, he hath sworn, he remains in single  
     condition."

Then spake to him his son: "Yes, give her me,  
     father; my heart hath  
 Clearly and surely chosen; you'll find her an excellent  
     daughter."

But the father was silent. Then, rising quickly, the  
     pastor  
 Took up the talking, and said: "A single moment  
     doth settle  
 All concerning man's life, and concerning the whole of  
     his fortune.  
 After the longest counsel, yet still each single decision  
 Is but a moment's work; but the wise man alone takes  
     it rightly.  
 Perilous is it always, in choosing, this thing and that  
     thing

Still to consider besides, and so bewilder the judgment.  
Hermann is clear in his views, from his youth long ago  
have I known him.

E'en as a boy, he stretched not his hands after this  
thing and that thing,

But what he wished did always become him, and firmly  
he held it.

Be not alarmed and astonished, that now at once is  
appearing

What you so long have wished. 'Tis true that just  
now that appearance

Wears not the form of the wish which by you so long  
hath been cherished ;

For from ourselves our wishes will hide what we wish ;  
while our blessings

Come to us down from above in the form that is  
proper to each one.

Then misjudge not the maid, who the soul first woke  
to emotion

In your well-beloved son, so good and so sensible like-  
wise.

Happy is that man to whom her hand by his first love  
is given,

And whose fondest wish in his heart unseen doth not  
languish.

Yes, I see by his look, his future lot is decided.

Youth to full manhood at once is brought by a genuine  
passion.

He is no changeling ; I fear, that if this maid you deny  
him,

All his best years will then be lost in a life of deep  
sorrow."

Quickly then replied the druggist, so full of dis-  
cretion,

From whose lips the words to burst forth, long had  
been ready :

"Let us still only adopt the middle course in this  
 juncture,  
 'Speed with slow heed!' 'twas the plan pursued e'en  
 by Cæsar Augustus.  
 Gladly I give up myself to serve the neighbour I  
 value,  
 And for his use exert the best of my poor under-  
 standing ;  
 And above all does youth stand in need of some one  
 to guide it.  
 Let me, then, go yonder, and I will examine the  
 maiden,  
 And will question the people with whom she lives, and  
 who know her.  
 No one will easily cheat me ; on words I can put the  
 true value."

Then with wingèd words the son immediately  
 answered :  
 "Do so, neighbour, and go, and inquire. At the same  
 time my wish is  
 That our respected vicar should also be your com-  
 panion ;  
 Two such excellent men will bear unimpeachable  
 witness.  
 Oh ! my father, she hath not run wantonly hither, —  
 that maiden ;  
 She is not one through the country to whisk about on  
 adventures,  
 And to ensnare with her tricks the inexperienced  
 youngster.  
 No, but the savage doom of that all-ruinous conflict  
 Which is destroying the world, and many a firmly-  
 built structure  
 Hath from the ground up-torn, this poor maid also  
 hath banished.  
 Are not noblemen of high birth now roving in exile ?



Princes fly in disguise, and kings are doomed to live  
outlawed.

Ah! and so, too, is she, the best of all her good  
sisters,

Out of our country driven; and her own misfortune  
forgetting,

Aids she the wants of others, and though without help,  
yet is helpful.

Great are the woe and the need which over the earth  
are now spreading;

Should not, then, from misfortune like this some good  
fortune follow?

And should I not, in the arms of my bride, my trust-  
worthy partner,

Reap good fruits from the war, as you from the great  
conflagration?"

Then replied the father, and spake with words full  
of meaning:

"How now, my son, hath thy tongue been loosed,  
which many a long year

Stuck to thy mouth, and moved in speech but on rarest  
occasions?

But I must prove to-day the doom which threatens  
each father,

That the passionate will of the son is favoured right  
gladly

By the all-gentle mother, supported by each of her  
neighbours;

If but the father be made an object of blame, or the  
husband.

But I will not resist you, thus banded together. What  
good were it?

For, in truth, I see here beforehand defiance and weep-  
ing.

Go, and examine, and with you, in God's name, bring  
me my daughter

Home to my house; if not, he may then think no more of the maiden."

Thus the sire. Then exclaimed the son, with features so joyous:  
"Now before night shall you have an excellent daughter provided,  
E'en as the man must wish, in whose breast lives a mind full of prudence.  
Happy will be, too, then my good maiden, — I venture to hope so.  
Yes, she will ever thank me for having both father and mother  
Given her back in you, as sensible children would have them.  
But I must tarry no more; I'll go and harness the horses  
Quickly, and take out with me our friends on the track of my loved one,  
Then leave it all to the men themselves and their own good discernment;  
Whose decision, I swear, I will entirely abide by,  
And never see her again, until she is mine — that sweet maiden."  
Thus went he out. Meanwhile the others were weighing with wisdom  
Many a point, and quickly discussing each matter of moment.

Hermann, then, to the stables sped, where the high-mettled horses  
Quietly standing, their feed of clean white oats were enjoying,  
And their well-dried hay, that was cut in the best of the meadows.  
Quickly, then, in their mouths he put the bright bits of their bridles,

Drew at once the straps through the buckles hand-  
somerly plated,  
Then, the long broad reins to the bridle fastening  
securely,  
Led the horses out to the yard, where the quick will-  
ing servant,  
Guiding it well by the pole, the coach had already  
drawn forward.  
Then with ropes so clean, and fitted exactly in  
measure,  
Fastened they to the bar the might of the swift-draw-  
ing horses.  
Hermann took the whip, sat down, and drove to the  
gateway,  
And as soon as the friends their roomy places had  
taken  
Speedily rolled on the carriage, and left the pavement  
behind them,  
Left behind them the walls of the town and the towers  
whitely shining.  
Thus drove Hermann on to the causeway now so  
familiar,  
Quickly, and did not loiter, but still drove up hill and  
down-hill.  
But when once again he descried the tower of the  
village,  
And at no distance once more lay the houses garden-  
surrounded ;  
Then he thought with himself it was time to pull in  
the horses.

Shaded by linden-trees, which, in worthy pride  
high-exalted,  
Had for hundreds of years on the spot already been  
rooted,  
There was a wide-spreading space of green sward in  
front of the village,

Where the peasants and burghers from neighbouring  
towns met for pleasure.  
There, beneath the trees, was a well at slight depth  
from the surface.  
As one went down the steps, the eye did light on stone  
benches,  
Placed all round the spring, which still welled forth  
living waters,  
Pure, and enclosed in low walls, for the comfort of  
those who were drawing.  
There, beneath the trees, to stay with the carriage and  
horses  
Hermann now determined, and thus addressed his  
companions :  
“ Step now forth, my friends, and go and gain informa-  
tion,  
Whether, indeed, the maid be worthy the hand which  
I offer.  
Truly I think it, and so ye would bring me no new  
and strange tidings.  
Had I to act for myself, I would go straight on to the  
village,  
And with words short and few the good girl should  
decide on my fortune.  
And amongst all the rest you will soon be able to  
know her ;  
For it were hard, indeed, for any to match her in  
figure.  
But I will give you, further, some marks from her  
dress clean and simple.  
Red is the bodice that gives support to the swell of  
her bosom,  
Well laced up ; and black is the jacket that tightly  
lies o'er it ;  
Neat the chemise's border is plaited in form of a collar,  
Which encircles her chin, so round with the charms of  
its whiteness ;

Freely and fairly her head displays its elegant oval ;  
Twisted strongly and oft are her plaits round hairpins  
of silver ;  
Full and blue is the skirt which beneath the bodice  
commences,  
And, as she walks along, flaps round her neatly-shaped  
ankles.  
One thing still will I say, and from you expressly  
request it :  
Do not speak to the maiden, nor let your purpose be  
noticed ;  
But you must question the others, and listen to all  
they may tell you.  
When you get tidings sufficient to quiet my father and  
mother,  
Then come back to me, and we'll think of our further  
proceedings.  
This is what I planned on the way, as we drove along  
hither."

Thus he spake. But his friends forthwith went on  
to the village,  
Where in gardens, and barns, and houses the mass of  
people  
Crowded, while cart upon cart along the wide road  
was standing.  
There to the lowing cattle and teams the men gave  
attention ;  
On all the hedges the women their clothes were busily  
drying ;  
And in the brook's shallow water the children delighted  
to dabble.  
Thus they went pressing on through wagons, through  
men, and through cattle,  
Looking about right and left, as spies despatched for  
the purpose,

Whether they might not descry the form of the girl  
they had heard of ;  
But not one of them all seemed to be that excellent  
maiden.  
Soon they found the crush become greater. There,  
round the wagons,  
Threatening men were at strife, while the women  
mixed with them screaming.  
Quickly then an elder, with steps full of dignity  
walking,  
Up to the brawlers came, and at once the hubbub was  
silenced,  
As he commanded peace, and with fatherly earnestness  
threatened.  
“Hath not misfortune,” he cried, “e’en yet so tamed  
our fierce spirits,  
That we should understand at length, and bear with  
each other,  
Living in peace,—though not each one by this rule  
metes out his conduct ?  
Careless of peace, to be sure, is the prosperous man ;  
but shall trouble  
Fail to teach us, no more, as erst with our brother to  
quarrel.  
Nay, to each other give place on the stranger’s soil, and  
together  
Share what ye have, that so ye may meet with com-  
passion from others.”

Such were the words of the man, and they all in  
silence and concord,  
Thus appeased once more, arranged their cattle and  
wagons.  
When now the clergyman heard the speech which the  
elder had spoken,  
And the pacific views of the stranger judge had dis-  
covered,

Straight up to him he went, and addressed him with  
words full of meaning :

“ Father, 'tis true that when men live in prosperous  
days in their country,

Gaining their food from the earth, which far and wide  
opes her bosom,

And through years and months renews the gifts that  
they wish for,

All then comes of itself, and each in his own eyes is  
wisest,

Ay, and best ; and this is their standing, one with  
another,

And the most sensible man is esteemed but the same  
as his neighbour ;

Since in quiet proceeds, as if of itself, all that happens.  
But should distress disturb the usual modes of exist-  
ence,

Tear the buildings down, and root up the garden and  
corn-field,

Drive the man and his wife from the site of their  
dwelling familiar,

And, as wanderers, drag them through days and nights  
full of anguish ;

Ah ! then look they around for the man of the best  
understanding,

And no longer he utters his excellent words to no  
purpose.

Tell me, father ; you are, no doubt, the judge of these  
exiles,

Who so quickly did shed the calm of peace o'er their  
spirits ;

Yes, you appear to me as one of those leaders of old-  
time,

Who the exiled people through deserts and wanderings  
guided ;

Surely, methinks I am talking with Joshua, if not with  
Moses.”

Then with earnest look the judge addressed him in  
answer,  
"Truly, our times may compare with those of rarest  
occurrence  
Noted in history's page, alike the profane and the  
sacred.  
He who in days like these his life but from yesterday  
reckons,  
Hath already lived years: so crowd the events in each  
story.  
If but a short way back I travel in thought, on my  
head seems  
Gray-haired age to be lying; and yet my strength is  
still lively.  
Oh, we may well compare ourselves with those others  
so famous,  
Who, in solemn hour, in the fiery bush saw appearing  
God, the Lord; to us, too, in clouds and fire He  
appeareth."

While now the vicar was fain the discourse still  
further to lengthen,  
Longing to hear from the man his own and his coun-  
trymen's fortunes,  
Quickly with whispered words in his ear observed his  
companion:  
"Talk on still with the judge, and turn the discourse  
on the maiden,  
While I am walking about to look for her; and I will  
come back,  
Soon as I find her." The vicar, with nod, expressed  
his approval,  
And through the hedges, and gardens, and sheds the  
spy began seeking.



## THE AGE.

When the clergyman thus to the stranger judge put  
his questions,  
What were his people's woes, and how long from their  
land they were driven ;  
Then the man replied : " Of no short date are our  
troubles ;  
For of continuous years the bitter dregs we have  
drunken,  
All the more dreadful, because our fairest hopes were  
then blasted.  
For, indeed, who can deny that his heart was highly  
elated,  
And in his freer bosom far clearer pulses were  
beating,  
When first rose o'er the world that new-born sun in its  
splendour,  
When we heard of the rights of man, which to all were  
now common,  
Heard how freedom inspired, and equality won the  
world's praises ?  
Then did each man hope to live for himself ; and the  
fetters,  
Deemed to be loosed, which had thrown their links  
over many a country,  
And in the land of sloth and selfishness long were held  
tightly.  
Did not each man look, in those days of pressing  
excitement,  
Toward the city which long the world its capital  
reckoned,  
And which now more than ever deserved the magnifi-  
cent title ?  
Were not, too, those men who first proclaimed the good  
tidings

Equal in name to the highest beneath the stars up in  
heaven ?  
Did not every man's mind, and spirit, and language,  
grow greater ?

And, as their neighbours, we first were fired with  
lively emotion.  
Then the war began, and the columns of newly-armed  
Frenchmen  
Nearer drew ; but they seemed to bring with them  
nothing but friendship.  
Ay, and they brought it, too ; for the souls of them all  
were elated,  
And for all with pleasure they planted the gay tree of  
freedom,  
Promising each man his own, and that each should be  
his own ruler.  
Great was then the enjoyment of youth, and great that  
of old age.  
And the gay merry dance began around the new  
standard.  
Thus did they quickly win — those Frenchmen sur-  
passing in talent —  
First the souls of our men by their fiery reckless  
adventure,  
Then our women's hearts by their irresistible graces.  
Light we deemed e'en the pressure of war, with its  
wants great and many ;  
Since, before our eyes, bright hope hovered over the  
distance,  
And allured on and on our look to the new-opened  
courses.

Oh ! how glad is the time, when along with his bride  
the gay bridegroom  
Lightly trips in the dance, his longed-for marriage  
awaiting !

But more glorious still was the time, when the loftiest  
objects

Man can think of appeared nigh at hand, and of easy  
attainment.

Then was every one's tongue untied, and loudly they  
uttered,

Graybeards, and men, and youths, their high inten-  
tions and feelings.

But the heavens were clouded too soon; for the  
prize of dominion,  
Strove a corrupted race, unmeet to produce what was  
noble.

Then they slew one another, and crushed with the  
yoke of oppression,

Then new neighbours and brothers, and sent forth the  
self-seeking masses.

And amongst us the high were debauching and rob-  
bing by wholesale,

And the low were debauching and robbing, e'en down  
to the lowest;

Each man seemed not to care, if but something were  
left for the morrow.

Great, indeed, was our need; and greatly increased  
our oppression;

No one heeded our cry; of the day they were abso-  
lute masters.

Then fell vexation and rage upon even the tranquillest  
spirit;

Each one but thought and swore for all his wrongs to  
take vengeance,

And for the bitter loss of his hope thus doubly  
defrauded.

Fortune changed at length to the side of the suffering  
Germans,

And with hasty marches the Frenchman fled back  
tow'rd his country.

Ah! but never till then did we feel the sad doom of  
warfare!  
Great, and generous, too, is the victor, — at least he  
appears so, —  
And he doth spare, as one of his own, the man he has  
vanquished,  
When he is daily of use, and with all his property  
serves him.  
But the fugitive knows no law, if but death he may  
ward off;  
And without any regard he quickly destroys what is  
precious,  
Since his spirit is heated, and desperation brings  
forward  
Out of the depth of his heart each lurking villainous  
purpose.  
Nought thinks he sacred now, but he robs it. His  
wildness of passion  
Rushes by force upon woman, and takes a delight in  
all horrors.  
All around he sees death, and in cruelty spends his  
last moments,  
Finding enjoyment in blood, and in misery's loud  
lamentations.

Wrathful then in our men rose up the spirit of  
daring,  
Both to avenge the lost, and to save their remaining  
possessions.  
All then seized on their arms, allured by the haste of  
the flying,  
And by their faces so pale, and their looks so timid  
and doubtful.  
Ceaselessly now rang out the sound of the sullen  
alarm-bell,  
Nor did the danger before them repress their furious  
courage.

Quickly into weapons the peaceful tools of the farmer  
Now were turned; with blood the fork and scythe  
were all dripping.

None showed grace to the foe in his fall, and none  
showed forbearance.

Everywhere raved courage or weakness malignant as  
timid.

O may I never again in such contemptuous madness  
Look upon man! The beast in his rage is a pleasanter  
object.

Ne'er let him speak of freedom as though himself he  
could govern!

Loosed from their bands appear, when the checks are  
gone that restrained them,

All bad things, which the law into holes and corners  
had driven."

"Excellent sir," replied the vicar, with emphasis  
speaking,

"If you have misjudged man, I cannot on that account  
blame you.

Evil enough, to be sure, have you borne from that  
wild undertaking.

Still, if you would but look once more through the  
days of your sorrow,

You would yourself confess, how often you saw what  
was good, too,

Many an excellent thing, which remains in the heart  
deeply hidden,

Should not danger incite it, and man by need be  
pressed forward

E'en as an angel, or guardian-god, to seem to his  
neighbour."

Smiling then replied the judge so aged and worthy:  
"Sensibly do you remind me, as oft, when a house has  
been burnt down,

Men to the owner recall in his sadness the gold and  
the silver,  
Which, though molten and scattered, lies still pre-  
served in the rubbish ;  
Little it is, to be sure, but even that little is precious,  
And the poor man digs for it, and when he has found  
it rejoices.  
And just so am I glad to turn my thoughts, full of  
brightness,  
Back to those few good deeds which memory still  
loves to cherish.  
Yes, I have seen, I will not deny it, foes joining in  
concord,  
That they might save the town from threatening evil !  
seen friends, too,  
And dear parents and children on what was impossible  
venture ;  
Seen the stripling at once grow up into manhood, —  
the gray-beard  
Young once more, — and e'en the child into stripling  
develop ;  
Ay, and the weaker sex, as 'tis our custom to call  
it,  
Show itself valiant and strong, and for presence of  
mind justly famous.  
Thus let me now relate, above all, that action most  
noble,  
Which with high soul a maiden performed, — the  
excellent virgin —  
Who in the large farmhouse stayed behind along with  
the young girls ;  
Since the men had all gone, like the rest, to fight with  
the strangers.  
Then came into the yard a troop of wandering  
rabble,  
Bent upon plunder, and quickly rushed into the  
women's apartment.

There they marked the form of the well-grown beautiful maiden  
And those lovely girls, — or, to call them more properly, children.  
Then, with wild passion possessed, they made an assault without feeling,  
On that trembling band and on the magnanimous maiden.  
But from the side of one she instantly tore the bright sabre,  
Brought it down with might, and before her feet he fell bleeding.  
Then with manly strokes the girl she valiantly rescued,  
Wounding four more of the robbers, though these escaped death by flying;  
Then she secured the yard, and with weapon in hand waited succour.”

When the clergyman thus had heard the praise of the maiden,  
Hope for the friend he loved at once mounted high in his bosom;  
And he was on the point of asking her subsequent fortunes,  
Whether along with the people she now were in sorrowful exile.

But with hasty steps just then the druggist came to them,  
Pulled the clergyman's arm, and with whispered words thus addressed him:  
“Surely at last I have found the maid out of many a hundred,  
As the description ran! So come yourself to behold her,

And bring with you the judge to tell us still further  
about her."

Purposing this they turned; but the judge meanwhile  
had been summoned

By his own people away, who, in want of counsel,  
required him.

But the vicar at once prepared to follow the druggist,  
Up to the gap in the hedge; and the latter, cunningly  
pointing,

Said: "Do you see her,—the maiden? The doll she  
has swaddled already,

And well enough do I know, now I see it again, the  
old satin,

And the old cushion-cover, which Hermann brought in  
the bundle.

These are significant marks, and the rest are all in  
accordance.

For the red bodice affords support to the swell of her  
bosom,

Well laced up; and there lies the jacket of black  
tightly o'er it;

Neat the chemise's border is plaited in form of a collar,  
Which encircles her chin so round with the charms of  
its whiteness;

Free and fairly her head displays its elegant oval;

And the thick plaits are twisted and fastened round  
hairpins of silver.

Though she is sitting, we still can see the height of her  
stature,

And the blue skirt, which in full and numerous folds  
from the bosom

Gracefully waves below, and extends to her neatly-  
shaped ankle.

Without doubt it is she. So come that we may  
examine

Whether she virtuous be and good,—a maiden  
domestic."



Then the vicar replied as he looked at the sitting  
girl keenly,  
“That she enchanted the youth is to me, most surely,  
no wonder ;  
For she stands proof to the eye of the man of finest  
perception.  
Happy to whom mother-nature a pleasing person hath  
given !  
It doth commend him always, and nowhere is he  
a stranger ;  
Each one likes to be near him, and each one would  
gladly detain him,  
If but the grace of his manner to that of his person be  
suited.  
Be well assured the youth has succeeded in finding a  
maiden  
Who o'er the future days of his life will shed glorious  
lustre,  
And with the truth and vigour of woman at all times  
support him.  
Thus, sure, perfection of body the soul also keepeth in  
brightness,  
And thus a vigorous youth of a happy old age still  
gives promise.”

But to that made reply the druggist, inclined to be  
doubtful :  
“Yet doth appearance more often deceive ; I trust not  
the outside ;  
Since in times past so oft I have proved the truth of  
the proverb,  
'Ere thou hast eaten a bushel of salt with thy new-  
made acquaintance,  
Lightly thou must not trust him ; 'tis time alone can  
assure thee,  
What thy position is with him, and what thy friend-  
ship's endurance.’

Let us, then, first address to honest people some questions,  
Who both know the maid, and will give us intelligence of her."

"I, too, approve of foresight," the pastor replied, as he followed,  
"Nor do we woo for ourselves; and wooing for others is ticklish."  
And upon that they went to meet the good judge, who was coming  
Back again up the road, intent, as before, on his business.  
Then the vicar at once addressed him with words of precaution:  
"Say! we have seen a maiden, who, in the garden close by here,  
Under the apple-tree sits, and makes up clothing for children  
Out of some worn-out satin, received, I suppose, as a present.  
We were well pleased with her form; she seems one of those full of spirit.  
What, then, you know of her, tell us; we ask from a laudable motive."

When now the judge straightway went into the garden to see her,  
"Nay, ye know her," he said, "already; for when I related  
Of the most noble deed which that young maiden accomplished,  
When she seized the sword, and herself and those with her defended,  
This was she! You may see by her look that robust is her nature  
But as good as strong; for she nursed her aged relation

Up to the day of his death, when torn away by  
affliction  
For the distress of the town, and fear for his threatened  
possessions.  
Ay, and with silent courage she bore her heart's bitter  
anguish  
At her bridegroom's death, who, a youth of generous  
feeling, —  
In the first glow of high thoughts, for precious free-  
dom to struggle,  
Even departed to Paris, and terrible death soon en-  
countered ;  
For, as at home, so there he opposed the tyrant and  
plotter.”  
Thus, then, spake the judge. With thanks both were  
going to leave him,  
When the pastor drew forth a gold piece (the silver  
already  
Had, some hours before, left his purse in kind distri-  
bution,  
When he saw the poor exiles in sorrowful crowds  
passing by him),  
And to the judge he held it out, and said : “ This poor  
farthing  
Share thou amongst the needy, and God to the gifts  
grant an increase ! ”  
Yet did the man refuse, and said : “ Nay, but many a  
dollar  
And much clothing and stuff from the wreck of our  
fortunes we rescued,  
And shall again, I trust, go back before all is ex-  
hausted.”

Then replied the vicar, and into his hand pressed the  
money,  
“ No one should wait to give in these days of trouble,  
and no one

Should refuse to accept what to him in kindness is offered.

No one knows how long he may hold his peaceful possessions,

No one how long still in foreign lands he may wander,  
And be without the field and the garden, which ought to maintain him."

"Ay, indeed," then observed the druggist, that keen man of business,

"Did now my pocket but hold any money, you quickly should have it,

Large coin or small alike; for your people's wants must be many.

Yet will I not let you go without a gift; that my wishes

Still may be seen, however the deed may fall short of the wishes."

Thus he spake, and forward the leathern pouch well embroidered

Drew by the string, in which was kept his tobacco, and opening,

Nicely shared it with him; and many a pipeful was found there.

"Small is the gift," he added; to which the judge quickly answered,

"Nay, but good tobacco to travellers ever is welcome."

And upon that the druggist began to praise his Kan-aster.

But the good vicar then drew him away, and the judge they now quitted.

"Haste we," said the man of good sense; "the youngster is waiting

Painfully; let him then hear with all possible speed the good tidings."

So they hastened and came, and found their young  
friend on the carriage  
Leaning there beneath the lindens. The horses were  
stamping  
Wildly upon the turf, and he held them in check, and  
stood thoughtful,  
Silently looking before him, nor saw his friends till the  
moment  
When they came to him with shouts and signs of their  
gladly returning,  
Even when still at a distance the druggist began to  
address him ;  
Yet still they approached unperceived. Then his  
hand the good vicar  
Seized, and said, thus snatching away the word from  
his comrade :  
“ Joy to thee now, young man ! Thine eye and thy  
heart truly guided  
Rightly have chosen. Good luck to thee and thy  
youth’s blooming partner.  
Worthy is she of thee ! Then come and turn round  
the carriage,  
That we may drive with all speed, till we come to the  
end of the village,  
And, having wooed her, at once may take to your  
house the good maiden.”

Yet did the youth stand still, and without any tokens  
of pleasure  
Heard the messenger’s word, though of heavenly  
power to give comfort.  
Then with a deep sigh he said : “ We came with  
hurrying carriage,  
And we shall drive back home, perhaps, with shame  
and full slowly.  
For, while waiting here, a load of care hath come  
o’er me,

Doubt and suspicion, and all that afflicts a lover's  
heart only.

Think ye, that if we but go, the maiden will surely  
come with us,

Since we are rich, and she a poor and wandering  
exile?

Poverty, undeserved, e'en makes men prouder. Con-  
tented

Seems the maiden and active, and so has the world at  
her summons.

Think ye there ever grew up a woman of beauty and  
feeling

Such as hers, without luring some good youth on to  
adore her?

Think ye she hath not yet her heart to love ever  
opened?

Go not thither so fast; we might, to our shame and  
confusion,

Turn back slowly home our horses. The fear doth  
possess me

That some youth owns her heart, and the excellent  
maiden already

Hath both plighted her hand and her true love  
breathed to that blessed one.

Ah! then, indeed, shall I stand before her ashamed of  
my offer."

To console him the vicar his mouth already had  
opened,

But, in his talkative way, his companion did thus in-  
terrupt him:

"Surely in former times we should not have thus been  
embarrassed,

When in its own proper way each business was  
brought to completion.

Then, if e'er for their son a bride the parents had  
chosen,

First a friend of the house in whom they trusted was  
summoned.  
He, then, as wooer was sent, and begged to confer  
with the parents  
Of the selected bride; and, dressed in his finest ap-  
parel,  
After dinner on Sunday he paid the good burgher a  
visit,  
Interchanging with him at first on general topics  
Friendly words, and well skilled to direct and lead  
round the subject.  
After much beating about, the daughter was at length  
commended,  
And the man and his house from whom he received his  
commission.  
Sensible people perceived his object; the sensible  
envoy  
Soon perceived their wishes, and might explain himself  
further.  
If they disliked the offer, there then was no painful  
refusal.  
But if it proved successful, the wooer was then ever  
after  
First to be seen in the house at each domestic re-  
joicing:  
For the good married couple their whole life through  
did remember  
That the first knots were tied by the hands commis-  
sioned to tie them.  
But all that is now, with other such excellent  
customs,  
Quite gone out of fashion, and each for himself is the  
wooer.  
Wherefore let each himself in person receive the  
refusal  
Destined for him, and stand with shame before the  
proud maiden."

“ Be it e’en as it may ! ” replied the youth, who had  
scarcely  
Heard all the words, and in silence had formed his  
own resolution.  
“ I will in person go, and in person learn what my  
doom is,  
Out of the maiden’s mouth, in whom my trust is the  
greatest  
Man ever yet toward woman within his bosom did  
cherish.  
What she says must be true, and according to reason ;  
I know it.  
If for the last time now I must see her, yet once, and  
once only,  
Will I the open gaze of that black eye go to encoun-  
ter.  
Though to my heart she may ne’er be pressed, yet  
that breast and those shoulders  
Will I yet once more see, which my arm so longs to  
encircle ;  
Once more will see that mouth, from which one kiss  
and one ‘ Yes ’ would  
Make me happy for ever, — one ‘ No ’ for ever undo me.  
But now leave me alone ; you must not wait, but  
returning,  
Go to my father and mother, that they may learn from  
your story  
That their son did not err, and that there is worth in  
the maiden.  
And so leave me alone. By the foot-path over the  
hillside  
Will I go back by a nearer way. And, oh, that my dear  
one  
I may with joy and speed lead home ! But perhaps  
by that foot-path  
I may slink lonely home, and never again tread it  
gladly.”



Thus he spake, and put the reins in the hand of the  
vicar,  
Who received them with skill and command o'er the  
foam-covered horses,  
Quickly mounted the carriage, and sat in the seat of  
the driver.  
But thou still didst tarry, thou prudent neighbour, and  
saidest :  
“Gladly, my friend, with soul, and mind, and heart,  
would I trust thee ;  
But thy body and limbs are not preserved most  
securely,  
When to the secular rein the ghostly hand makes  
pretension.”

But thou didst smile at that, thou sensible vicar, and  
saidest :  
“Take but your seat, and your body commit to me,  
e'en as your spirit.  
Long ago has this hand been trained to wield the reins  
deftly,  
And this eye is well skilled to hit the turn most artistic.  
For 'twas our custom at Strasburg to drive full oft in  
the carriage,  
When I accompanied thither our good young barons ;  
and daily  
Rolled through the sounding gateway our carriage, with  
me as the driver,  
Out on the dusty roads, far away to the meadows and  
lime-trees,  
Right through the midst of the crowds who the live-  
long day spend in walking.”

Half assured, upon that, the druggist mounted the  
carriage,  
Sitting as one who prepared a prudent leap to accom-  
plish ;

And the steeds galloped home, with thoughts intent on  
the stable.  
Under their powerful hoofs were clouds of dust stream-  
ing upward.  
Long stood the youth there yet, and watching the dust  
as it mounted,  
Watched it still as it fell, and stood devoid of reflection.

## DOROTHEA.

As the traveller, ere the sun sank below the  
horizon,  
Fixed once more his eyes on the orb now fast disap-  
pearing,  
Then in darkling copse and along the side of the  
mountain  
Sees its hovering form, and where'er his glance he now  
turneth,  
There it speeds on, and shines, and wavers in glorious  
colours ;  
So before Hermann's eyes did the lovely form of the  
maiden  
Softly move on, and seemed in the path to the corn-  
field to follow.  
But from his dream of rapture he woke, and slowly  
proceeded  
Toward the village, and then was enraptured again, for  
again came,  
Meeting him there in the way, the glorious maiden's  
tall figure.  
Closely he marked her, — it was no ghost, but her own  
very person,  
Bearing in either hand her larger jug by the handle,  
And a smaller one, thus she walked to the well, full of  
business.  
Joyfully went he up to meet her ; the sight of her gave  
him

Courage and strength ; and thus he spake to his wondering dear one :  
 “ Do I then find thee here, brave maiden, so soon again busy,  
 Helping others, and gladly still comforting all that is human ?  
 Say, why comest thou alone to the spring, which lies at such distance,  
 While with the village water the others all are contented ?  
 This, I suppose, must be of particular virtue and flavour.  
 Perhaps to that sick woman, so faithfully rescued, thou bearest it.”

Then the good maiden at once, with friendly greeting, thus answered :  
 “ Surely my coming thus here to the well is already rewarded,  
 Since I find the good youth who before with so much supplied us ;  
 For, as the gifts themselves, the sight of the giver is pleasant.  
 Come now, and see for yourself who hath reaped the fruits of your kindness ;  
 And receive the calm thanks of all to whom you gave comfort.  
 But, that you now may learn at once my object in coming  
 Here to draw, where the spring flows pure and ever increasing,  
 This is the reason I give. Our thoughtless men in the village  
 Everywhere have disturbed the water, with horses and oxen,  
 Trampling right through the spring which supplied the whole population.

Just in the same way, too, have they soiled, with washing and cleaning,  
All the troughs in the village, and all the wells have corrupted;  
For to provide with all speed for himself and the want next before him,  
This alone each man studies, and thinks not of what may come after."

Thus she spake, and then at once to the broad steps descended  
With her companion, and there they sat them both on the low wall,  
Down to the spring. To draw the water she then did lean over;  
And of the other jug he laid hold, and leant over likewise;  
And their mirrored forms they saw in the bright blue of heaven,  
Hov'ring with nods to each other, and greeting, like friends, in the mirror.  
"Let me drink," then said the youth in the joy of his feelings;  
And she held him the jug. Then both of them trustingly rested,  
Leaning over the vessels; and then her friend she thus questioned:  
"Say, how find I thee here, without the carriage and horses,  
Far away from the spot where I saw thee at first?  
What has brought thee?"

Thoughtfully Hermann looked on the ground, then raised up his glances  
Quickly tow'rd's the girl, and with friendly gaze in her dark eye  
Felt himself calm and assured. Yet to speak of love to her now was

Put quite out of his power ; her eye not love was now  
looking,

But clear sense, and demanded such sense in their  
whole conversation.

Thus he was soon collected, and said with confidence  
to her :

“ Let me speak, my child, and give a reply to your  
question.

It was for you I came here ; and why should I wish to  
conceal it ?

For with both my parents, who love me, I live and am  
happy.

Faithfully helping them manage their house and other  
possessions,

As their only son ; and manifold are our employments.

All the fields are my care, — the house my diligent  
father's, —

And my active mother gives life to the whole of the  
business.

But thou hast doubtless, like others, observed how  
sorely the servants,

Whether through lack of thought, or of honesty,  
trouble the mistress,

Ever compelled to change, and take one fault for  
another.

Wherefore my mother long wished in her house to  
keep such a servant

As not with hand alone, but also with heart would  
assist her,

In the place of the daughter she lost long ago, to her  
sorrow.

Now, when I saw thee to-day by the wagon so joy-  
ously active,

Saw the strength of thine arm and thy limb's perfection  
of soundness,

When to thy words I listened, so full of good sense, it  
all struck me,

And I hastened back home, to my parents and friends  
for that service  
To commend the stranger. But now I am come to  
inform thee  
Of their wishes and mine. Forgive me my faltering  
language."

"Shrink not," then she said, "from speaking what  
yet should be spoken ;  
No offence do you give, but with grateful feelings I've  
listened.  
Speak it then plainly out ; your words can never  
affright me.  
You would like to engage me as maid to your father  
and mother,  
Over your well-furnished house entrusted with full  
supervision ;  
And you believe that in me you would find a capable  
maiden,  
Well adapted for work, and not of a rough dispo-  
sition.  
Briefly your offer was made, — as brief shall be, too,  
my answer ;  
Yes, I will go with you, and follow where destiny  
leads me,  
Here my duty is done ; the new-born infant's poor  
mother  
I have restored to her own, and they all rejoice in  
their rescue,  
Most of them here already, the rest soon hoping to  
join them.  
All of them think, indeed, in a few short days they  
shall hasten  
Back to their home ; for so is the exile ever self-  
flattered.  
But with hopes light as this I dare not cheat my own  
bosom

In these sorrowful days which still portend days of  
sorrow.  
For the bands of the world are loosened, and what  
shall rebind them,  
But the most urgent need, such as that which o'er us is  
hanging?  
If in the worthy man's house I can gain my bread as  
servant,  
Under the eye of his wife so industrious, gladly I'll  
do it;  
Since the wandering maiden hath still a repute that is  
doubtful.  
Yes, I will go with you, so soon as the jugs of the  
strangers  
I have restored, and, further, have asked from those  
good friends a blessing.  
Come, you must see them yourself, and straight from  
their hands receive me."

Glad was the youth to hear the willing maiden's  
decision,  
Doubting whether he now should not own the truth  
fully to her;  
But it appeared to him best to leave her still to  
her fancy,  
And to conduct her home, and there first woo her  
affection.  
Ah! and he marked the gold ring, which the maiden  
wore on her finger,  
And he let her still speak on, while he paid to her  
words deep attention.

"Let us now hasten back," she thus continued; "the  
maidens  
Always fall into blame who linger too long at the  
fountain.  
Yet by the running spring to chat is still so delicious!"

Thus they arose, and looked yet once more, standing  
together,  
Into the well; and sweet was the longing that seized  
on their bosoms.

Silently, then, the maid, taking hold of both jugs by  
the handles,  
Mounted again the steps, while Hermann followed his  
loved one,  
Wishing to take a jug, and bear his share of the burden.  
“Nay, let it be,” she said, “all loads are lightest when  
even;  
And I must not be served by the master who soon will  
command me.  
Look not so serious at me, as though my fortune were  
doubtful;  
Woman should learn in time to serve,—’tis her nat-  
ural calling;  
For through serving only attains she at length to com-  
manding,  
And to what well-earned power she wields by right in  
the household.  
Gladly the sister serves her brother, the daughter her  
parents;  
And so her life is still a continual coming and going,  
Still a lifting and bearing, arranging and doing for  
others.  
Well for her, if her habits be such that no path is too  
irksome;  
That the hours of the night are to her as the hours of  
the daytime;  
That her work never seems too fine, or her needle too  
tiny;  
But that herself she entirely forgets, and can live but  
in others.  
Then, as a mother, in truth she needs one and all of  
the virtues,



When in her sickness the babe awakes her, for nourishment craving,  
Weak as she is, and care to her pains is abundantly added,  
Twenty men together would not endure so much trouble;  
Nor are they bound; but they're bound, when they see it, to show themselves thankful."

Thus she spake, and now, with her thoughtful, silent companiou,  
Passing on through the gardens she came to the site of the barn-floor,  
Where the poor mother lay, whom she left so glad with her daughters,  
Those very girls she had saved, — the pictures of innocent beauty.  
Both of them then walked in, and soon, in the other direction,  
Leading a child in each hand, the honoured judge also entered.  
These had been hitherto lost to the eyes of their sorrowing mother,  
But by the worthy elder had now in the crowd been discovered;  
And they eagerly sprang to kiss their dearly-loved mother,  
And to rejoice in their brother, their yet unknown little playmate.  
On Dorothea next they sprang, and kissed her right friendly,  
Asking for bread and fruit, and for something to drink, above all things.  
Then she handed the water round, and of it the children  
Drank, and so did the mother and daughters, and so did the elder.

All were pleased with their draught, and praised the  
excellent water,  
Which a slight mineral taste for man made refreshing  
and wholesome.

Then with serious looks the maid replied, and ad-  
dressed them,  
“This is perhaps the last time, my friends, that I ever  
shall carry  
Round to your mouths the jug, and moisten your lips  
with its water,  
But when henceforth ye quaff a draught in the heat of  
the midday,  
And in the shade enjoy your rest and the pure-gushing  
fountain,  
Oh, then think too of me, and my friendly service  
amongst you,  
Which from feelings of love I rendered, even more  
than of kindred.  
Through the rest of my life shall I own all the kind-  
ness you showed me.  
Truly I grieve to leave you; though now is each to his  
neighbour  
More a burden than comfort; and still in the land of  
the stranger  
Must we all look to die, if return to our home be de-  
nied us.  
See, here stands the youth to whom we owe thanks  
for the presents, —  
Both for the baby’s clothing here, and those viands so  
welcome.  
Hither he comes to beg that in his house he may see  
me,  
Acting as servant there to his rich and excellent  
parents:  
And I have not refused; for a maiden must serve in  
all cases,

And to sit quiet at home and be waited on she would  
deem irksome.  
Wherefore I follow him gladly ; in sense the youth  
seems not deficient,  
Nor will his parents be, — as befits their wealthy con-  
dition.  
Wherefore now, my dear friend, farewell ! and long  
may the baby  
Live to delight your heart, who now in such health  
looks up to you.  
But whenever to your bosom he's pressed in these  
bright-coloured wrappers,  
Oh, then think of the youth so kind, who with them  
supplied us,  
And will henceforth to me, too, your kinsman, give  
food and clothing.  
And do you, excellent sir" (she turned to the judge  
while thus speaking),  
"Take my thanks for having so often been to me a  
father."

And upon that she kneeled down to the new-born  
infant's good mother,  
Kissed the weeping woman, and took the blessing she  
whispered.  
Meanwhile to Hermann said the judge most worthy of  
honour :  
"Well may'st thou claim, my friend, to be numbered  
with sensible landlords,  
Who with capable persons are anxious to manage their  
household ;  
For I have marked full oft, that sheep, and horses, and  
cattle,  
Are with the nicest care by touching and handling ex-  
amined ;  
While that human aid, which, if able and good, saveth  
all things,

But destroys and demolishes all by its wrong interference,

*That* men take to their house by chance and accident only,

And, when too late, repent of an over-hasty arrangement.

But you seem to know this; for you have chosen a maiden

Who is good, in your house to serve yourself and your parents.

Keep her well, for while she an interest takes in your business

You will not miss the sister you lost, nor your parents their daughter."

Meanwhile many came in, -- near relatives of the good mother, --

Bringing many a gift, and news of more suitable lodging.

All heard the maiden's resolve, and gave their blessing to Hermann,

With significant looks, and thoughts of peculiar meaning,

For the poor exiles there were whispering one to another:

"If of the master a bridegroom come, then, indeed, is she rescued."

Then did Hermann take hold of her hand, and said to her, quickly,

"Let us begone; the day is declining, the town is far distant."

Then, with liveliest talk, the women embraced Dorothea;

Hermann drew her away; yet with many a kiss was she greeted.

But all the children still, with screams and terrible weeping,

Clung to her clothes, and would not their second  
mother relinquish.  
But the women thus spake, first one, then another,  
commanding :  
“ Silence, children ! she’s going away to the town, and  
will bring you  
Plenty of good sugar-bread, which your little brother  
there ordered,  
When past the baker’s shop by the stork<sup>1</sup> he lately  
was carried.  
And you will soon see her back, with her paper-bags  
handsomely gilded.”  
Thus, then, the children released her ; and Hermann  
though not without trouble,  
Tore her away from their arms, and their far-off beck-  
oning ’kerchiefs.

## HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

Thus the two went away toward the sun now de-  
clining,  
Who, storm-threatening, in clouds his form had deeply  
enveloped,  
And from the veil, now here, now there, with fiery  
glances  
Shot forth over the land the gleams of the ominous  
lightning.  
“ Oh ! may this threatening weather,” thus Hermann  
said, “ not soon bring us  
Storms of hail and furious rain ! for fine is the  
harvest.”

<sup>1</sup> The reader who has not lived in Germany may require to be informed that, according to the nursery belief in that country, all babies are carried to the house and carefully dropped down the chimney by the storks, instead of being brought in the doctor’s pocket, as in England.

And they both rejoiced at the sight of the corn high  
and waving,  
Which well-nigh reached up to the tall figures then  
passing through it.

Then the maiden said to the friend who was guiding  
her footsteps:  
"Kind one, whom first I've to thank for a pleasant,  
portion-safe shelter,  
While 'neath the open sky the storm threatens many  
exiles,  
Tell me now, first of all, and teach me to know both  
your parents,  
Whom to serve in future with all my soul I am  
anxious.  
For, if one knows his master, he better can give satis-  
faction,  
When he thinks of the things which to him seem of  
greatest importance,  
And upon which his mind he sets with most earnest  
attention.  
Wherefore tell me, I pray, how to win your father and  
mother."

Then replied thereto the good youth of clear under-  
standing:  
"Oh, how right do I deem thee, thou good and excel-  
lent maiden,  
Asking first, as thou hast, concerning the views of my  
parents!  
For in my father's service in vain till now have I  
striven,  
While to his business, as though 'twere my own, my-  
self I devoted,  
Early and late to the field and the vineyard giving  
attention.

But my mother I pleased well enough, for she knew  
how to prize it.  
Ay, and thee, too, no less will she think the most  
excellent maiden,  
If thou take care of the house as though 'twere thine  
own to attend to.  
But with my father not so, for he loves appearances  
likewise.  
Do not take me, good girl, for a son that is cold and  
unfeeling,  
If so soon I unveil my father to thee, quite a  
stranger.  
Nay, but I swear that this is the first time such an  
expression  
E'er hath escaped from my tongue, which is not given  
to prattling.  
But, since thou dost from my bosom elicit each proof  
of reliance,  
There are some graces in life for which my father is  
anxious, —  
Outward marks of love, as well as respect, which he  
wishes;  
And he would be, perhaps, pleased with quite an  
inferior servant,  
Who could make use of this, and would angry be with  
the better."

Cheerfully then she said, as along the darkening  
pathway  
Now with a quicker step and lighter movement she  
hurried,  
"Surely to both at once I hope to give ample con-  
tentment;  
Since thy mother's mind accords with my own dispo-  
sition,  
And to external graces from youth I have ne'er been  
a stranger.

Those French neighbours of ours, in former times, of  
    politeness  
Made no little account ; to the nobleman and to the  
    burgher,  
Ay, and the peasant, 'twas common, and each to his  
    own did commend it.  
And just so amongst us, on the German side, e'en the  
    children  
Brought with kissings of hand and courtseyings every  
    morning  
Wishes of joy to their parents, and all the day long  
    would repeat them.  
All which I then did learn, to which from my youth  
    I'm accustomed,  
And which comes from my heart, to my elder master  
    I'll practise.  
But now who shall tell me to thee what should be my  
    behaviour, —  
Thee, their only son, and to me in future a master ? ”

    Thus she spake, and just then they arrived at the  
    foot of the pear-tree.  
Glorious shone the moon, at her full, down on them  
    from heaven ;  
For it was night, and the sun's last gleam was totally  
    hidden.  
Thus were spread out before them in masses, the one  
    by the other,  
Lights as bright as the day, and shades of the night  
    that are darkest.  
And that friendly question was heard with pleasure  
    by Hermann  
Under the noble tree, in the spot so dear to his fancy,  
And which that selfsame day had witnessed his tears  
    for the exile.  
Thus while there beneath it they sat for a short time  
    to rest them,



Seizing the maiden's hand, the enamoured youth said  
in answer :

“ Let thine own heart tell thee, and follow it freely in  
all things.”

But no further word did he risk, though the hour so  
much favoured ;

For he feared that his haste might only bring a refusal.  
Ah ! and he felt, too, the ring on her finger, — that  
token so painful.

Thus, then, sat they still and in silence beside one  
another.

But the maiden began, and said, “ How sweet do  
I find it

Watching the glorious light of the moon ! The day is  
scarce brighter.

Yonder I clearly see in the town the houses and home-  
steads,

And in the gable or window methinks the panes I can  
number.”

“ What thou seest,” then replied the youth, restrain-  
ing his feelings,

“ Is the place where we dwell, and down to which I  
lead thee ;

And that window there in the roof belongs to my  
chamber,

Which will, perhaps, now be thine, for some change  
we shall make in the household.

These are our fields, now ripe for the harvest begin-  
ning to-morrow.

Here in the shade will we rest, and enjoy our meal in  
the noontide ;

But let us now go down, proceeding through vine-  
yard and garden ;

For see yonder ! the storm is coming on heavily o'er us,  
Flashing lightning, and soon will extinguish the full  
moon so lovely.”

So they arose, and pursued their way o'er the fields  
that lay under,  
Through the magnificent corn, in the night's clear  
splendour rejoicing,  
Till to the vineyard next they came, and entered its  
darkness.

And down its many slabs he thus fain to conduct her,  
Which were laid there unhewn, as steps in the leaf-  
covered pathway.  
Slowly walked she down, now resting her hands on his  
shoulders,  
While with wavering lustre the moon through the  
leaves overlooked them,  
Till, in storm-clouds concealed, it left the couple in  
darkness.  
Carefully thus the strong youth the dependent  
maiden supported ;  
But not knowing the path, and unused to the rough  
stones along it,  
Missing her step, she twisted her foot, and well-nigh  
had fallen.  
Hastily then stretching out his arm, the youth, quick  
and clever,  
Held his beloved one up, when she gently sank on his  
shoulder,  
Bosom reclining on bosom, and cheek on cheek. Yet  
he stood there  
Stiff as a marble statue, his earnest wishes restraining ;  
Still not pressing her closer, and still her dear weight  
supporting.  
Thus, then, he felt that glorious burden — the warmth  
of her young heart,  
And the balm of her breath, on his lips exhaling its  
fragrance,  
And with the feeling of man bore woman's heroical  
greatness.

But she concealed her pain, and said in jocular  
 language :  
 " That betokens trouble, —so say all scrupulous  
 people, —  
 When, on entering a house, not far from the threshold  
 a foot twist.  
 Truly, I well could have wished for myself a happier  
 omen.  
 But let us wait a short time, that thou be not blamed  
 by thy parents  
 For the poor limping maid, and be thought an incom-  
 petent landlord."

## PROSPECT.

Muses, ye who the heart's true love so gladly have  
 favoured,  
 Who thus far on his way the excellent youth have  
 conducted,  
 And to his bosom have pressed his maiden before the  
 betrothal,  
 Help still further to perfect the tie of the love-worthy  
 couple,  
 Parting at once the clouds which over their happiness  
 gather !  
 But, before all, relate what within the house is now  
 passing.

There for the third time already the impatient  
 mother returning  
 Entered the men's room, which first she had left with  
 anxiety, speaking  
 Of the approaching storm, and the moon's quick veil-  
 ing in darkness ;  
 Then of her son's remaining abroad, and the dangers of  
 night-time,  
 While she well chided the friends, who, without a  
 word to the maiden,

Wooing her in his behalf, from the youth so quickly  
had parted.

"Make not the evil worse," replied the dispirited  
father,

"For we ourselves, thou seest, tarry here, and abroad  
do not venture."

But their neighbour began to speak as he sat there so  
tranquil,

"Truly in hours of disquiet, like these, I always feel  
grateful

To my departed father, who rooted up all my impa-  
tience,

While I was yet a boy, and left not a fibre remain-  
ing;

Ay, and not one of the sages so quickly learnt to wait  
quiet."

"Say," replied the vicar, "what means the old man  
had recourse to?"

"That will I gladly tell you, since each for himself  
may well mark it,"

Answered then the neighbour. "I stood one Sunday  
impatient,

When I was yet a boy, for the carriage eagerly  
waiting

Which was to take us out to the well 'neath the shade  
of the lime-trees.

Still it came not, and I, like a weasel, ran backward  
and forward,

Stepping up and down, and from window to door,  
without ceasing.

Oh, how my hands did tingle! and how I was scratch-  
ing the table,

Tramping and stamping about, and ready to burst into  
crying!

All was seen by the tranquil man; but at length, when  
I acted

Quite too foolish a part, by the arm he quietly took  
me,  
Leading me up to the window, with words of dubious  
purport :  
' Seest thou, closed for the day, the carpenter's work-  
shop o'er yonder ?  
It will be opened to-morrow, and plane and saw will  
be busy ;  
And so will pass the industrious hours from morning  
till evening.  
But bethinks thee of this : the morrow will one day be  
coming,  
When the master will stir him with all his workmen  
about him,  
Making a coffin for thee, to be quickly and deftly com-  
pleted ;  
And over here all so busy that house of planks they  
will carry,  
Which must at last receive the impatient alike and the  
patient,  
And a close-pressing roof very soon to bear is ap-  
pointed.'  
All straightway in my mind I saw thus really  
happen,  
Saw the planks joined together, the sable colours pre-  
paring,  
And once more sitting patient, in quiet awaited the  
carriage.  
Thus, whenever I now see others in doubtful expect-  
ance,  
Awkwardly running about, I needs must think of the  
coffin."

Smiling, the vicar replied : " The picture of death,  
ever busy,  
Strikes not the wise with fear, nor is viewed as an end  
by the pious ;

Back into life it urges the one, for its dealings instructed,  
 And for the other in sorrow it strengthens the hope of  
 the future.

Death becomes life to both. And so it was wrong in  
 your father

Death to present as death to the eye of sensitive  
 boyhood.

Nay, rather show youth the worth of old age ripe in  
 honours,

And to the old man show youth; that so the ne'er-  
 ending circle

Both may enjoy, and life in life may be fully accom-  
 plished."

But now the door was thrown open, and showed the  
 magnificent couple;

And astonishment seized the friends and affectionate  
 parents

At the form of the bride, nearly equalling that of the  
 bridegroom.

Yea, the door seemed too small to allow the tall figures  
 to enter,

Which, as they came on together, were now seen  
 crossing the threshold.

Hermann with hurried words presented her then to  
 his parents:

"Here," he said, "is a maiden brought into your  
 house, my dear father,

Just as you wished; give her welcome, for that she  
 deserves. And, dear mother,

She hath already inquired the whole extent of our  
 business;

So that you see how well henceforth she deserves to  
 be near you."

Hastily then aside he drew the excellent vicar,  
 Saying, "Most worthy sir, now help me in this my  
 dilemma

Quickly, and loosen the knots whose entanglement  
makes me quite shudder ;

For I have not yet dared as my bride to sue for the  
maiden, -

But as a servant she weens she is come to the house ;  
and I tremble

Lest she refuse to stay, as soon as we think about mar-  
riage.

But let it be quickly decided ; no longer in error  
Shall she remain ; nor can I any longer endure to be  
doubtful.

Haste, then, and show in this case the wisdom for  
which we revere thee."

Then the pastor at once went away, and returned to  
the party.

But already the soul of the maiden was grievously  
troubled

Through the father's address, who at once, with  
kindly intention,

Words of sprightly purport in joking manner had  
spoken :

"Ay, this is pleasant, my child ! I am glad to see that  
my son is

Blessed with good taste, like his sire, who (as those of  
his day knew) did always

Lead the finest girl to the dance, and at length  
brought the finest

Into his house as his wife, — and that was my Her-  
mann's dear mother.

For by the bride a man chooses it needs not long to  
discover

What a spirit he's of, and whether he feels his own  
value.

But you required, I suppose, but a short time to form  
your conclusion,

For, sure, it seems to me that he's not such a hard one  
to follow."

Hermann but slightly caught these words, but his  
limbs to the marrow  
Quivered, and all at once the whole circle was hushed  
into silence.

But the excellent maiden by words of such cruel  
mocking,  
(As they appeared), being hurt and deeply wounded  
in spirit,  
Stood there, her cheeks to her neck suffused with  
quick-spreading blushes.  
Yet her feelings she checked, and, her self-possession  
regaining,  
Though not entirely concealing her pain, thus spake  
to the old man :  
“ Truly, for such a reception your son quite failed to  
prepare me,  
Painting to me the ways of his father, that excellent  
burgher.  
And I am standing, I know, before you, the man of  
refinement,  
Who with judgment behaves to each one, as suits  
their positions ;  
But for the poor girl, methinks, you have not sufficient  
compassion,  
Who has now crossed your threshold, and comes pre-  
pared for your service ;  
Else with such bitter mocking you surely would not  
have shown me  
How far my lot from your son, and from yourself is  
now severed.  
Poor, indeed, and with this small bundle, I come to  
your dwelling,  
Which is furnished with all that marks a prosperous  
owner ;  
But I well know myself, and thoroughly feel my  
position.



Is it noble to make me at once the butt of such mocking  
As, on the very threshold, well-nigh from your house  
drove me backward ?”

Much was Hermann alarmed, and made signs to his  
good friend the pastor,  
That he should interfere, and at once put an end to  
the error.

Quickly the prudent man stepped up, and saw in the  
maiden

Silent chagrin, and pain subdued, and tears on her  
eyelids.

Then his soul urged him on, not at once to end the  
confusion,

But still further to test the afflicted heart of the  
maiden.

And upon that he addressed her with words of search-  
ing intention :

“ Surely, thou foreign maiden, thou didst not wisely  
consider,

When with all haste thou resolvedst to be a servant  
to strangers,

What is it to live with a master, subject to orders ;

For, but once strike the hand and thy whole year's  
doom is decided,

And the ‘ yes ’ but once spoken to much endurance  
will bind thee.

Truly, wearisome days are not the worst part of service,  
Nor the bitter sweat of work everlastingly pressing ;  
Since the freeman, if active, will labour as hard as the  
bond-slave.

But to endure the whims of the master who blames  
without reason,

Wanting now this, now that, with himself still ever  
at discord ;

Ay, and the pettish mood of the mistress, who soon  
waxes angry,

Joined to the children's rough and insolent want of  
good manners;

This is hard to bear, and still be performing your duty  
Undelaying and prompt, and without any sullen  
objections.

Truly, thou seem'st not well-suited for this, since the  
jokes of the father

Wound thee so deeply at once; and yet there is  
nothing more common

Than to tease a girl about finding a youth to her fancy."

Thus he spake: but his cutting words were felt by  
the maiden,

And she no longer refrained, but her feelings displayed  
themselves strongly,

Causing her bosom to heave, while groanings burst  
their way from it.

And with hot gushing tears she at once addressed him  
in answer:

"Oh! the wise man ne'er knows, when he thinks in  
pain to advise us,

How little power his cold words can have to release  
our poor bosoms

From the woes which the hand of imperious doom  
lays upon them.

Happy are ye, and glad; and how should a joke then  
e'er wound you?

But by the man who is sick e'en the gentle touch is  
felt painful.

No, 'twould avail me nothing, e'en though my disguise  
had succeeded.

Let, then, at once be seen, what later had deepened  
my sorrow,

And had brought me, perhaps, to misery silently-  
wasting.

Let me again begone! In the house no more may I  
tarry.

I will away, and go to seek my poor people in exile,  
Whom I forsook in their trouble, to choose for my  
own profit only.  
This is my firm resolve; and now I may dare to  
acknowledge  
That which else in my heart full many a year had  
lain hidden.  
Yes, the father's mocking hath deeply wounded me;  
not that  
I am peevish and proud (which would ill become a  
poor servant),  
But that, in truth, I felt in my heart a strong inclination  
Tow'rd's the youth who to-day had appeared as my  
saviour from evil.  
For when first on the road he had gone and left me,  
his image  
Lingered still in my mind, and I thought of the  
fortunate maiden,  
Whom, perhaps, as his bride in his heart he already  
might cherish.  
And when I found him again at the well, the sight of  
him pleased me  
Not at all less than if I had seen an angel from heaven;  
And my consent was so glad, when he asked me to  
come as a servant!  
Yet my heart, it is true, on the way (I will freely  
confess it),  
Flattered me with the thought that I might perhaps  
earn his affection,  
If I should some day prove a stay the house could  
not dispense with.  
Oh! but now for the first time I see the risk I  
encountered,  
When I would dwell so near to an object of silent  
devotion.  
Now for the first time I feel how far a poor maiden is  
severed

From the youth who is rich, although she were never  
so prudent.  
All this now have I told, that you may not my heart  
misinterpret,  
Hurt as it was by a chance which has brought me  
back to my senses.  
For, while my silent wishes were hid, I must needs  
have expected  
That I should next see him bring his bride to her  
home here conducted,  
And how then had I borne my unseen burden of sorrow ?  
Happily have I been warned, and happily now from  
my bosom  
Has the secret escaped, while yet there were cures for  
the evil.  
But I have spoken enough. And now no more shall  
aught keep me  
Here in the house where I stand in shame alone and  
in anguish,  
Freely confessing my love and the hope which sprang  
from my folly, —  
Not the night, far and wide in brooding clouds now  
enveloped,  
Nor the roaring thunder (I hear it) shall keep me  
from going ;  
No, nor the gush of the rain, which abroad drives  
down with such fury,  
Nor the whistling storm. All this ere now have I  
suffered  
In our sorrowful flight, with the enemy closely pur-  
suing ;  
And I will now go forth again, as I've long been  
accustomed,  
Caught by the whirlwind of time, to part from all I  
could cherish.  
Fare ye well ! I can stay no longer, but all is now  
over."

Thus she spoke, and again to the door was quickly  
returning,  
Still keeping under her arm the little bundle brought  
with her.  
But with both her arms the mother laid hold of the  
maiden,  
Clinging round her waist, and cried in wondering  
amazement :  
“ Say, what meanest thou by this, and these tears now  
shed to no purpose ?  
No, I will not permit thee, — thou art my son’s own  
betrothed one.”  
But the father stood there displeased with what was  
before him,  
Eying the weeping women, and spoke with the words  
of vexation :  
“ This, then, befalls me at last, as the greatest test of  
forbearance,  
That at the close of the day what is most unpleasant  
should happen !  
For I find nothing so hard to bear as the weeping of  
women,  
And the passionate scream, that with eager confusion  
commences, —  
Scenes which a little good sense might soften down  
with more comfort.  
Irk some is it to me still to look on this wondrous be-  
ginning ;  
Ye must conclude it yourselves, for I to my bed am  
now going.”

And he quickly turned round, and hastened to go to  
the chamber  
Where his marriage bed stood, and where he was  
still wont to rest him.  
But his son held him back, and said with words of  
entreaty :

"Father, make not such haste, nor be angry because  
 of the maiden.  
 I alone have to bear the blame for all this con-  
 fusion,  
 Which our friend, by dissembling, made unexpectedly  
 greater.  
 Speak, then, worthy sir, for to you is the matter  
 confided.  
 Heap not up trouble and grief, but rather bring all to  
 good issue ;  
 For, in truth, I might never in future so highly respect  
 you,  
 If but pleasure in mischief you practised for glorious  
 wisdom."

Speaking then with a smile, the worthy vicar made  
 answer :  
 "Say, what cleverness, then, could have won so fair a  
 confession  
 From the good maiden here, and her heart before us  
 uncovered ?  
 Has not thy sorrow at once been turned into bliss  
 and rejoicing ?  
 Wherefore but speak for yourself: what need of a  
 stranger's explaining ?"  
 Hermann now coming forward with joyful words thus  
 addressed her :  
 "Do not repent of thy tears, nor of pains so fleeting  
 as these are,  
 For they but bring my joy, and thine, too, I hope, to  
 perfection.  
 Not to hire as a servant the stranger, the excellent  
 maiden,  
 Came I up to the well ; — I came thy dear love to sue  
 for.  
 Oh, but out on my bashful glance ! which thy heart's  
 inclination

Was not able to see, but saw in thine eye nought but  
 friendship,  
 When in the calm well's mirror thou gavest me there  
 such kind greeting.  
 Merely to bring thee home the half of my happiness  
 gave me,  
 And thou art now completing it quite; my blessing be  
 on thee!"

Then did the maiden look at the youth with deepest  
 emotion,  
 And refused not the embrace and kiss, — the crown of  
 rejoicing,  
 When they at length afford to lovers the long-wished  
 assurance  
 Of their life's future joy, which now seems of endless  
 duration.

All meanwhile to the rest had been explained by the  
 vicar,  
 But the maiden came with vows of hearty affec-  
 tion  
 Gracefully made to the father; and kissing his hand,  
 though retracted,  
 Said: "It is surely but right that you pardon a poor  
 surprised maiden,  
 First for her tears of pain, and now for her tears of  
 rejoicing.  
 Oh! forgive me that feeling, forgive me this present  
 one also;  
 And let me comprehend my happiness newly im-  
 parted.  
 Yes, let the first annoyance which in my confusion  
 I caused you  
 Be now at once the last! That service of faithful  
 affection  
 Which was your maid's bounden duty, your daughter  
 shall equally render."

Hiding then his tears, the father quickly embraced  
 her ;  
 And the mother came up with kisses familiar and  
 hearty,  
 Shaking her hand in her own, while the weeping  
 women were silent.  
 Speedily then laid hold the good and intelligent  
 vicar  
 First, of the father's hand, and drew the wedding-ring  
 off it  
 (Not so easily, though ; for the plump round finger  
 detained it),  
 Then the mother's ring he took, and affianced the  
 children ;  
 Saying : " Once more let the rings of gold discharge  
 their glad office,  
 Closely securing a tie which exactly resembles the old  
 one.  
 Deeply this youth is pierced through and through with  
 love of the maiden,  
 And the maiden hath owned that the youth, too, hath  
 called forth her wishes.  
 Wherefore I here betroth you, and bless you for ever  
 hereafter,  
 With your parents' consent, and with this true friend  
 to bear witness."

And the neighbour at once bowed his head, with  
 wishes for blessings.  
 But when the reverend man the golden ring was now  
 placing  
 On the maiden's finger, he saw with amazement the  
 other,  
 Which before, at the well, had been viewed with  
 sorrow by Hermann :  
 And he said thereupon with words of friendly jocos-  
 ness :



“What! for the second time art thou now betrothed?  
May the first youth  
Not appear at the altar, with words forbidding the  
marriage!”

But she said in reply: “Oh, let me to this dear  
memento  
Consecrate one short moment; for well did the good  
man deserve it,  
Who, when departing, gave it, and never came back  
for the nuptials.  
All was foreseen by him at the time when his longing  
for freedom,  
And his desire to act in the scenes of a novel  
existence,  
Urged him quickly to Paris, where dungeon and death  
he encountered.  
‘Live, and be happy,’ said he, ‘I go; for all that is  
earthly  
Now is changing at once, and all seems doomed to be  
severed.  
In the most settled states the primary laws are de-  
parting;  
Property is departing from even the oldest possessor;  
Friend is departing from friend, and love from love, in  
like manner.  
I now leave thee here, and where I may e’er again find  
thee,  
Who can tell? Perhaps this may be our last conver-  
sation.  
Man, it is rightly said, on earth is only a stranger;  
More a stranger than ever has each one in these days  
been rendered.  
Even our soil is ours no longer; our treasures are  
wandering;  
Gold and silver are melted from forms which time had  
made sacred.

All is moving, as though the world, long formed, would  
dissolve back  
Into chaos and night, and be formed anew for the  
future.  
Thou wilt for me keep thy heart; and if we meet again  
hereafter,  
Over the wreck of the world, we both shall then be  
new creatures,  
Quite transformed and free, and no longer dependent  
on fortune;  
For what fetters could bind the man who survived such  
an epoch?  
But if it is not to be, that happily freed from these  
dangers  
We should one day again with joy return to each other,  
Oh, then, keep in thy thoughts my image still hovering  
before thee,  
That thou with equal courage for joy and grief mayest  
be ready,  
Should a new home appear, and new connections invite  
thee;  
Then enjoy thou with thanks whate'er by thy fate is  
provided:  
Love them well that love thee, and for kindness show  
thyself grateful;  
Yet, e'en then set thy foot but lightly, where all is so  
changeable;  
For the redoubled pain of new loss still near thee is  
lurking.  
Holy be that thy day! Yet esteem not life of more  
value  
Than aught else that is good: and all that is good is  
deceitful.'  
Thus he spake, and before me the noble one ne'er  
reappearèd.  
All meantime have I lost, and a thousand times thought  
of his warning;

And now I think of his words, when so splendidly love  
is preparing  
Joy for me here, and disclosing most glorious hopes for  
the future.  
Oh! forgive me, my excellent friend, if I tremble while  
leaning  
E'en on thine arm! So deems the sailor, at length  
safely landed,  
That the firmly set base of the solid ground is still  
rocking."

Thus she spoke, and placed the rings, one close to  
the other.  
But the bridegroom said, with noble and manly  
emotion:  
"All the firmer be, in this shaking of all things around  
us,  
Dorothea, this tie! Yes, we will continue still holding,  
Firmly holding ourselves and the good things we have  
in possession;  
For in wavering times the man whose views also  
waver  
Does but increase the evil and spread it further and  
further;  
While he who firmly stands to his views moves the  
world to his wishes.  
Ill becomes it the German the fear-inspiring commotion  
Still to prolong, and still to be staggering hither and  
thither.  
'This is ours!' so let us assert, and maintain our  
assertion!  
Men of resolute minds are still ever valued the highest,  
Who for God and the law, for parents, for wives and  
for children  
Battled, against the foe together standing till vanquished.  
Thou art mine, and now what is mine is more mine  
than ever.

Not with vexation of heart will I keep, and with sorrow enjoy it,  
But with courage and might. And should our foes threaten at present,  
Or in future, equip me thyself, and hand me my weapons  
Knowing that thou wilt attend to my house, and affectionate parents.  
Oh! I shall then 'gainst the foe stand with breast of fearless assurance,  
And if but each man thought as I think, then quickly would stand up  
Might against might, and of peace we all should share the enjoyment."

## WEST - EASTERN DIVAN.

Who the song would understand,  
Needs must seek the song's own land.  
Who the minstrel understand,  
Needs must seek the minstrel's land.

The poems comprised in this collection are written in the Persian style, and are greatly admired by Oriental scholars, for the truthfulness with which the Eastern spirit of poetry is reproduced by the Western minstrel. They were chiefly composed between the years 1814 and 1819, and first given to the world in the latter year. Of the twelve books into which they are divided, that of Suleika will probably be considered the best, from the many graceful love-songs which it contains. The following is Heine's account of the "Divan," and may well serve as a substitute for anything I could say respecting it:

"It contains opinions and sentiments on the East, expressed in a series of rich cantos and stanzas full of sweetness and spirit, and all this as enchanting as a harem emitting the most delicious and rare perfumes, and blooming with exquisitely lovely nymphs with eyebrows painted black, eyes piercing as those of the antelope. arms white as alabaster, and of the most graceful and perfectly formed shapes, while the heart of the reader beats and grows faint, as did that of the happy Gaspard Debaran, the clown, who, when on the highest step of his ladder, was enabled to peep into the Seraglio of Constantinople — that recess concealed from the inspection of man. Sometimes, also, the reader may imagine himself indolently stretched on a carpet of Persian softness, luxuriously smoking the yellow tobacco of Turkistan through a long tube of jessamine and amber, while a black slave fans him with a fan of peacock's feathers, and a little boy presents him with a cup of genuine Mocha. Goethe has put these enchanting and voluptuous customs into poetry, and his verses are so perfect, so harmonious, so tasteful, so soft, that it seems really surprising that he should ever have been able to have brought the German language to this state of suppleness. The charm of the book is inexplicable; it is a votive nosegay sent from the West to the East, composed of the most precious and curious plants: red roses, hortensias like the breast of a spotless maiden, purple digitales like the long finger of a man, fantastically formed ranunculi, and in the midst of all, silent and tastefully concealed, a tuft of German violets. This nosegay signifies that the West is tired of thin and icy-cold spirituality, and seeks warmth in the strong and healthy bosom of the East."

Translations are here given of upwards of sixty of the best poems embraced in the "Divan," the number in the original exceeding two hundred.

## I. MORGANNI NAMEH.

BOOK OF THE MINSTREL.

## TALISMANS.

GOD is of the east possessed,  
 God is ruler of the west ;  
 North and south alike, each land  
 Rests within His gentle hand.

HE, the only righteous one,  
 Wills that right to each be done.  
 'Mongst His hundred titles, then,  
 Highest praised be this ! — Amen.

ERROR seeketh to deceive me,  
 Thou art able to retrieve me ;  
 Both in action and in song  
 Keep my course from going wrong.

## THE FOUR FAVOURS.

THAT Arabs through the realms of space  
 May wander on, light-hearted,  
 Great Allah hath, to all their race,  
 Four favours meet imparted.

The turban first — that ornament  
 All regal crowns excelling ;  
 A light and ever-shifting tent,  
 Wherein to make our dwelling ,

A sword, which, more than rocks and walls  
 Doth shield us, brightly glistening ;  
 A song that profits and enthral, s  
 For which the maids are listening.

## DISCORD.

WHEN by the brook his strain  
     Cupid is fluting,  
 And on the neighbouring plain  
     Mavors disputing,  
 There turns the ear ere long,  
     Loving and tender,  
 Yet to the noise the song  
     Soon must surrender.  
 Loud then the flute-notes glad  
     Sound 'mid war's thunder ;  
 If I grow raving mad,  
     Is it a wonder ?  
 Flutes sing and trumpets bray,  
     Waxing yet stronger ;  
 If, then, my senses stray,  
     Wonder no longer.

## SONG AND STRUCTURE.

LET the Greek his plastic clay  
     Mould in human fashion,  
 While his own creation may  
     Wake his glowing passion ;  
 But it is our joy to court  
     Great Euphrates' torrent,  
 Here and there at will to sport  
     In the watery current.  
 Quenched I thus my spirit's flame,  
     Songs had soon resounded ;  
 Water drawn by bards whose fame  
     Pure is, may be rounded. <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>This Oriental belief in the power of the pure to roll up water into a crystal ball is made the foundation of the interesting "Pariah Legend" that will be found elsewhere amongst the "Ballads."

## II. HAFIS NAMEH.

## BOOK OF HAFIS.

Spirit let us bridegroom call,  
 And the Word the bride ;  
 Known this wedding is to all  
 Who have Hafis tried.

## THE UNLIMITED.

THAT thou canst never end, doth make thee great,  
 And that thou ne'er beginnest, is thy fate.  
 Thy song is changeful as yon starry frame,  
 End and beginning evermore the same ;  
 And what the middle bringeth, but contains  
 What was at first, and what at last remains.  
 Thou art of joy the true and minstrel-source,  
 From thee pours wave on wave with ceaseless force.  
 A mouth that's aye prepared to kiss,  
 A breast whence flows a loving song,  
 A throat that finds no draught amiss,  
 An open heart that knows no wrong.

And what though all the world should sink !  
 Hafis, with thee, alone with thee  
 Will I contend ! joy, misery,  
 The portion of us twain shall be ;  
 Like thee to love, like thee to drink, —  
 This be my pride, — this, life to me !

Now, Song, with thine own fire be sung, —  
 For thou art older, thou more young !



## TO HAFIS.

HAFIS, straight to equal thee,  
 One would strive in vain ;  
 Though a ship with majesty  
 Cleaves the foaming main,  
 Feels its sails swell haughtily  
 As it onward hies,  
 Crushed by ocean's stern decree,  
 Wrecked it straightway lies.

Tow'rd thee, songs, light, graceful, free,  
 Mount with cooling gush ;  
 Then their glow consumeth me,  
 As like fire they rush.  
 Yet a thought with ecstasy  
 Hath my courage moved ;  
 In the land of melody  
 I have lived and loved.

## III. USCHK NAMEH.

BOOK OF LOVE.

THE TYPES.

LIST, and in memory bear  
 These six fond loving pair.  
 Love, when aroused, kept true  
 Rustan and Rodawu !  
 Strangers approach from afar  
 Jussuf and Suleika ;  
 Love, void of hope, is in  
 Ferhad and Schirin.

Born for each other are  
 Medschun and Leila ;  
 Loving, though old and gray,  
 Dschemil saw Boteinah.  
 Love's sweet caprice anon,  
 Brown maid <sup>1</sup> and Solomon !  
 If thou dost mark them well,  
 Stronger thy love will swell.

### ONE PAIR MORE.

LOVE is, indeed, a glorious prize !  
 What fairer guerdon meets our eyes ? —  
 Though neither wealth nor power are thine,  
 A very hero thou dost shine.  
 As of the prophet they will tell,  
 Wamik and Asra's tale as well. —  
 They'll tell not of them, — they'll but give  
 Their names, which now are all that live.  
 The deeds they did, the toils they proved,  
 No mortal knows ! But that they loved,  
 This know we. Here's the story true  
 Of Wamik and of Asra, too.

LOVE's torments sought a place of rest,  
 Where all might drear and lonely be ;  
 They found ere long my desert breast,  
 And nestled in its vacancy.

<sup>1</sup>The Queen of Sheba.

## IV. TEFKIR NAMEH.

## BOOK OF CONTEMPLATION.

## FIVE THINGS.

WHAT makes time short to me ?  
     Activity !  
 What makes it long and spiritless ?  
     'Tis idleness !  
 What brings us to debt ?  
     To delay and forget !  
 What makes us succeed ?  
     Decision with speed !  
 How to fame to ascend ?  
     Oneself to defend !

FOR woman due allowance make !  
     Formed of a crooked rib was she. —  
     By Heaven she could not straightened be.  
 Attempt to bend her, and she'll break ;  
 If left alone, more crooked grows madam ;  
 What well could be worse, my good friend Adam ? —  
 For woman due allowance make ;  
 'Twere grievous, if thy rib should break !

FIRDUSI (*speaks*).

O WORLD, with what baseness and guilt thou art rife !  
     Thou nurtarest, trainest, and killest the while.  
     He only whom Allah doth bless with his smile  
 Is trained and is nurtured with riches and life.

SULEIKA (*speaks*).

THE mirror tells me I am fair !

Thou sayest, to grow old my fate will be.  
Nought in God's presence changeth e'er, —  
Love Him, for this one moment, then, in me.

## V. RENDSCH NAMEH.

## BOOK OF GLOOM.

It is a fault oneself to praise,  
And yet 'tis done by each whose deeds are kind ;  
And if there's no deceit in what he says,  
The good we still as good shall find.

Let, then, ye fools, that wise man taste  
Of joy, who fancies that he's wise ;  
That he, a fool like you, may waste  
The insipid thanks the world supplies.

## VI. HIKMET NAMEH.

## BOOK OF PROVERBS.

CALL on the present day and night for nought,  
Save what by yesterday was brought.

THE sea is flowing ever,  
The land retains it never.

BE stirring, man, while yet the day is clear ;  
The night when none can work fast draweth near. <sup>1</sup>

WHEN the heavy-laden sigh,  
Deeming help and hope gone by,  
Oft with healing power is heard,  
Comfort-fraught, a kindly word.

How vast is mine inheritance, how glorious and sub-  
lime !  
For time mine own possession is, the land I till is time !

ENWERI saith, — ne'er lived a man more true ;  
The deepest heart, the highest head, he knew, —  
“ In every place and time thou'lt find availing  
Uprightness, judgment, kindness unfailing.”

THOUGH the bards whom the Orient sun hath blessed  
Are greater than we who dwell in the west,  
Yet in hatred of those whom our equals we find,  
In *this* we're not in the least behind.

WOULD we let our envy burst,  
Feed its hunger fully first !  
To keep our proper place,  
We'll show our bristles more ;  
With hawks men all things chase  
Except the savage boar.

By those who themselves more bravely have fought  
A hero's praise will be joyfully told.  
The worth of man can only be taught  
By those who have suffered both heat and cold.

<sup>1</sup> This fine couplet is given as the motto to an early edition of  
“ Wilhelm Meister.”

“ WHEREFORE is truth so far from our eyes,  
 Buried as though in a distant land ? ”  
 None at the proper moment are wise !  
 Could they properly understand,  
 Truth would appear in her own sweet guise,  
 Beauteous, gentle, and close at hand.

WHY these inquiries make,  
 Where charity may flow ?  
 Cast in the flood thy cake, —  
 Its eater, who will know ?

ONCE when I a spider had killed,  
 Then methought : was't right or wrong ?  
 That we both to these times should belong,  
 This had God in His goodness willed.

MOTLEY this congregation is, for, lo !  
 At the communion kneel both friend and foe.

IF the country I'm to show,  
 Thou must on the housetop go.

A MAN with households twain  
 Ne'er finds attention meet ;  
 A house wherein two women reign  
 Is ne'er kept clean and neat.

BLESS, thou dread Creator,  
 Bless this humble fane ;  
 Man may build them *greater*, —  
*More* they'll not contain.

LET this house's glory rise,  
 Handed to far ages down,  
 And the son his honour prize,  
 As the father his renown.

O'ER the Mediterranean sea  
 Proudly hath the Orient sprung;  
 Who loves Hafis and knows him, he  
 Knows what Calderon hath sung.

IF the ass that bore the Saviour  
 Were to Mecca driven, he  
 Would not alter, but would be  
 Still an ass in his behaviour.

THE flood of passion storms with fruitless strife  
 'Gainst the unvanquished solid land —  
 It throws poetic pearls upon the strand,  
 And thus is gained the prize of life.

WHEN so many minstrels there are,  
 How it pains me, alas, to know it!  
 Who from the earth drives poetry far?  
 Who but the poet!

## VII. TIMUR NAMEH.

### BOOK OF TIMUR.

#### THE WINTER AND TIMUR.

So the winter now closed round them  
 With resistless fury. Scattering  
 Over all his breath so icy,  
 He inflamed each wind that bloweth  
 To assail them angrily.  
 Over them he gave dominion  
 To his frost-ensharpened tempests;  
 Down to Timur's council went he,

And with threatening voice addressed him —  
 “Softly, slowly, wretched being!  
 Live, the tyrant of injustice;  
 But shall hearts be scorched much longer  
 By thy flames, — consume before them?  
 If amongst the evil spirits  
 Thou art gone, — good! I’m another.  
 Thou a graybeard art — so *I* am;  
 Land and men we make to stiffen.  
 Thou art Mars! And I Saturnus, —  
 Both are evil-working planets,  
 When united, horror-fraught.  
 Thou dost kill the soul, thou freezest  
 E’en the atmosphere; still colder  
 Is my breath than thine was ever.  
 Thy wild armies vex the faithful  
 With a thousand varying torments!  
 Well! God grant that I discover  
 Even worse, before I perish!  
 And, by God, I’ll give thee none.  
 Let God hear what now I tell thee!  
 Yes, by God! from Death’s cold clutches  
 Nought, O graybeard, shall protect thee,  
 Not the hearth’s broad coal-fire’s ardour,  
 Not December’s brightest flame.”

### TO SULEIKA.

FITTING perfumes to prepare,  
 And to raise thy rapture high,  
 Must a thousand rosebuds fair,  
 First in fiery torments die.

One small flask’s contents to glean,  
 Whose sweet fragrance aye may live,  
 Slender as thy finger e’en,  
 Must a world its treasures give;



Yes, a world where life is moving  
 Which, with impulse full and strong,  
 Could forbode the Bulbul's loving,  
 Sweet and spirit-stirring song.

Since they thus have swelled our joy,  
 Should such torments grieve us, then?  
 Does not Timur's rule destroy  
 Myriad souls of living men?

## VIII. SULEIKA NAMEH.

### BOOK OF SULEIKA.

Once, methought, in the night hours cold,  
 That I saw the moon in my sleep;  
 But as soon as I wakened, behold  
 Unawares rose the sun from the deep.

THAT Suleika's love was so strong  
 For Jussuf, need cause no surprise;  
 He was young, youth pleaseth the eyes, —  
 He was fair, they say, beyond measure,  
 Fair was she, and so great was their pleasure.  
 But that thou, who awaitedst me long,  
 Youthful glances of fire dost throw me,  
 Soon will bless me, thy love now dost show me,  
*This* shall my joyous numbers proclaim,  
 Thee I for ever Suleika shall name.

### HATEM.

NOT occasion *makes* the thief;  
 She's the greatest of the whole;  
 For Love's relics, to my grief,  
 From my aching heart she stole.

She hath given it to thee, —  
 All the joy my life had known,  
 So that, in my poverty,  
 Life I seek from thee alone.

Yet compassion greets me straight  
 In the lustre of thine eye,  
 And I bless my new-born fate,  
 As within thine arms I lie.

### SULEIKA.

THE sun appears ! A glorious sight !  
 The crescent-moon clings round him now.  
 What could this wondrous pair unite ?  
 How to explain this riddle ? How ?

### HATEM.

May this our joy's foreboder prove !  
 In it I view myself and thee ;  
 Thou callest me thy sun, my love, —  
 Come, my sweet moon, cling thou round me !

LOVE for love, and moments sweet,  
 Lips returning kiss for kiss,  
 Word for word, and eyes that meet ;  
 Breath for breath, and bliss for bliss.  
 Thus at eve, and thus the morrow !  
 Yet thou feelest, at my lay,  
 Ever some half-hidden sorrow ;  
 Could I Jussuf's graces borrow,  
 All thy beauty I'd repay !

## HATEM.

O SAY, 'neath what celestial sign  
 The day doth lie,  
 When ne'er again this heart of mine  
 Away will fly?  
 And e'en though fled (what thought divine!)  
 Would near me lie? —  
 On the soft couch, on whose sweet shrine  
 My heart near hers will lie!

## HATEM.

HOLD me, locks, securely caught  
 In the circle of her face!  
 Dear brown serpents, I have nought  
 To repay this act of grace,

Save a heart whose love ne'er dies,  
 Throbbing with aye-youthful glow;  
 For a raging Etna lies  
 Neath its veil of mist and snow.

Yonder mountain's stately brow  
 Thou, like morning beams, dost shame;  
 Once again feels Hatem now  
 Spring's soft breath and summer's flame.

One more bumper! Fill the glass;  
 This last cup I pledge to thee! —  
 By mine ashes if she pass,  
 "He consumed," she'll say, "for me."

## THE LOVING ONE SPEAKS.

AND wherefore sends not  
 The horseman captain  
 His heralds hither  
 Each day, unfailing ?  
 Yet hath he horses,  
 He writeth well.

He writeth Talik,  
 And Neski knows he  
 To write with beauty  
 On silken tablets.  
 I'd deem him present,  
 Had I his words.

The sick one *will* not,  
 Will not recover  
 From her sweet sorrow ;  
 She when she heareth  
 That her true lover  
 Grows well, falls sick.

## THE LOVING ONE AGAIN.

WRITES he in Neski,  
 Faithfully speaks he ;  
 Writes he in Talik,  
 Joy to give seeks he ;  
 Writes he in either,  
 Good ! — for he loves !

THESE tufted branches fair  
 Observe, my loved one, well!  
 And see the fruits they bear  
 In green and prickly shell.

They've hung rolled up, till now,  
 Unconsciously and still;  
 A loosely-waving bough  
 Doth rock them at its will.

Yet, ripening from within,  
 The kernel brown swells fast;  
 It seeks the air to win,  
 It seeks the sun at last.

With joy it bursts its thrall,  
 The shell must needs give way;  
 'Tis thus my numbers fall  
 Before thy feet, each day.

### SULEIKA.

WHAT is by this stir revealed?  
 Doth the East glad tidings bring?  
 For my heart's deep wounds are healed  
 By his mild and cooling wing.

He the dust with sports doth meet,  
 And in gentle cloudlets chase;  
 To the vine-leaf's safe retreat  
 Drives the insects' happy race,

Cools these burning cheeks of mine,  
 Checks the sun's fierce glow amain,  
 Kisses, as he flies, the vine,  
 Flaunting over hill and plain.

And his whispers soft convey  
 Thousand greetings from my friend ;  
 Ere these hills own night's dark sway,  
 Kisses greet me without end.

Thus canst thou still onward go,  
 Serving friend and mourner, too !  
 There, where lofty ramparts glow,  
 Soon the loved one shall I view.

Ah, what makes the heart's truth know, —  
 Love's sweet breath, — a new-born life, —  
 Learn I from *his* mouth alone,  
 In *his* breath alone is rife !

### THE SUBLIME TYPE.

THE sun, whom Grecians Helios call,  
 His heavenly path with pride doth tread,  
 And, to subdue the world's wide all  
 Looks round, beneath him, high o'erhead.

He sees the fairest goddess pine,  
 Heaven's child, the daughter of the clouds, —  
 For her alone he seems to shine ;  
 In trembling grief his form he shrouds.

Careless for all the realms of bliss, —  
 Her streaming tears more swiftly flow :  
 For every pearl he gives a kiss,  
 And changeth into joy her woe.

She gazeth upward fixedly,  
 And deeply feels his glance of might,  
 While, stamped with his own effigy  
 Each pearl would range itself aright.

Thus wreathed with bows, with hues thus graced,  
 With gladness beams her face so fair  
 While he, to meet her, maketh haste,  
 And yet, alas! can reach her ne'er.

So, by the harsh decree of Fate,  
 Thou movest from me, dearest one ;  
 And were I Helios, e'en, the Great,  
 What would avail his chariot throne ?

## SULEIKA.

ZEHPYR, for thy humid wing,  
 Oh, how much I envy thee !  
 Thou to *him* canst tidings bring,  
 How our parting saddens me !

In my breast, a yearning still,  
 As thy pinions wave, appears :  
 Flowers and eyes, and wood, and hill  
 At thy breath are steeped in tears.

Yet thy mild wing gives relief,  
 Soothes the aching eyelids' pain ;  
 Ah, I else had died for grief,  
 Him ne'er hoped to see again.

To my love, then, quick repair,  
 Whisper softly to his heart ;  
 Yet, to give him pain, beware,  
 Nor my bosom's pangs impart.

Tell him, but in accents coy,  
 That his love must be my life ;  
*Both*, with feelings fraught with joy,  
 In his presence will be rife.

## THE REUNION.

CAN it be! of stars the star,  
 Do I press thee to my heart?  
 In the night of distance far,  
 What deep gulf, what bitter smart!  
 Yes, 'tis thou, indeed at last,  
 Of my joys the partner dear!  
 Mindful, though, of sorrows past,  
 I the present needs must fear.

When the still unfashioned earth  
 Lay on God's eternal breast,  
 He ordained its hour of birth,  
 With creative joy possessed.  
 Then a heavy sigh arose,  
 When He spake the sentence: — "Be!"  
 And the All, with mighty throes,  
 Burst into reality.

And when thus was born the light,  
 Darkness near it feared to stay,  
 And the elements with might  
 Fled on every side away;  
 Each on some far-distant trace,  
 Each with visions wild employed,  
 Numb, in boundless realms of space,  
 Harmony and feeling-void.

Dumb was all, all still and dead,  
 For the first time, God alone!  
 Then He formed the morning-red,  
 Which soon made its kindness known:  
 It unravelled from the waste  
 Bright and glowing harmony,  
 And once more with love was graced  
 What contended formerly.



And with earnest, noble strife,  
 Each its own peculiar sought ;  
 Back to full, unbounded life,  
 Sight and feeling soon were brought.  
 Wherefore, if 'tis done, explore  
*How?* why give the manner, name?  
 Allah need create no more,  
 We his world ourselves can frame.

So, with morning pinions bright,  
 To thy mouth was I impelled ;  
 Stamped with thousand seals by night,  
 Star-clear is the bond fast held.  
 Paragons on earth are we  
 Both of grief and joy sublime,  
 And a second sentence : — “ Be ! ”  
 Parts us not a second time.

## SULEIKA.

WITH what inward joy, sweet lay,  
 I thy meaning have descried !  
 Lovingly thou seemest to say  
 That I'm ever by his side ;

That he ever thinks of me,  
 That he to the absent gives  
 All his love's sweet ecstasy,  
 While for him alone she lives.

Yes, the mirror which reveals  
 Thee, my loved one, is my breast ;  
 This is the bosom, where thy seals  
 Endless kisses have impressed.

Numbers sweet, unsullied truth,  
 Chain me down in sympathy!  
 Love's embodied radiant youth,  
 In the garb of Poesy!

IN thousand forms mayst thou attempt surprise,  
 Yet, all-belovèd one, straight know I thee;  
 Thou mayst with magic veils thy face disguise,  
 And yet, all-present one, straight know I thee.

Upon the cypress' purest, youthful bud,  
 All-beauteous-growing one, straight know I thee;  
 In the canal's unsullied, living flood,  
 All-captivating one, well know I thee!

When spreads the water-column, rising proud,  
 All-sportive one, how gladly know I thee;  
 When, e'en in forming, is transformed the cloud,  
 All-figure-changing one, there know I thee.

Veiled in the meadow-carpet's flowery charms,  
 All-chequered starry fair one, know I thee;  
 And if a plant extend its thousand arms,  
 Oh, all-embracing one, there know I thee.

When on the mount is kindled morn's sweet light,  
 Straightway, all-gladdening one, salute I thee;  
 The arch of heaven o'er head grows pure and bright, —  
 All-heart-expanding one, then breathe I thee.

That which my inward, outward sense proclaims,  
 Thou all-instructing one, I know through thee;  
 And if I utter Allah's hundred names,  
 A name with each one echoes, meant for thee.

## IX. SAKI NAMEH.

## THE CONVIVIAL BOOK.

CAN the Koran from eternity be ?  
 'Tis worth not a thought !  
 Can the Koran a creation, then, be ?  
 Of that I know nought !  
 Yet, that the book of all books it must be,  
 I believe as a Mussulman ought.  
 That from eternity wine, though, must be,  
 I ever have thought ;  
 That 'twas ordained, ere the angels, to be,  
 As a truth may be taught.  
 Drinkers, however these matters may be,  
 Gaze on God's face, fearing nought.

YE'VE often, for our drunkenness,  
 Blamed us in every way,  
 And, in abuse of drunkenness,  
 Enough can never say.  
 Men, overcome by drunkenness,  
 Are wont to lie till day ;  
 And yet I find *my* drunkenness  
 All night-time make me stray ;  
 For, oh ! 'tis Love's sweet drunkenness  
 That maketh me its prey,  
 Which, night and day, and day and night,  
 My heart must needs obey, —  
 A heart that in its drunkenness,  
 Pours forth full many a lay,  
 So that no trifling drunkenness  
 Can dare assert its sway.  
 Love, song, and wine's sweet drunkenness,  
 By night-time and by day, —  
 How god-like is the drunkenness  
 That maketh me its prey !

## X. MATHAL NAMEH.

## BOOK OF PARABLES.

FROM heaven there fell upon the foaming wave  
 A timid drop; the flood with anger roared, —  
 But God, its modest boldness to reward,  
 Strength to the drop and firm endurance gave.  
 Its form the mussel captive took.  
 And to its lasting glory and renown,  
 The pearl now glistens in our monarch's crown,  
 With gentle gleam and loving look.

BULBUL'S song, through night hours cold,  
 Rose to Allah's throne on high;  
 To reward her melody,  
 Giveth he a cage of gold.  
 Such a cage are limbs of men, —  
 Though at first she feels confined,  
 Yet when all she brings to mind,  
 Straight the spirit sings again.

IN the Koran with strange delight  
 A peacock's feather met my sight:  
 Thou'rt welcome in this holy place,  
 The highest prize on earth's wide face!  
 As in the stars of heaven, in thee,  
 God's greatness in the small we see:  
 For he whose gaze whole worlds hath blessed,  
 His eye hath even here impressed,  
 And the light down in beauty dressed,  
 So that e'en monarchs cannot hope  
 In splendour with the bird to cope.  
 Meekly enjoy thy happy lot,  
 And so deserve that holy spot!

ALL kinds of men, both small and great,  
 A fine-spun web delight to create,  
 And in the middle they take their place,  
 And wield their scissors with wondrous grace.  
 But if a besom should sweep that way :  
 "What a most shameful thing," they say, —  
 "They've crushed a mighty palace to-day."

## IT IS GOOD.

IN Paradise while moonbeams played,  
 Jehovah found, in slumber deep,  
 Adam fast sunk ; He gently laid  
 Eve near him, — she, too, fell asleep.  
 There lay they now, on earth's fair shrine,  
 God's two most beauteous thoughts divine —  
 When this He saw, He cried : "Tis good !  
 And scarce could move from where He stood.

No wonder, that our joy's complete  
 While eye and eye responsive meet,  
 When this blest thought of rapture moves us —  
 That we're with Him who truly loves us,  
 And if He cries : — Good, let it be !  
 'Tis so for both, it seems to me.  
 Thou'rt clasped within these arms of mine,  
 Dearest of all God's thoughts divine !

## XI. PARSI NAMEH.

BOOK OF THE PARSEES.

THE BEQUEST OF THE ANCIENT PERSIAN  
FAITH.

BRETHREN, what bequest to you should come  
From the lowly poor man, going home,  
Whom ye younger ones with patience tended,  
Whose last days ye honoured and defended ?

When we oft have seen the monarch ride,  
Gold upon him, gold on every side,  
Jewels on him, on his courtiers all,  
Thickly strewed as hailstones when they fall,

Have ye e'er known envy at the sight ?  
And not felt your gaze become more bright,  
When the sun was, on the wings of morning,  
Darnawend's numbered peaks adorning,

As he, bow-like, rose ? How each eye dwelt  
On the glorious scene ! I felt, I felt,  
Thousand times, as life's days fled by,  
Borne with him, the coming one, on high.

God upon His throne then to proclaim,  
Him, the life-fount's mighty Lord, to name,  
Worthily to prize that glorious sight,  
And to wander on beneath His light.

When the fiery orb was all defined,  
There I stood, as though in darkness, blind,  
Beat my breast, my quickened members threw  
On the earth, brow-foremost, at the view.

Let this holy, great bequest reward.  
Brotherly good-will and kind regard :  
SOLEMN DUTY'S DAILY OBSERVATION. —  
More than this, it needs no revelation.

If its gentle hands a new-born one  
Move, then straightway turn it toward the sun, —  
Soul and body dip in bath of fire !  
Then each morning's favour 'twill acquire.

To the living one, commit the dead,  
O'er the beast let earth and dust be spread,  
And, so far as may extend your might,  
What ye deem impure, conceal from sight.

Till your plains to graceful purity,  
That the sun with joy your labours see ;  
When ye plant, your trees in rows contrive,  
For he makes the regular to thrive.

Even the floods that through the channel rush  
Must not fail in fulness or in gush ;  
And as Senderud, from mountain high,  
Rises pure, in pureness must it die.

Not to weaken water's gentle fall,  
Carefully cleanse out the channels all ;  
Salamander, snake, and rush, and reed, —  
All destroy, — each monster and each weed.

If thus pure ye earth and water keep,  
Through the air the sun will gladly peep,  
Where he, worthily enshrined in space,  
Worketh life, to life gives holy grace.

Ye, by toil on toil so sorely tried,  
Comfort take, the All is purified ;

And now man, as priest, may boldly dare  
From the stone God's image to prepare.

When the flame burns joyously and bright,  
Limbs are supple, radiant is the night ;  
On the hearth when fire with ardour glows,  
Ripe the sap of plants and creatures grows.

Dragging wood, with rapture be it done,  
'Tis the seed of many an earthly sun :  
Plucking Pambeh, gladly may ye say :—  
This, as wick, the Holy will convey.

If ye meekly, in each burning lamp,  
See the nobler light's resplendent stamp,  
Ne'er will Fate prevent you, void of feeling,  
At God's throne at morning-tide from kneeling.

This is Being's mighty signet, then,  
God's pure glass to angels and to men ;  
Each word hisped the Highest praise to sound,  
Ring in ring, united there is found.

From the shore of Senderud ascendeth,  
Up to Darnawend its pinions bendeth,  
As He dawns, with joy to greet His light,  
You with endless blessings to requite.



## XII. CHULD NAMEH.

BOOK OF PARADISE.

## THE PRIVILEGED MAN.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF BEDR, BENEATH THE CANOPY OF HEAVEN.

[This battle was fought in the second year of the Hegira (A. D. 623), between the followers of Mahomet, who numbered three hundred and thirteen, possessing two horses and seventy camels, and the "idolaters," or Meccans, whose forces amounted to nine hundred and fifty, including two hundred cavalry. The victory remained with Mahomet, who lost fourteen men, while seventy of the enemy were slain. A great accession of strength ensued in consequence to the Prophet, who pretended that miracles were wrought in his behalf in the battle, God having sent angels to fight on his side, and having also made his army to appear larger to the enemy than it really was. — See the Koran, chapter viii., and Abulfeda's "Life of Mahomet."]

MAHOMET (*speaks*).

LET the foeman sorrow o'er his dead,  
 Ne'er will they return again to light;  
 O'er our brethren let no tear be shed,  
 For they dwell above yon spheres so bright.

All the seven planets open throw  
 All their metal doors with mighty shock,  
 And the forms of those we loved below  
 At the gates of Eden boldly knock.

There they find, with bliss ne'er dreamed before,  
 Glories that my flight first showed to eye,  
 When the wondrous steed my person bore  
 In one second through the realms on high.

Wisdom's trees, in cyprus-order growing,  
 High uphold the golden apples sweet;

Trees of life, their spreading shadows throwing,  
Shade each blossoming plant, each flowery seat.

Now a balmy zephyr from the east  
Brings the heavenly maidens to thy view ;  
With the eye thou now dost taste the feast,  
Soon the sight pervades thee through and through.

There they stand, to ask thee thy career ;  
Mighty plans ? or dangerous bloody rout ?  
Thou art a hero, know they, — for thou art here,  
What a hero ? — This they'll fathom out.

By thy wounds soon clearly this is shown,  
Wounds that write thy fame's undying story ;  
Wounds the true believer mark alone,  
When have perished joy and earthly glory.

To chiosks and arbours thou art brought,  
Filled with checkered marble columns bright ;  
To the noble grape-juice, solace-fraught,  
They the guest with kindly sips invite.

Youth ! Thou'rt welcome more than ever was youth,  
All alike are radiant and serene ;  
When thou takest one to thine heart with truth,  
Of the band she'll be the friend and queen.

So prepare thee for this place of rest,  
Never can it now be changed again ;  
Maids like these will ever make thee blest,  
Wines like these will never harm thy brain.

## THE FAVOURED BEASTS.

OF beasts there have been chosen four  
 To come to Paradise,  
 And there with saints for evermore  
 They dwell in happy wise.

Amongst them all the Ass stands first ;  
 He comes with joyous stride,  
 For to the Prophet-City erst  
 Did Jesus on him ride.

Half timid next a Wolf doth creep,  
 To whom Mahomet spake : —  
 “ Spoil not the poor man of his sheep,  
 The rich man’s thou mayest take.”

And then the brave and faithful Hound,  
 Who by his master kept,  
 And slept with him the slumbers sound  
 The seven sleepers slept.

Abuherrira’s Cat, too, here,  
 Purrs round his master blest,  
 For holy must the beast appear  
 The Prophet hath caressed.

## THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHEBUS.

SIX young men of Cæsar’s household  
 Fled before their master’s anger ;  
 As a god he claimed their worship,  
 Though a sorry god was he.  
 For an insect, ever buzzing,  
 Still annoyed him at the banquet,

Still disturbed his rest and pleasure.  
 All the chasing of his servants  
 Could not drive away the torment.  
 Ever round the head of Cæsar  
 Did the angry creature hover,  
 Threatening with its poisoned sting  
 Still it flew, and swiftly circling,  
 Made confusion at the table,  
 Messenger of Baalzebub,  
 The infernal Lord of flies.

“Ha!” — so spake the youths together,  
 “He a god that fears an insect!  
 Can a god be thus molested?  
 Does a god, like wretched mortals,  
 Feast and revel at the banquet?  
 Nay! to Him, the one, the only,  
 Who the sun and moon created,  
 Who hath made the stars in glory,  
 Shall we henceforth bend the knee!”

So they spake, and left the palace,  
 Left it in their trim apparel;  
 By a shepherd led, they hastened  
 To a cave was in the mountain,  
 And they all went gliding in.  
 And the shepherd's dog came after,  
 Though they strove to drive him from them;  
 Thrust himself toward his master,  
 Licked their hands in dumb entreaty,  
 That he might remain their fellow;  
 And lay down with them to sleep.

But the wrath of Cæsar kindled,  
 When he knew that they had left him;  
 All his former love departed,  
 All his thought was vengeance only.

Out in quest he sent his people,  
Traced them to the mountain hollow.  
Not to fire nor sword he doomed them;  
But he bade great stones be lifted  
To the entrance of the cavern;  
Saw it fastened up with mortar;  
And so left them in their tomb.

But the youths lay calmly sleeping;  
And the angel, their protector,  
Spake before the throne of glory:  
"I have watched beside the sleepers,  
Made them turn in slumber ever,  
That the damps of yonder cavern,  
Should not cramp their youthful limbs;  
And the rocks around I've opened,  
That the sun at rising, setting,  
May give freshness to their cheeks.  
So they lie in rest and quiet,  
In the bliss of happy dreams."  
So they lay; and still beside them,  
Lay the dog in peaceful slumber,  
Never whimpering in his sleep.

Years came on and years departed;  
Till at last the young men wakened;  
And the wall, so strongly fastened,  
Now had fallen into ruin,  
Crumbled by the touch of ages.  
Then Iamblichus, the youngest,  
And the goodliest of them all,  
Seeing that the shepherd trembled,  
Said, "I pray you now, my brothers,  
Let me go to seek provision;  
I have gold, my life I'll venture,  
Tarry till I bring you bread."

Ephesus, that noble city;  
Then, for many a year, had yielded  
To the faith of the Redeemer,  
Jesus. (Glory to his name!)

And he ran unto the city;  
At the gate were many warders,  
Armed men on tower and turret,  
But he passed them all unchallenged;  
To the nearest baker's went he,  
And in haste demanded bread.

“Ha! young rogue,” exclaimed the baker,  
“Surely thou hast found a treasure;  
That old piece of gold betrays thee!  
Give me, or I shall denounce thee,  
Half the treasure thou hast found.”

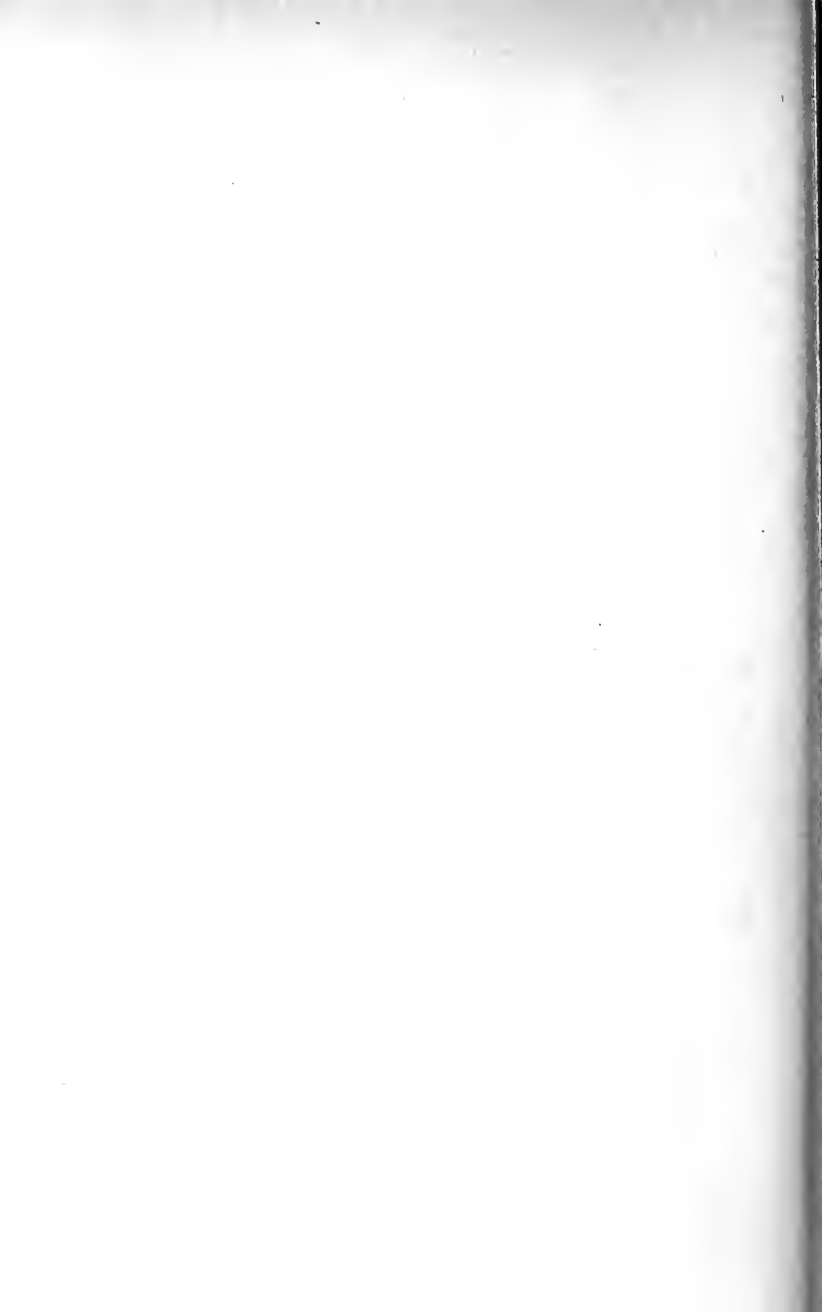
And Iamblichus denied it.  
But the baker would not listen;  
Brawling till the watch came forward,  
To the king they both were taken;  
And the monarch, like the baker,  
But a higher right asserting,  
Claimed to share the treasure too.

But at last the wondrous story,  
Which the young man told the monarch,  
Proved itself by many tokens  
Lord was he of that same palace,  
Whither he was brought for judgment;  
For he showed to them a pillar,  
In the which a stone when loosened  
Led unto a treasure chamber,  
Heaped with gold and costly jewels.  
Straightway came in haste his kindred,  
All his clan came thronging round him,

Eager to advance their claim ;  
Each was nearer than the other.

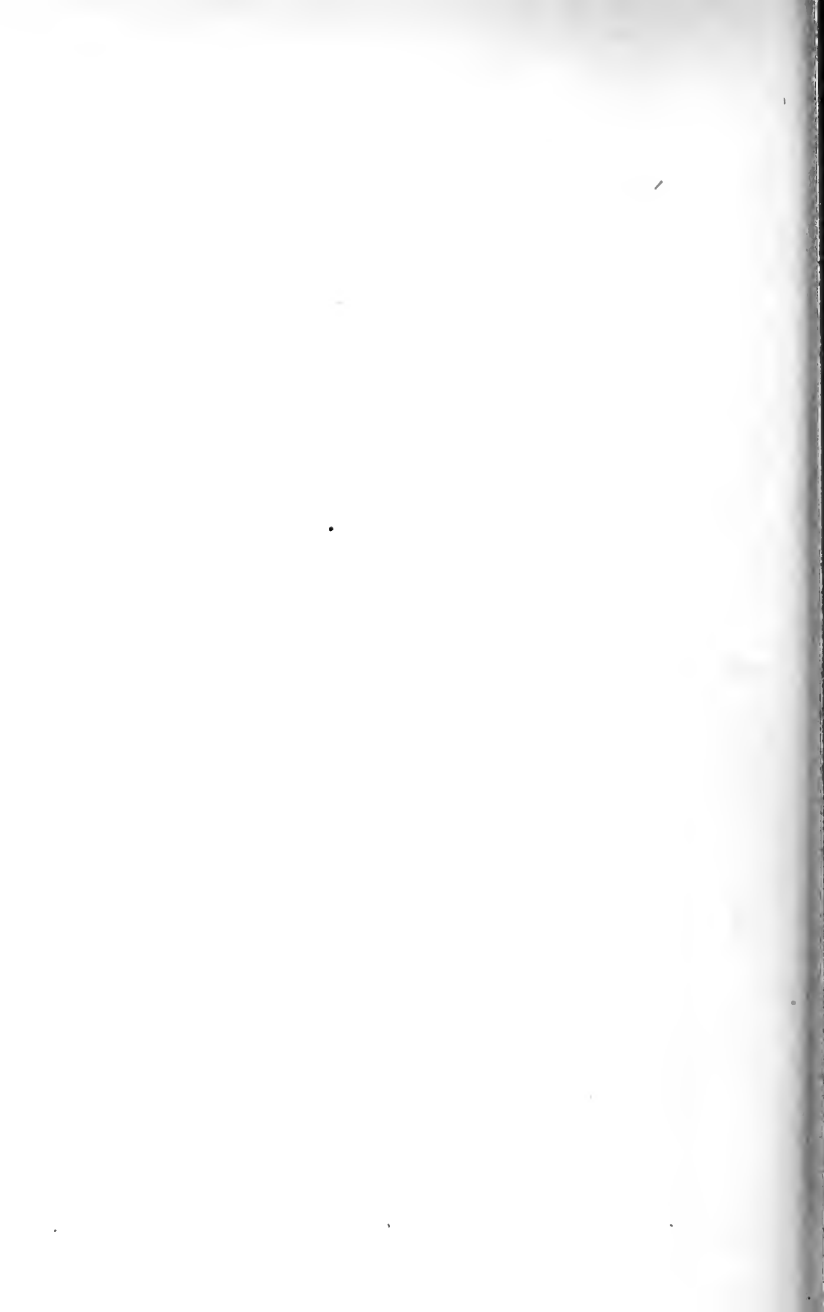
And Iamblichus, the blooming,  
Young in face, and form, and feature,  
Stood an ancestor among them.  
All bewildered heard he legends  
Of his sons and of his grandsons,  
Fathers of the men before him.  
So amazed he stood and listened,  
Patriarch in his early manhood ;  
While the crowd around him gathered,  
Stalwart men, and mighty captains,  
Him, the youngest, to acknowledge  
As the founder of their race !  
And one token with another  
Made assurance doubly certain ;  
None can doubt the wondrous story  
Of himself and of his comrades.

Shortly, to the cave returning,  
King and people all go with him,  
And they saw him enter in.  
But no more to king or people,  
Did the Chosen reappear.  
For the Seven, who long had tarried —  
Nay, but they were eight in number,  
For the faithful dog was with them —  
Thenceforth from the world were sundered.  
The most blessed Angel Gabriel,  
By the will of God Almighty,  
Walling up the cave for ever,  
Led them unto Paradise.





Reynard the Fox



## Preface

ALTHOUGH so much in the way of commentary and criticism has been written about this renowned apologue, yet is its origin still enveloped in an apparently impenetrable fog. Many investigators, noted for learning and persevering research, have laboured to clear this away; yet, with every new effort, the only result seems to be a further recession of the date of its birth. The probability of reliable discovery has vanished and nought seems left but to relegate it, as one painstaking inquirer has suggested, to prehistoric times.

By some it is regarded as unquestionably a European production; others look upon the fundamental stories as the common property of various Aryan branches of the human family, and as having been brought from their Asiatic homes by Teutonic migrants. It has certainly been traced back to the tenth century, and Jacob Grimm arrives at the conclusion that it was then known under three forms, with the independent episodes in each so related as to furnish unmistakable hints of the groundwork of their later blending into one continuous narrative.

As with the date, so with the place of its birth. We have no clear idea of where the narrative first saw the light or of the form in which it was brought into being. The claims of France, Germany, and the Netherlands have all been plausibly and forcibly advanced, and it has been likewise maintained that Latin ought to be regarded as the medium through which

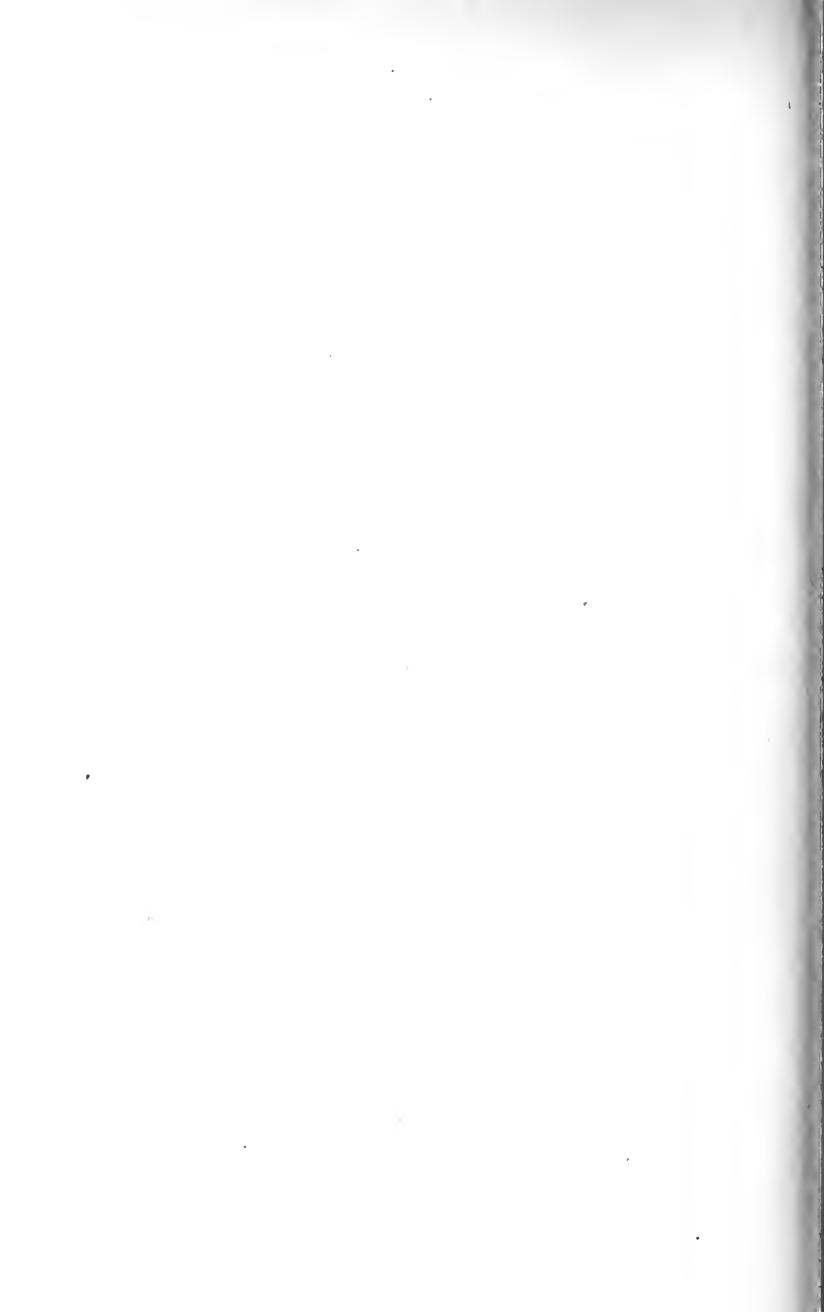
will be found the earliest account of the adventures of our famous Reynard. It seems, indeed, to have been demonstrated that the oldest extant version is in Latin, still the editor of that version has no apparent hesitation, after a very thorough investigation, in ascribing the origin of the poem to Flanders and in considering the material of the Flemish copy to be derived from some earlier source.

But, leaving these particulars as of secondary importance, except as an impetus to the pleasures of antiquarian research, which are not to be despised, let us cast a glance at the substance of the famous beast-epic, as it has been aptly called. The motive of its inspiration is thought by some to have been satire. By these it is regarded as a satirical exposure of the foibles and vices of humanity, with a view to their improvement. There are others, however, who consider the romance as nothing but the expression of a general interest in animal life and habits, and as having no satirical basis or educational purpose. With our meagre knowledge of the original it is hard to form a valid judgment upon this question. Nor is it a matter of moment. Whatever the primal intent, it certainly contains, as we have it to-day, an abundance of satirical allusions to the general imbecility of mankind, as well as to the vices and iniquities prevalent in times past, and not yet altogether extinct, among officers and dignitaries of the church and the state.

The recital of these adventures, of which Reynard is the hero, has always been held in high esteem among German scholars, but it was not until the genius of Goethe had gathered them into his delightfully written hexameters that the allegory gained a general reception. Now it is so highly appreciated among his fellow countrymen that the story is to be found in almost every household of the land. It would be well

if the same thing could be said of the English speaking peoples of the world, for no one can read it without receiving thereby a benefit whose value will be in direct ratio to the earnestness of the study bestowed upon it. Yet among these peoples it has never been widely known. Hence this new dress. If I shall have succeeded in extending the area of its appreciation, my recompense will be ample; if not, I shall rest contented with the pleasure and the profit that I have myself derived from the attempt.

J. S. C.



# Argumenta

## CANTO I.

THE Pentecostal days have come,  
And Leo now resolves with some  
Of his good lords to hold a feast,  
At which the greatest and the least  
Shall be commanded to attend.  
The fox, however, keeps away ;  
He knows what they of him will say,  
For he has badly injured all ;  
So, loudly though they may him call,  
He will not e'en excuses send.

He there is charged with all the crimes  
That have been known from olden times,  
And only one dares him defend.  
This does not much his matters mend,  
For all the cases are too clear,  
The council then is summoned forth,  
Which thinks that, be he south or north,  
To be compelled to come he ought.  
The king declares he shall be brought,  
And sends to summon him the bear.

## CANTO II.

FORTH Bruin goes upon his task,  
Assured if he but Reynard ask  
To go with him as bidden, back,  
He'll find him nothing loth or slack.  
But Reynard is of other mind ;  
He pleasant greeting gives the bear  
And asks what he with him can share ;  
Then, finding honey's to his taste,

He takes him to a place in haste  
Where he a good supply shall find.

To get the honey Bruin sticks,  
Through one of Reynard's scurvy tricks,  
His head within a gaping tree;  
And if you read you'll surely see  
How the peasants, learning that,  
Find him in a sorry plight,  
And beat him till, in sheer affright,  
He makes escape and gets again  
Back to court in grief and pain;  
And in his place is sent the cat.

## CANTO III.

Now Tybert meets an omen bad,  
But still pursues his way, though sad.  
He finds the fox, his message gives;  
Then Reynard asks him how he thrives  
And what he would prefer to eat.  
When mice he finds that he would like,  
He plays him, too, a dirty trick.  
With eye knocked out and wounded sore  
The cat gets back to court once more,  
Like Bruin lamed in head and feet.

The Badger now essays to do  
What bear and cat have let fall through.  
A third time does the fox not dare  
To disregard, or he will fare  
Full badly at his monarch's hand.  
With Grimbart he at length sets out,  
Beset with many an anxious doubt;  
He finally begins to pray,  
So Grimbart shrives him on the way  
And warns him evil to withstand.

## CANTO IV.

EXCITEMENT's high when it is known  
That Reynard now draws near the throne.  
No sooner there than he begins  
To shift on others all his sins



And boast of service to the king.  
 This, howe'er, doth not avail,  
 For all the beasts do him assail  
 And bring complaints, by anger moved.  
 Their charges are considered proved,  
 And he condemned for them to swing.

But now he talks of treasures vast,  
 Which he discovered in the past ;  
 And tells of crimes that then were rife,  
 And plots to take the monarch's life  
 And set up Bruin in his place.  
 These words the king do greatly rouse,  
 And likewise much excite his spouse ;  
 So he is ordered to descend  
 And tell them all from end to end,  
 Without evasion, face to face.

## CANTO V.

REYNARD now the plot sets forth,  
 And shows the treasure's princely worth ;  
 Maligns his father, scores the bear,  
 And makes the badger out as clear  
 A traitor as was ever found.  
 He tells what he himself has done,  
 For firmer friend the king has none,  
 To frustrate all their base designs.  
 Of how he's treated then he whines,  
 As if in loyalty not sound.

The king and queen his lies believe,  
 And promise that he shall receive  
 Forgiveness full for all mistakes  
 That he has made, or ever makes,  
 If only now he change his life.  
 He, too, before returning home,  
 Permission gets to visit Rome,  
 To get release from papal ban,  
 Which Leo thinks a worthy plan,  
 As also does the queen, his wife.

## CANTO VI.

Now Reynard to the wolves' dismay,  
 From both their hides has cut away  
 A slice, to make him sack and shoes,  
 And then upon his journey goes ;  
 But first he by the priest is blest.  
 A cavalcade of nobles go  
 With him some steps, respect to show ;  
 But ram and hare induces he  
 To travel on, his home to see,  
 And there before return to rest.

Inside the house he takes the hare,  
 And slaughters him as soon as there ;  
 His head he puts within the sack,  
 Which by the ram he sendeth back,  
 As if it bore a king's despatch.  
 The head is found, the ram's condemned,  
 And with the captives matters mend ;  
 Once more to honour they are brought,  
 And Reynard's life again is sought,  
 Who deed so dastardly could hatch.

## CANTO VII.

A FEAST of such display and size  
 Is seldom seen by mortal eyes  
 As now is carried on because  
 The wolves and bear, against just laws,  
 Have been to punishment condemned.  
 Before its close, complaints anew  
 Against the fox are brought to view ;  
 The rabbit and the crow lament  
 That he on them his spite hath spent,  
 And urge the king such things to end.

An expedition now is formed,  
 And Reynard's fort is to be stormed ;  
 Each one desires that he be sent,  
 For they his acts do all resent,  
 And would chastise him out of hand.  
 The badger runs the fox to find,

And tell him what they have in mind ;  
 Then him induces back to go,  
 As he will have much better show  
 If there on his defence he stand.

## CANTO VIII.

THE fox again that journey takes,  
 A second time confession makes,  
 And as before he tries to shift  
 His sins to others' backs, and lift  
 The burden thus from off his own.  
 The clergy now he takes in hand,  
 The king and courtiers of the land :  
 These all can do whate'er they will,  
 But should a poor man fall, they'll fill  
 The air with shrieks and hunt him down.

The ape now comes upon the two,  
 And tells the fox bold front to show ;  
 To Rome he goes, and there he will  
 Make slander's tongue keep very still  
 And Reynard's matters straighten out.  
 He knows them all at court of Rome,  
 With all their tactics is at home ;  
 His kinsmen are in numbers there,  
 With them he'll manage this affair,  
 And Reynard need not give it thought.

## CANTO IX.

WITH Grimbart Reynard comes to court,  
 Begins a discourse far from short ;  
 In which he labours hard to show  
 That his accusers, as they know,  
 Dare nought against him bring point-blank.  
 He challenges to mortal strife  
 Each one of those who seek his life  
 And equals are with him in birth ;  
 For thus is settled, o'er the earth,  
 Disputes 'tween gentlemen of rank.

The king in fury seeks his room,  
 And there he finds the queen, with whom

Dame Rückenau, old Martin's wife,  
 In converse is about this strife.  
 She Reynard's cause begins to plead,  
 Shows how in court his father shone,  
 How Reynard, too, had often done  
 Most worthy deeds where others failed.  
 The king his anger then bewailed,  
 And let the fox again proceed.

## CANTO X.

THE fox describes those treasures vast  
 Mentioned in some cantos past :  
 I meant them all for queen and king,  
 And now the ram has everything,  
 Which nought can e'er replace, purloined ;  
 Those things I sent by ram and hare,  
 And thus am caught within a snare,  
 For Bellyu has poor Lampen killed ;  
 A comrade's blood he's foully spilled,  
 With whom he was as envoy joined.

And I am charged with this base crime ;  
 You think me guilty every time  
 Some wicked handicraft is done,  
 Though I am ever on the run  
 My king to serve, whom I adore.  
 His speech is clever, well designed,  
 The king's induced to change his mind,  
 Extends to Reynard leave to go  
 And seek those treasures high and low ;  
 But Isengrim feels very sore.

## CANTO XI.

THE wolf in ferment seeks the king,  
 The air with caustic words doth ring ;  
 The king hears all he has to say,  
 And then decides that Reynard may  
 His version of the matter give.  
 The fox once more, with tricks of speech,  
 Makes out himself a saint, who'd teach  
 All beasts how proper lives to lead ;

Yet they through spite, he says, proceed  
To claim that he's not fit to live.

The furious wolf throws down his glove,  
To signify that he will prove,  
In combat, all his charges true.  
Poor Reynard now can nothing do  
But take the challenge up and fight.  
The she-ape comes and proffers aid  
And Reynard soon by her is made  
All ready for the coming strife,  
In which is wagered life for life,  
To manifest where dwells the right.

## CANTO XII.

THE fox and wolf within the ring  
Their duel fight before the king;  
And never have elsewhere before  
Sly Reynard's tricks availed him more.  
With body shorn and laved with oil  
Evades he all the wolf's attacks;  
And then with subtle twists and knacks  
He conquers Isengrim outright.  
Low cunning better serves than might,  
In folly's strife or reason's toil.

The wolf from off the field is borne,  
Defeated, wounded, and forlorn;  
His wife and friends about him grieve,  
And think that he can hardly live.  
But Reynard is exalted high;  
Success has brought a change of front;  
The king and all who him were wont  
To vilify are now his friends.  
And thus it is this fable ends;  
Its moral you can now supply.



# Reynard the Fox

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## CANTO ONE.

WHITSUN, that fairest of feasts, had arrived ; the forest  
and field  
Rejoiced in new life ; on hillock and knoll, in thicket  
and hedge,  
The newly inspirited birds were singing their jubilant  
song ;  
The meads were all sprouting with flowers, infilling  
with fragrance the dales,  
The heavens resplendently clear, and blushing the  
earth like a bride.

King Leo assembles his court ; the vassals and lords  
of the realm,  
Called hither, make haste with the greatest of pomp.  
Among them arrive  
Great numbers of arrogant peers from the length and  
the breadth of the land,  
Lord Grusly the crane, Sir Pica the jay, and all of the  
chiefs.  
Then makes up the monarch his mind, with all of his  
barons, at once  
In splendour and state to hold court, and bids to be  
thither convoked

Together regardless of caste the little as well as the  
great.  
Of all not a soul should be missed; but absent, how-  
ever, was one,  
Sly Reynard, that rascal and knave, who, because of  
his many misdeeds,  
Himself kept away from the court. As shuns the  
conscience depraved  
The light of the day, so avoided the fox this assembly  
of lords,  
For each of them had to complain that harm he had  
done to them all,  
And Grimbart the badger alone, the son of his brother,  
had spared.  
Wolf, Isengrim, opened the case, and with him in court  
there appeared  
His kinsmen, adherents, and friends; escorted and  
succoured by these,  
He stepped up in front of the king and began with the  
following speech:  
Most worshipful monarch and lord, give ear to my  
grievances, pray;  
Thou art noble and great and renowned, and to each  
of us all dost accord  
Justice and mercy and grace; compassion then show  
for the wrongs  
That I, with such boundless reproach, have suffered  
from Reynard, the fox;  
And bear well in mind, above all, that times without  
number he has,  
In malice, made sport of my wife, and my children  
most basely ill-used.  
Yes, he has them with foulness defiled, with pestilent,  
virulent filth,  
Whereby I have still three at home with harrowing  
blindness distressed.



These offences were all, it is true, discussed by us both  
long ago,  
And a day, indeed, was ordained to settle the things  
in dispute ;  
He plighted his word under oath, but soon his intention  
he changed,  
And then to his fortress he nimbly escaped. Too well  
is this known  
By those who are here in the court and now all about  
me I see.  
My lord, the vexation and grief the villain has caused  
me I could  
Not attempt to relate with hurrying words in multi-  
plied weeks.  
Were all of the linen from Ghent, whatever the quan-  
tity made,  
At once into parchment reduced, the story it would  
not contain,  
And I will be silent thereon, yet my wife's defamation  
and shame  
Eats into my heart, and I would it avenge, let happen  
what may.

Now when in this sorrowful mood Isengrim thus had  
declaimed,  
A puppy, named Nidget, stepped up, and, timidly speak-  
ing in French,  
Told the monarch how poor he'd become, so that  
nothing at all had been left  
For his use but a morsel of sausage laid up in a winter  
retreat ;  
And Reynard had robbed him of that. Then hurriedly  
sprang forth the cat,  
Mad Tybert, with fury, and said : Commander, dis-  
tinguished and high,

No one has cause to complain that the scoundrel may  
do him a wrong  
Any more than our sovereign himself. In this convo-  
cation I say  
There is none, be he aged or young, but dreads more  
intensely the scamp  
Than even yourself. There's nothing, however, to  
Nidget's lament ;  
A number of years have gone by since the acts that  
he mentions occurred,  
And seeing the sausage was mine, 'twas I who com-  
plaint should have made.  
I went to take part in a hunt, and, while thus engaged,  
I ran through  
A mill in the night ; the miller's wife slept, and I  
quietly seized  
A sausage quite small ; I will it confess. Now, pray,  
to the same  
Had Nidget a shadow of right, then he owed it to  
labour of mine.

And the panther began : What use are these wordy  
complaints ?  
They little achieve ; be content, the evil's as clear as  
the day ;  
A thief and a cutthroat he is, this at least I will  
boldly assert ;  
Indeed you, my lords, are aware that he perpetrates  
all the known crimes.  
Should all of the nobles, indeed, or you, our most  
worshipful king,  
Of goods and of honour be robbed, he would laugh  
could he get for himself,  
By chance, but a morsel thereby of a capon well  
fatted and plump.

Let me bring to your knowledge what he so wickedly  
did yestermorn  
To Lampen, the hare ; here he stands, the man who  
has never done wrong.  
Reynard assumed the devout, and would in all kinds  
of device  
Him shortly instruction impart, including a chaplain's  
pursuits ;  
So facing each other they sat and their task with the  
Credo began.  
But abandon old tricks and their use, was Reynard  
not able to do ;  
Within the safe conduct and peace bestowed and as-  
sured by our king  
He Lampen held fast in his fangs, and worried with  
malice and spite  
The good honest man like a fiend. I wended my way  
through the street  
And heard the low chant of the two, which, almost as  
soon as begun,  
Was brought to an end. I listened surprised but,  
when I drew near,  
I recognised Reynard forthwith ; he Lampen held fast  
by the throat,  
And surely had taken his life if I, by good luck, in  
my walk,  
Had not then arrived on the scene. Here now in  
your presence he stands ;  
Just look at the wounds he received, that innocent  
person whom none  
Would ever attempt to molest. And should our good  
master permit,  
Or ever your lordships endure, that thus may the  
peace of the king,  
His warrant and license, be mocked and made of no  
worth by a thief,

I fear me that yet will the king be forced with his  
offspring to hear  
A tardy reproach from the folk, who reverence justice  
and right.

Isengrim said in reply: You say what is true, and,  
alas!

The fox never will any good to us do, and I heartily  
wish

The fellow were dead long ago; that for peace-loving  
folk had been best,

And if we him pardon again, then will he, before very  
long,

Some of us boldly entrap, who at present imagine it  
least.

Reynard's nephew, the badger, now spoke, and with  
courage and force

In Reynard's behalf he held forth, depraved as the  
latter was known.

The maxim, though old, he remarked, is true, my  
Lord Isengrim, proved:

There is little that's good in an enemy's words. Thus  
my uncle, in truth,

Small comfort will find in your speech; yet is that  
of but little account.

Were he at the court to reply to your words, and  
enjoyed he with you

The favour and grace of the king, then might it you  
surely repent

That you had so spoken in spite, and all this old  
tattle revived.

The evil, however, that you to Reynard himself have  
produced

You are silent about, and yet to my lords in great  
number 'tis known

How together a compact you made, and each to the  
other engaged  
As two equal colleagues to live. Here's something I  
ought to relate :  
How once in the winter himself he put to the greatest  
of risks  
Altogether for you. A man with a wagon full laden  
with fish  
Was pacing the street ; you scented him out and wil-  
lingly would  
Have feasted yourself on his goods ; but alas, you no  
money possessed,  
So persuaded my uncle to help ; and himself he with  
craftiness laid  
At once in the road as if dead. By heavens, that  
venture was bold !  
Yet notice what species of fish he got for the risk that  
he took.  
The carrier came to the spot, my uncle perceived in  
the road,  
And hastily drew out his sword to evict him forth-  
with, but he lay  
As if dead ; he made not a motion or sign, and the  
waggoner then  
Threw him up on the top of his cart, glad of the skin  
in advance.  
Yes ! that dared my uncle for Isengrim's sake ; the  
cartman at once  
Continued his way, and Reynard threw some of the  
fish to the ground ;  
Then Isengrim came sneaking in from afar, and ate it  
all up.  
Reynard thought it not well any longer to ride, so  
lifted himself  
And sprang from the cart ; and now he himself on the  
booty would feed,

But gobbled had Isengrim all; indeed so completely  
had he  
Himself overgorged, he was ready to burst; the bones  
cleanly picked  
Were the only things he had left, which remnants he  
offered his friend.  
One more little trick I will tell, which also is nought  
but the truth:  
To Reynard it known had become, on a nail at a coun-  
tryman's house  
Hung a well fattened swine, but yesterday killed; of  
this he informed  
With frankness the wolf; they went to the place, the  
profit and risk  
To fairly divide; but the danger and toil bore Reynard  
alone.  
Right in at the window he crept, and then with great  
labour he threw  
The booty for both below to the wolf; just now, by  
ill luck,  
Not far from the place were some dogs, who scented  
him out in the house  
And stalwartly tugged at his skin. Sore wounded he  
made his escape,  
And Isengrim quickly sought out, to him made com-  
plaint of his woes,  
Demanding his share of the meat. And Isengrim  
thereupon said:  
For you a fine morsel I've saved; now earnestly set  
you to work  
And heartily gnaw at it well; how much you will  
relish the fat.  
He brought the delicious piece forth; 'twas nought but  
the crook upon which  
The butcher had hung up the hog. The savoury flesh  
and the fat

Had been gulped by the covetous wolf, that base and  
iniquitous beast.  
Now Reynard, from rage, was unable to speak; but  
the turn of his thoughts  
You can think for yourself. Great king, of a truth, in  
a hundred and more  
Of matters like this has the wolf to my uncle be-  
haved like a knave.  
But not a word more about that; were Reynard him-  
self summoned here,  
His case he would better defend. Meanwhile, most  
beneficent king,  
Most noble of masters and lords, I here beg to notice  
that you  
And all of these lords will have heard how stupidly  
Isengrim's speech  
Hath damaged the wife of his choice, and tarnished  
her honour, which he  
With limb and with life should defend. Now these  
are the facts of the case:  
Years seven and more have arrived and gone by since  
my uncle bestowed,  
Without any thought of reserve, his love and alle-  
giance upon  
Dame Greedimund's beauty and charms. This hap-  
pened one night at a dance  
Which Isengrim failed to attend; I say what I know  
to be true.  
Most friendly and pleasantly oft has she his advances  
received.  
Now what is there more to be said? She never has  
made any charge;  
Moreover she lives and is well, so why does he make  
such a fuss?  
He silence would keep were he wise; it brings to him  
only disgrace.

The badger then further remarked: Now comes this  
romance of the hare!

Detestable, vacuous talk! Should not a good master,  
forsooth,

His pupil correct, if he be not attentive and evil with-  
stand?

If never we punished our boys, and put not a potent  
restraint

On frivolous habits and bad, into what would develop  
our youth?

Young Nidget next comes and complains, how a sau-  
sage, one winter, he lost

Aback of the hedge; but this should he rather in  
silence endure,

For certainly hear we it said that some one had stolen  
the thing.

Goes lightly what lightly is got; and who can my  
uncle reproach

For easing a thief of his stolen effects? It surely is  
right

That men of high station and birth, themselves to  
rascals and thieves

Should hateful and dangerous show. Why! had he  
him thereupon hanged,

Excuse there had been; yet he set him at large to  
honour the king,

For penance by death to inflict has no one the right  
but the king.

The requital, however, is poor, on which can my uncle  
rely,

How guileless so e'er he may be and deeds that are  
evil impede.

As matter of fact, ever since the peace of the king  
was proclaimed,

Conducts himself no one as he. He has altered com-  
pletely his life;



Eats but one meal a day, like an anchoret lives, chas-  
tises himself,  
Wears raiment of hair on unsheltered skin, and has  
also for long  
Desisted entirely from flesh of all kinds, both domes-  
tic and wild.  
As yesterday I was informed by one who had stayed  
at his house,  
He has left Malepartus, his fort, and built a small hut  
for himself,  
In which as a hermit to live. How lately so thin he's  
become,  
So pallid from hunger and thirst and other like pen-  
ances sharp,  
That he in repentance endures, yourselves into that  
will inquire.  
Then what can it matter to him if all who are here  
him accuse?  
Should he but arrive, his rights he'd uphold and them  
put to shame.

When Grimbart had drawn to a close, to the wonder of  
all there appeared  
Henning, the cock, with the whole of his brood. On a  
sorrowful bier,  
Despoiled of her neck and her head, was a hen carried  
slowly within;  
Poor Scaper it turned out to be, most prolific of egg-  
laying hens;  
Alas, how her blood trickled down! and Reynard had  
caused it to flow.  
This now must be brought to the ear of the king.  
When Henning, the brave,  
Presented himself to the king with sad and most grief-  
stricken face,

Came with him still other two cocks, who also lamented their loss.  
The one of them Kreyant was called, and no better cock could be found  
If Holland and France were explored; the other who stood by his side,  
Was known by the name of Kantart, a fellow straightforward and stout.  
Each carried a candle alight, and it happened that brothers were both  
Of the massacred hen they brought in; and over the murder they cried  
For trouble and pain. Two younger cocks were supporting the bier,  
And the wailing they made as they came could plainly be heard afar off.  
At length Henning spake: That loss we bewail which none can repair,  
Benevolent master and king! Oh, pity the wrong we endure,  
My children as well as myself! Here look you on Reynard's foul deed.  
When winter had from us gone by, and leaves and blossoms and flowers  
Invited us all to be glad, I much in my offspring rejoiced,  
That spent the delectable days so blithely and gaily with me.  
Ten juvenile sons with daughters fourteen, and all of them full  
Of relish and pleasure in life; my wife, that most excellent hen,  
Together had brought them all up in a summer as happy as long:  
They all were robust and content with their lot, and provided themselves

Each day with the food they required at a spot that  
was thought to be safe.  
The courtyard belonged to rich monks, and its walls  
were a shelter to us  
And six immense dogs. These partners, so noble and  
brave, of our home  
Were much to my children attached and sharply  
watched over their lives ;  
But Reynard, that thief, it annoyed that we, in con-  
tentment and peace,  
Such gay, happy days should enjoy, and meantime  
escape from his wiles ;  
By night he would sneak round the walls, and waiting  
would lie at the gate ;  
But the dogs found it out, so he took to his heels ; yet  
boldly, at length,  
They managed to collar him once, and then they made  
holes in his fur ;  
Yet out of their hands he escaped, and left us in peace  
for awhile.  
Now give me your ear ; this lasted not long ; he soon  
came again  
As a monk, and brought me a writing and seal ; 'twas  
one that I knew ;  
Your signet I saw on the deed, in which I found  
clearly inscribed  
That you a firm peace had proclaimed, as well with  
the birds as the beasts.  
To me the announcement he made that he a good  
monk had become,  
Had taken the solemnest vow atonement to make for  
his crimes,  
Of which he acknowledged his guilt. From that time  
should no one from him  
Have anything further to fear. He had sacredly taken  
an oath

That meat never more would he taste. He directed  
my eyes to his cowl  
And his scapular showed. In addition to this, he a  
symbol displayed,  
Which the prior upon him had placed ; and, in order  
me more to assure,  
Beneath showed a garment of hair. Then taking de-  
parture he said :  
Farewell, in the name of the Lord. I have still a  
great number of things  
To do before close of the day. The sexts I must read  
and the nones,  
With vespers appended thereto. He read as he  
walked, and devised  
Numerous schemes that were base ; to effect our de-  
struction he planned.  
With a heart full of gladness and joy I soon to my  
children made known  
Your letter's good message of cheer. They all were  
entranced at the news !  
Since Reynard a monk had become, for us not a thing  
was there left  
Any further to care for or fear. I strutted together  
with them,  
On the outermost side of the walls, and we all in our  
freedom rejoiced.  
But alas ! matters went with us ill ; in ambush he  
craftily hid,  
And thence springing suddenly forth, he barred up our  
way to the gate ;  
The fairest he seized of my sons, and dragged him  
away to devour ;  
And now not a thing could we do ; when once he had  
. tasted their flesh  
He ever was trying again, and neither the hunters nor  
hounds

Could make us secure from his snares, not either by  
day or by night.  
And thus nearly all of my children he took, till now  
from a score  
Their number to five is reduced; of the rest he has  
carried off all.  
Oh, pity my woful distress! But a day has gone by  
since he slew  
This daughter of mine that is here, whose body was  
saved by the dogs.  
Observe! Here she lies! That deed he has done; oh,  
take it to heart.

Then answered the monarch and said: Grimbart, come  
nearer, and look!  
In this way abstains our recluse, and thus he his peni-  
tence shows!  
From now should I live but a year, be sure that he  
shall it repent.  
But what is the use of our words? Thou heart-broken  
Henning, give heed;  
Thy daughter for nothing shall want, whatever it be,  
that belongs  
By custom or right to the dead. I will see that her  
vigil be sung,  
That she with all honour be laid in the earth; when  
that has been done,  
We council will take with these lords on the penalty  
due to the crime.  
Then issued the king a command that service be held  
for the dead.  
Domino placebo the people assembled began, and they  
sang  
Each stanza composing it through. I also could  
further relate

By whom was the service intoned, by whom the  
responses as well,  
But that too much time would employ, and therefore  
I leave it alone.  
Her body was laid in a grave, over which was erected  
a fair  
Marble stone, polished up like a glass, and cut in the  
form of a square,  
Quite bulky and tall, and upon it, above, could plainly  
be read:  
Here Scaper, the daughter of Henning, doth lie, most  
faithful of hens,  
Laid numerous eggs in her nest, and prudently knew  
how to scratch.  
Alas, here she lies! from her family torn by the mur-  
derous fox.  
All in the world shall be taught how wicked and vile  
he behaved,  
And bemoan the deceased. Thus ran the inscription  
engraven thereon.

This having been done, the king had the wisest con-  
voked  
To counsel with him and advise as to how should be  
punished the crime  
That now had so clearly been brought to the knowl-  
edge of him and his lords;  
At length their opinion they gave, that unto the mis-  
chievous scamp  
An envoy at once be despatched, that, willy or nilly,  
he dare  
Not refuse to obey; that he at the court of the king  
shall appear  
On the day when the judges next time together assem-  
ble therein.

And chosen was Bruin, the bear, the summons to take ;  
and the king  
Thus spake unto Bruin, the bear : As master I give you  
advice  
Your errand with zeal to perform ; yet prudence and  
caution I charge,  
For Reynard's malicious and mean ; devices and tricks  
of all kinds  
He surely will bring into play ; will flatter and stuff  
you with lies,  
And all that is possible cheat. Twice will he think  
about that,  
Replied, with assurance, the bear. Let nought you dis-  
turb, for if he  
Misjudge by the breadth of a hair and venture his  
scorn upon me,  
Then by the eternal I swear, that his vengeance upon  
me may fall  
If I do not so pay it him back, that know where he is  
he will not.

## CANTO TWO.

THUS ordered, Sir Bruin pursued his way to the mountainous ridge,  
With haughty and confident heart, through a wilderness sterile and vast,  
Long and sandy and broad; and, when this at length he had passed,  
He came very close to the hills where wonted was Reynard to hunt;  
Indeed, in the days that were gone, he pleasure had sought there himself.  
But the bear further went, Malepartus towards, where Reynard had long  
Fine buildings in number possessed. Of all his strong castles and burgs,  
Of which to him many belonged, he thought Malepartus the best.  
In this Reynard made his abode whenever a danger he sniffed.  
When Bruin the castle attained, the gate of admittance he found  
Fast bolted and locked, so before it he walked and reflected somewhat.  
He finally shouted and said: Are you, my dear uncle, at home?  
Bruin, the bear, has arrived, judicially sent by the king.  
Our monarch has taken an oath that now at the bar of his court  
Yourself you shall place upon trial, and I am your escort to be;



That justice you shall not refuse to render to all and  
accept ;  
If not it will cost you your life, for if you shall tarry  
behind,  
With rack you are threatened and wheel. I advise  
you to choose for the best,  
And come with me back to the court, it else will you  
evil betide.

This speech, from beginning to end, Reynard did per-  
fectly hear ;  
In silence he listened and thought : How would it, I  
wonder, result,  
If I the unmannerly churl should pay for his arrogant  
words ?  
Let us upon it reflect. To the depths of his dwelling  
he went,  
Into its corners and nooks, for built was the castle  
with skill ;  
Caverns and dungeons there were, and many dark cor-  
ridors too,  
Both narrow and long, and doors of all kinds to be  
opened and shut  
As time and necessity called. When sought for he  
found that he was,  
Because of some rascally deed, here found he the best  
of defence.  
Through simplicity too had he oft in these labyrinthian  
ways  
Poor animals cheated and caught, acceptable prey to  
the thief.  
Now Reynard the words had well heard, but yet did  
he cunningly fear  
That near to the messenger still might others in am-  
bush be couched.

But when he himself had assured that the bear had  
arrived all alone,  
He went slyly out and exclaimed: My dearest of  
uncles, you are  
Very welcome, I'm sure! Your pardon I beg! I  
vespers have read,  
And thus have I caused you to wait: my thanks for  
this visit accept,  
It surely will help me in court; at least so permit me  
to hope.  
You are welcome, my uncle, whatever the hour; how-  
ever, I think  
That censure must rest upon him who you on this  
journey has sent,  
For long and fatiguing it is. Oh, heavens, how heated  
you are!  
You've not a dry hair in your head, your breathing  
anxiety shows.  
Had this mighty monarch of ours no messenger other  
to send  
Than the noblest of men at his court, exalted by him  
above all?  
Yet thus it must be of great service to me; and now  
I entreat  
Your help at the court of the king, where I am so  
badly defamed.  
To-morrow I'd made up my mind, in spite of the risk  
that I run,  
Unbidden to go to the court, and such my intention  
remains;  
I'm not in condition, to-day, to try such a journey to  
take:  
I've eaten too freely, alas, of a dish that I relish not  
much,  
And one that agrees with me not; it causes my belly  
great pain.

Bruin responded to this: What was it, my uncle?

The fox

Replied in his turn; What good would it do, if you  
I should tell?

With sorrow prolong I my life, but still I'm resigned  
to my fate.

The poor cannot ever be lords, and if at odd times can  
be found

No food that is better for us and for ours, then truly  
we must

Some combs of sweet honey devour, which always  
with ease can be had;

Yet eat it I only from need; and swollen at present  
I am.

The stuff I reluctantly ate, how then could it nourish-  
ment give?

If without it I ever can do, it rests far enough from  
my tongue.

Heigh-ho, responded the bear, what is it, my uncle,  
you say!

Do you in reality scorn the nectar that so many crave?

Good honey, I must you inform, surpasses all dishes  
there are,

At least to my taste; oh, help me to some! You  
shall it not rue!

The favour I will you return. You are mocking, the  
other replied.

Protested the bear: I am not; indeed I mean just  
what I say.

If that is the case, then you I can serve, the red one  
replied.

The husbandman, Rüsteviel, lives below at the foot  
of the hill,

And plenty of honey has he. Indeed, among all of  
your race

Saw you never collected so much. Then lusted the  
bear overmuch  
To eat of his favourite food. Oh, take me, my uncle,  
he cried,  
Without losing time, to the place; your kindness I'll  
never forget;  
Supply me with honey, I beg, even though not enough  
can be got.  
Come on, said the fox in reply, of honey no lack shall  
we find;  
To-day, it is true, I am bad on the feet, yet shall the  
regard,  
Which long I have cherished for you, encourage my  
wearisome steps;  
For I know not a soul among those who to me are  
connected by blood  
Whom I honour, my uncle, as you! So come, and  
you will, in return,  
Me serve at the court of the king, when there I shall  
have to appear,  
That I to confusion may put the charges and strength  
of my foes.  
With honey I'll fill you to-day, as much as you ever  
could wish.  
He was thinking, the scamp, of the blows the peasants  
would give in their wrath.  
Reynard in front hurried off and Bruin came blindly  
behind.  
If I but succeed, thought the fox, I yet shall conduct  
you to-day  
To a market in which unto you bitter honey appor-  
tioned will be.  
They came up to Rüsteviel's yard, which greatly elated  
the bear;  
But in vain, as fools very often themselves with hopes  
lead astray.

Eve had already set in, and Reynard quite well was  
aware  
That Rüsteviel lay, as a rule, just now in his chamber  
in bed.  
He a carpenter was, a craftsman of skill, and down in  
his yard  
Was lying the trunk of an oak, in order to split which  
he had  
Two good solid wedges inserted therein, so far that  
on top  
Gaped open the tree near the width of an ell. This  
Reynard observed  
And said to the bear: Dear uncle, inside of this tree  
will be found  
More honey than you would suspect, now thrust in it  
quickly your snout  
As far as you possibly can. I merely would risk the  
advice  
That in greed you take not too much; it might with  
you badly agree.  
Do you, said the bear, for a glutton me take? Why  
no, not at all,  
But temperance always is good, whatever it be that  
you do.  
Thus was outwitted the bear! his head he stuck into  
the crack,  
Yea, even right up to his ears, and furthermore both  
his front paws.  
Then earnestly Reynard fell to, with many strong pulls  
and good tugs,  
And both of the wedges tore out. Now was the brown  
fellow caught,  
Held fast by his head and his feet, nor scolding nor  
coaxing availed.  
Bruin now had a-plenty to do, for all of his boldness  
and strength;

And thus kept the nephew with craft his uncle  
encaged in the tree.

With howls now lamented the bear, and tore, with his  
hindermost claws,

So fiercely and raised such a row that Rüsteviel sprang  
out of bed

And wondered whatever was up; he took along with  
him his axe,

So as weaponless not to be found, should any one try  
him to harm.

Bruin was now in a terrible fix; for the narrowing  
crack

Was pinching him hard; he struggled and pulled and  
roared with his pain;

His efforts, however, were all of no use; he fully  
believed

That never therefrom should he come; so Reynard,  
too, joyfully thought.

When he in the distance observed Rüsteviel coming,  
he cried:

Bruin, how do you feel? Be thrifty and eat not the  
honey all up!

Does it taste very good? Rüsteviel comes and will  
give you a treat;

He brings you a sip for your meal; I hope it will with  
you agree.

Then Reynard pursued his way back, Malepartus, his  
fortress to gain;

But Rüsteviel came in his stead and, when he put eyes  
on the bear,

He ran all the peasants to call, who in company still  
at the inn

Were over their cups. Come on, he cried out, in my  
yard there is caught

A bear in a trap; that really is so. They followed in haste,  
Each arming himself with despatch as well as the time would allow.  
The first took a fork in his hand, another brought with him his rake,  
And likewise a third and a fourth, provided with hatchet and spear,  
Came bounding with vigorous strides; a fifth was equipped with a pole.  
The sexton and even the priest came on with the tools of their trade.  
And also the clergyman's cook (of whom was Dame Yulock the name,  
And who as none other a porridge could serve) remained not behind,  
But ran with her distaff in hand, at which all the day she had sat,  
To curry the skin of the luckless bear. Bruin heard, as they came,  
The increasing and deafening din with all its most horrible notes,  
And forcibly tore out his head from the cleft; but yet there remained  
The hair and skin of his face, as far as his ears, in the tree.  
Indeed, not a wretcheder beast has any one seen, for the blood  
Trickled over his ears. But what did he gain by releasing his head?  
For still were his paws firmly held in the tree; now backing he tore  
Them hastily out with a jerk; he raved as if out of his mind,  
His claws and the skin from his feet being left in the narrowing crack.

No taste of sweet honey had this ; alas, it was not such  
as that  
Which Reynard him led to expect. The outing was  
wickedly planned,  
A sorrowful trip to the bear it had proved ; his beard  
and his paws  
Were covered all over with blood ; he was wholly  
unable to stand,  
Unable to walk or to crawl. Now Rüsteviel hastened  
to strike ;  
He was fallen upon by them all who had with the  
master arrived ;  
Their aim was to put him to death. The priest for  
preparedness brought  
A staff of some length in his hand, and waled him  
therewith from afar.  
Now hither and thither in sadness he turned, hemmed  
in by the crowd ;  
Some here bearing pikes, others with axes out there,  
while the smith  
Brought hammer and tongs to the fray, and others with  
shovels arrived,  
Some also with spades, and shouting they pummelled  
at random and struck,  
Till he, out of harrowing fear, wallowed in foulness his  
own.  
In the onset they all took a hand ; not one of them all  
stayed away.  
And Hulyñ, the bow-legged clown, with Ludolph, the  
flat-nozzled rogue,  
By far were the worst ; and Gerold aloft swung the  
hard wooden flail  
His long crooked fingers between ; his brother-in-law  
at his side,  
The burly old Korkoran, stood ; these two struck him  
worst of them all.



Dames Yulock and Abelquack too had also their part  
in the strife,  
The latter, the worse of the two, struck the poor thing  
with her tub.  
And those above named were not all; the women as  
well as the men  
All ran to the spot, determined to have the life of the  
bear.  
Old Korkoran made the most noise, regarding himself  
as the chief;  
For Poggy of Chafport was known his mother to be  
very well,  
And that by the sinister bar, but his father was never  
revealed;  
The peasants, however, believed that Sander was  
probably he,  
The dark-featured gleaner of straw, a fellow robust and  
superb  
When he by himself was alone. Stones also came fly-  
ing with force,  
And harrassed the desperate bear, as they from all sides  
were received.  
Now Rüsteviel's brother jumped up and struck, with a  
long sturdy club,  
The bear on the top of his head, so hard that both  
hearing and sight  
Were wholly destroyed; yet started he up from the  
vigorous stroke  
And, enraged, at the women he rushed, who into con-  
fusion were thrown,  
And tottered and tumbled and yelled, and into the  
water some fell;  
And the water was deep. Then out cried the father  
and said: Look out!  
Down there is Dame Yulock, my cook, floating below  
in her furs;

Her distaff is here on the bank ; come help her, you  
men ! I will give  
Two barrels of beer as reward, with ample indulgence  
and grace.  
The bear they all left lying there as if dead, and  
hurried away  
To the water the women to save, and drew out the  
five to the land.  
The bear waddled slowly away while the men were  
engaged at the shore,  
And into the water he crawled in arrant distress, and  
he roared  
In horrible anguish and pain ; he rather would much  
have been drowned,  
Than blows so disgraceful endure. To swim he had  
never essayed,  
And now in his misery hoped that his life he might  
end on the spot.  
Against expectation he found that he swam, and was  
luckily borne  
By the water a distance below. Then him all the  
peasants observed,  
And exclaimed : To us this will certainly prove an  
eternal disgrace !  
They all out of humour became, and began at the  
women to scold :  
' Twere better had they stayed at home ; just look  
now and see how he swims  
Down there on his way. Then close they approached  
to examine the log,  
And in it remaining they found the skin and the hair  
from his head,  
And also his feet, and chuckled thereover and cried :  
You will come  
To us surely again ; meanwhile we accept your ears as  
a pledge.

And thus to his injuries added they jeers, yet happy  
was he  
The evil like this to escape. The peasants he roundly  
reviled,  
Who him had chastised, lamented the pain in his ears  
and his feet,  
And Reynard denounced, who him had betrayed.  
With prayers like these  
He swam further off, urged on by the stream, which  
was rapid and large,  
Within but a short space of time, below very nearly a  
mile,  
And then on the very same bank, all breathless he  
waded ashore.  
No beast in a bitterer plight till then had the sun ever  
seen.  
The morning he thought that he never should see; he  
fully believed  
He must instantly die, and cried: Oh, Reynard, you  
villainous wretch!  
You dissolute scamp! He was thinking besides of the  
pummelling boors;  
And also he thought of the tree, and Reynard's decep-  
tion he cursed.

Reynard, however, the fox, when he, with precaution  
so good,  
His uncle to market had led, with honey him there to  
supply,  
Went after some fowls, whose dwelling he knew, and  
pounced upon one,  
Then rapidly ran to the stream, dragging his booty  
along;  
There he despatched it at once and hastened to other  
affairs,

The river still keeping close by; he drank of the  
water and thought:  
How happy and joyous I feel, at having the dull-  
witted bear  
Thus led to the carpenter's yard! I'll wager that  
Rüsteviel let  
Him have a good taste of his axe. Always the bear  
has displayed  
Malevolent feelings to me; and now I have paid it  
him back.  
My uncle I've always him dubbed, and now in the  
cleft of a tree  
He lifeless remains; and for that I'll rejoice so long as  
I live.  
No more will he render his damaging complaints! And,  
roaming along,  
He looked at the river below, and saw the bear rolling  
about;  
To the core of his heart he was vexed that Bruin had  
living escaped.  
He Rüsteviel cried, You indolent wight, you blunder-  
ing fool,  
Fat meat such as this you disdain, so tender and good  
to the taste,  
Which any sane man might desire, and which, with  
such infinite ease,  
Fell unawares into your hands! But still, for your  
welcome so kind  
Has the innocent bear left behind him a pledge. Thus  
were his thoughts  
As he upon Bruin set eyes, downcast, bloody, and  
faint.  
He finally called to the bear: Do I find you, sir  
uncle, again?  
Have you anything lost in Rüsteviel's yard? Tell me  
and I'll let

Him know where you make your abode. I also  
should tell him, I think,  
That doubtless you have from the man a good lot of  
honey purloined.  
Or have you him honestly paid? How was it that  
this came about?  
Dear me! Who has painted you so? You have a  
deplorable look.  
Your taste did the honey not suit? At the same  
identical price  
Can more of it yet be obtained. Now, uncle, do tell  
me at once  
The name of the order to which you have lately  
devoted yourself,  
That you on your head have begun a red-coloured  
bonnet to wear!  
Is it true that you now are a monk? The barber  
assuredly has,  
In trying your tonsure to shave, made a very bad snip  
at your ears;  
I see you are losing your hair and also the skin from  
your cheeks,  
And even your gauntlets as well. Where did you  
leave them to hang?  
And thus the poor bear was compelled his numerous  
bantering words  
One after the other to hear; while he, in his pain,  
could not speak;  
Was indeed at his very wits' end; and so as not fur-  
ther to hear,  
Back into the water he crept, and swam with the  
swift-flowing tide,  
Lower down, till a shore that was level he found; he  
landed and lay  
Disheartened and sick; lamented aloud and remarked  
to himself :

Oh, that some one would kill me outright! I'm unable  
 to walk, and I ought  
 My journey to make to the court of the king; yet here  
 I remain,  
 So shamefully injured, behind, and all through Rey-  
 nard's vile tricks.  
 If I only get through with my life, he verily shall it  
 repent.  
 Then got he himself on his feet and, racked with  
 unbearable pain,  
 Limped on for the space of four days, and finally came  
 to the court.

The king, setting eyes on the bear as in his distress he  
 approached,  
 Cried: Merciful God! Is it Bruin I see! How is it he  
 comes  
 Maltreated like this? And Bruin replied: Alas, it is sad,  
 The evil on which you now look! Thus me has the  
 mischievous knave,  
 Reynard, most basely betrayed! Then spake in his  
 anger the king:  
 This outrage I certainly will, without any mercy, avenge.  
 Such a noble as Bruin, in faith, would Reynard defy  
 and abuse?  
 Indeed, by my honour, my crown, I now with so-  
 lemnity swear  
 That Reynard all things shall endure that Bruin by  
 law can demand.  
 If I keep not my word, no sword any more will I  
 wear; that I vow!

The king then a mandate sent forth, his council together  
 should come,  
 Consider at once the affair, and a penalty fix for the  
 crime.

They all recommended thereon, provided the king  
thought it fit,  
That Reynard be summoned anew himself to present  
at the court,  
His rights to defend against charge and complaint;  
and Tybert the cat  
Forthwith as the herald be sent the order to Reynard  
to take,  
Because he is wise and adroit. So counselled they all  
in accord.  
His gracious assent gave the king to that which the  
council advised;  
And to Tybert he said: Pay attention to all that my  
lords have in view!  
Should he for a third time have to be called, then  
shall it to him  
And every one of his race for damage eternal be held.  
He will, if he's wise, come in time. And let your  
monition have point;  
Others he only contemns; he listens, however, to you.

Tybert, however, replied: Whether to weal or to woe  
It tend, when I come where he is, how shall I the  
matter begin?  
For me he may do it or not, but still unto me it appears  
That another could better be sent, for I am so little  
and weak.  
Bruin the bear is lusty and strong, yet to master him  
failed,  
What chance of success then have I? Oh, let me, I  
pray, be excused!

Your pleading convinces me not, responded the king;  
one may find  
Many a man that is small full of wisdom and craft,  
which are strange

To many a one that is big. To a giant you may not  
have grown,  
But still you are learned and wise. Then yielded the  
cat and replied :  
Myself I resign to your will, and if I can meet with a  
sign  
To my right as I go on the road, my journey will be a  
success.



### CANTO THREE.

WHEN Tybert, the cat, had advanced a short way along  
on his road,  
In the distance a ringtail he saw, and soon as he spied  
him he cried :  
God speed you, illustrious bird! Oh, turn now your  
pinions and fly  
Down here at my right hand side! The bird took his  
flight and disposed  
Himself at the left of the cat, to sing on the bough of  
a tree.  
Now Tybert was greatly distressed, for ill-luck it por-  
tended he thought,  
But cheered himself up for all that, as many are  
customed to do.  
Still towards Malepartus he went, and arriving, Sir  
Reynard he found  
Sitting in front of the house, to whom he thus paid his  
respects :  
May God, the indulgent and good, a prosperous eve to  
you grant ;  
Our monarch has threatened your life if you shall  
refuse any more  
With me to proceed to the court ; he further directs  
me to say  
That you your accusers must meet, or your friends due  
atonement shall make.  
To this did Sir Reynard reply : Dear nephew, I wel-  
come you here ;  
That you the protection of God may enjoy to the full  
is my wish.

But different far were the thoughts that invaded his  
treacherous heart ;  
New tricks were engaging his mind ; this messenger  
too he would send  
Again to the court in disgrace. This notwithstanding  
the cat  
His nephew he stiled, and he said : My nephew, what  
can I provide  
For you in the matter of food ? One always sleeps  
better when filled ;  
I am for the present your host ; we will travel to-  
morrow at dawn  
Together to court ; this I think will be well. Of my  
relatives all,  
To me is not anyone known upon whom I so fully  
rely.  
The brutal and gluttonous bear with insolence me did  
approach ;  
Ill-tempered and strong he is both, and therefore I  
would not for much  
The journey have risked at his side. But now, as a  
matter of course,  
With you I shall cheerfully go. In the morning we'll  
early set out  
On the way, for to me this appears by far the best  
thing we can do.  
Then Tybert responded to this : Far better for us it  
would be  
To depart straight away for the court without more  
ado, as we are,  
For over the forest is shining the moon and the roads  
are all dry.  
To this Reynard said : A journey by night I regard as  
unsafe ;  
By day there are many who'll greet us as friends and  
yet, in the dark

To fall in our way should they chance, it might not  
turn out for the best.

Now Tybert responded in turn : Just tell me, my uncle,  
I pray,

If here I remain, what then shall we eat? And  
Reynard remarked :

But poor is our store, yet, if you remain, before you I'll  
set

Good honey all fresh in the comb; I'll pick out the  
clearest there is.

Such stuff I could never endure, ungraciously answered  
the cat.

If nought in the house can be found, then give me, I  
beg you, a mouse ;

Of food this to me is the best, your honey for others  
pray keep.

Can mice be so toothsome to you? Reynard asked ; let  
me honestly know.

I surely can serve you with them. My neighbour, the  
priest, hath a barn

Below in his yard, and within it are mice ; such num-  
bers, indeed,

That hold them a wagon could not ; and the priest  
have I frequently heard

Complain that, by day and by night, to him a worse  
pest they become.

The cat then imprudently said : Oh, do me the favour,  
I beg,

Of leading me straight to the mice ! For to game and  
all else of the kind

The flavour of mice I prefer. And Reynard then slyly  
rejoined :

In truth you with me shall enjoy a meal that is fit for  
a lord,

And now that I know what for you I can get, let us  
make no delay.

Tybert trustingly followed the fox and came to the  
barn of the priest,  
To its wall which was made out of clay. This Reynard  
had yesterday dug  
Judiciously through and, by means of the hole, from  
the slumbering priest  
Had stolen the best of his cocks; and the clergyman's  
dear little son,  
Young Martin, as he had been named, was wishing the  
theft to avenge;  
For which he in front of the hole had fastened a cord  
with a loop;  
Thus hoping his bird to avenge on the thief when again  
he should come.  
Aware was Reynard of this and with it in mind he  
remarked:  
My nephew, now crawl through the hole, and I will  
keep guard at the front.  
Meanwhile look you after the mice, for there you will  
find them in swarms,  
And readily catch in the dark. Oh, listen, how gaily  
they squeak!  
When enough you have had, then come again back, and  
join me once more.  
We must not from each other this evening depart, for  
to-morrow, you know,  
We early set out, and will shorten our way with frolic-  
some talk.  
Do you feel assured, said the cat, that here it is safe to  
crawl in?  
For sometimes have parsons been found a little un-  
Christlike in mind.  
Here answered that scoundrel, the fox: However could  
that be found out?  
Is it timid you are? Then let us return; my dear  
little wife

Will you with all honour receive, and furnish a savoury meal ;  
If in it no mice can be found, still let us it joyfully eat.  
But Tybert the cat sprang in through the hole, for he  
felt quite abashed  
By the bantering words of the fox, and straight he fell  
into the snare.  
In this way the guests of Sir Reynard a bad entertain-  
ment received.  
Now Tybert, as soon as he felt the tightening cord at  
his throat,  
Made a start apprehensively back, and flurried became  
through alarm.  
Then made a more vigorous jump, and tighter the cord  
was thus drawn.  
To Reynard he plaintively called, who then with his  
ear at the hole  
Was listing with rancorous joy, and thus through the  
opening spake :  
Dear Tybert, how like you the mice ? You find them,  
I hope, good and fat ;  
If only young Martin but knew that you were con-  
suming his game .  
He mustard had certainly brought, for he is a well-  
mannered boy.  
At court do they sing so at meals ? Suspicious it  
sounds to my ears.  
If could I but Isengrim have just now in the hole, as I you  
To ruin have managed to bring, he surely should pay  
me for all  
The harm that to me he hath done ; and Reynard thus  
went on his way.  
He went not, however, alone to practise his thievish  
designs ;  
Adultery, murder, and treason, and theft, to him were  
no sins,

And now he had something on hand for himself. To  
the lovely and fair  
Dame Greedimund sought he a visit to pay, with a  
twofold intent :  
He hoped from her first to find out exactly what  
Isengrim charged,  
And second the villain desired his old escapades to  
renew ;  
To court had Sir Isengrim gone, advantage of which he  
would take ;  
For none had the shade of a doubt that the all too  
apparent regard  
Of his wife for the villainous fox had excited the wrath  
of the wolf.  
Reynard entered his mistress's house, but failed to find  
her at home.  
God bless you, my little stepchildren, he said, no more  
and no less,  
Gave an affable nod to the lads and on to his errand he  
sped.  
At morning Dame Greedimund came, as day was  
beginning to break,  
And she asked: Has nobody been to inquire after  
me? And they said :  
Our godfather Reynard is hardly away, and you he  
would see ;  
His little stepchildren he called us all whom he found  
in the house.  
Then shouted Dame Greedimund out: For that he  
shall pay! And ran off  
This offence to avenge the very same hour. She had  
reason to know  
Where he was accustomed to walk. She reached him  
and fiercely began :  
Pray, what kind of language is this? What sort of  
outrageous remarks

Have you, without scruple or shame, in the ears of my children pronounced ?  
For this you shall certainly pay. Thus fiercely she spake and displayed  
A furious face; laid hold of his beard; and then let him feel  
The sharpness and strength of her teeth. He tried to run out of her way;  
She suddenly after him rushed and then followed stirring events.  
Not a very long distance away had a castle in ruins its place,  
Into which they both hurriedly ran; now, by reason of age and decay,  
In the wall at one side of a tower a crack could by fortune be seen.  
Through this Reynard managed to slip, but not without having to squeeze,  
For narrow and small was the rift; then, bulky and plump as she was,  
The wolf stuck her head in the cleft; and there having gotten she pressed  
And hustled and rooted and shoved, and tried to go after the fox,  
But only stuck faster within; she could neither go on nor retreat.  
When Reynard took notice of this, he ran to the furthest side,  
By the tortuous path within, and tried her once more to molest.  
But she was not wanting for words, she rated him well; you behave,  
She cried, like a knave and a thief; and Reynard responded thereto:  
As never has happened before, so may it just now come to pass.

Small credit or honour it brings your wife through  
another to spare,  
As Reynard was doing just now. To the scoundrel no  
matter was this.  
When now, in due process of time, the wolf herself  
freed from the crack,  
Was Reynard already away, having gone his own path  
to pursue.  
And this made her ladyship think that the law she  
herself would enforce,  
Her honour to guard and preserve, which doubly at  
present was lost.

At Tybert now let us once more take a look. The  
poor forlorn chap,  
As soon as he felt himself caught, bewailed in the way  
of a cat  
His distress. This reached little Martin's quick ears,  
and he sprang out of bed.  
Thank God, he exclaimed, the lasso I have at a fortu-  
nate time  
Suspended in front of the hole, for the robber is caught,  
and I think  
He will have to pay well for the cock. Thus did  
young Martin rejoice,  
Set light to a candle in haste (the folks in the house  
were asleep),  
His father and mother he woke and all the domestics  
as well,  
And cried: We have captured the fox, so let us upon  
him now wait.  
All came, both the little and big; yea, even the parson  
got up  
And wrapped in a mantle himself; and posted ahead  
of them all







His cook with a couple of lights; and Martin had hurriedly seized  
A good solid cudgel, with which he devoted himself to the cat,  
Dealt blows both on body and head, and knocked out in fury an eye.  
And into him all of them pitched; there came with a sharp pointed fork  
The priest in great haste to the fray, expecting to settle the thief.  
Tybert now thought he should die; then raving with madness he sprang  
Between the bare legs of the priest, and savagely bit him and scratched;  
He terribly injured the man and avenged without mercy his eye.  
The priest with a scream made a rush and fell in a faint to the ground.  
Unadvisedly chattered the cook, that the very old devil himself  
Had managed the matter to play her a trick; and doubly she swore,  
Yea, threefold indeed, how joyfully she would have lost, if this harm  
Had not to her master been done, her entire little bit of effects.  
Yea, swore that the loss of a treasure of gold, if one she possessed,  
She certainly would not regret; she without it could very well do.  
Thus bemoaned she her master's disgrace and the terrible wounds he'd received.  
At length with full many laments, they laid him again on his bed,  
And Tybert they left in the cord where him they completely forgot.

When Tybert, the cat, now himself found all alone in  
his woe,  
So grievously beaten and covered with wounds, and so  
near unto death,  
He seized, out of sheer love of life, the cord and began  
it to gnaw.  
Is there no way to get myself out of this horrible  
scrape? So he thought,  
And carried his point; the cord snapped in two. How  
happy he felt  
As he hastened to flee from the place where he so  
much pain had endured.  
He nimbly escaped from the hole and then in a trice  
made his way  
With speed to the court of the king, and on the next  
morning arrived.  
He angrily chided himself: So the devil has yet been  
obliged  
You, through Reynard's deceit, that traitor most vile,  
to subdue.  
You come again back in disgrace, an eye having lost  
from your head,  
And bitterly laden with stripes, how completely  
ashamed you must be.

The wrath of the king waxed heavy and hot; with  
threats he ordained  
That death to the traitor be dealt, without any favour  
or grace;  
Then ordered his council convoked. His nobles and  
legal adepts  
Arrived in response to his call, and he asked how the  
miscreant should  
Be finally brought to account, who now had so guilty  
been shown.

As increasing complaints about Reynard were constantly being received,  
Thus Grimbart the badger held forth: In this court of justice there are,  
No doubt, a great number of lords who of Reynard but evil can think;  
But still to a freeman's just rights must violence never be done.  
A third time he summoned must be; when this has been legally done,  
If he fail his appearance to make, the law may him guilty pronounce.  
The monarch responded to this: I fear that of all there's not one  
Who would a third summons convey to the crafty and treacherous knave;  
For who has more eyes than he wants? And who is foolhardy enough  
To endanger his limbs and his life, on account of this mutinous scamp?  
To put to such hazard his health, and nevertheless at the end  
Reynard fail to arrest? I can think not of one who would make the attempt.

The badger replied very loud: Lord King, if it please you to make  
A demand such as this upon me, I at once will the errand perform,  
Let it be whatsoever it may. Officially will you me send,  
Or go I as if of myself? You have nothing to do but command.  
The king thus assigned him the task: You may go!  
All the charges you've heard,

As they have together been brought ; but go you with  
wisdom to work,  
For he is a dangerous man. And Grimbart then said  
in reply :  
This once I will venture the task, and hope that I yet  
shall him bring.  
Thus started he off on the road towards Malepartus,  
the fort.  
Reynard he found in the place with wife and with  
children, and said :  
Uncle Reynard, I wish you good day ! Full of learn-  
ing and wisdom you are,  
And judicious regarded as well : we are all with aston-  
ishment filled  
That you the behest of the king disregard, I may say,  
even mock.  
To you seems it not that the time has arrived ? Re-  
ceived from all sides  
Are constantly growing complaints and evil reports.  
I advise  
That you with me come to the court ; delay will no  
longer avail.  
Already have many complaints been brought to the  
ears of the king,  
And the summons I bring you to-day is the third that  
to you has been sent.  
Surrender you not, condemned you will be ; and then  
will the king  
Hither his vassals conduct, and you will besiege, and  
reduce  
Malepartus, this stronghold of yours ; and thus will  
to ruin be brought  
Your wife and your children and goods, and life you  
will certainly lose.  
The king you can never elude, so the very best thing  
you can do

Is to travel with me to the court. Of cunning de-  
vices and turns  
You never will want; you have them on hand your-  
self to get free.  
For you have assuredly oft, yea, even when present in  
court,  
Adventures encountered far greater than this, and  
always contrived  
To come from them all with *éclat*, and leave your  
opponents disgraced.

Thus ended Sir Grimbart his speech and Reynard re-  
sponded thereto:  
Dear uncle, you counsel me well, that I put in appear-  
ance at court  
In person my rights to defend. I earnestly hope that  
the king  
Will grant me his grace; he knows of what service to  
him I can be,  
And also is fully aware how much I am hated for  
this.  
No court can be held without me. And had I yet ten  
times as much  
Done amiss, still without hesitation I know that if I  
can succeed  
Him to meet to his face and before him to plead, he  
will certainly find  
The ire in his breast overcome. There are many, in-  
deed, who attend  
Our monarch day in and day out, and have in his  
council a seat,  
But nought about these does he care; among the  
whole lot can be found  
Neither reason nor sense. At every session, however,  
of court,

Wherever it is I may be the decree to my wisdom is left.

When monarch and nobles convene, in critical matters of state

To formulate prudent advice, it is Reynard who has it to find.

There are many who envy me this; and, alas, I must be on my guard,

For they've sworn to encompass my death, and the wickedest far of them all

Just now are together at court, which certainly gives me concern.

Over ten can I count, and mighty ones too, then how by myself

Can I such a number withstand? For this have I made such delay.

I think it, however, now well to accompany you to the court,

My suit at the bar to defend; this me greater honour will bring

Than through any slackness of mine my wife and my offspring to plunge

Into dangers and griefs without end; we every one should be lost,

For the king is too mighty for me, and be it whatever it may,

The same must I do so soon as commanded by him; we can try

To make with our enemies there some useful arrangement, perhaps.

Reynard then said to his wife: Look after the children I beg!

And more than of even the rest, take care of the youngest, Reinhart.

With his fine set of teeth in his dear little mouth; I hope that he will



His father's true image become ; and here's Rossell, the  
arch little rogue,  
Who is just as endeared to my heart. For both of  
the children, I beg,  
Do the best that you can while I'm gone! I will it  
you amply repay  
Should I luckily come again back, and you to my  
counsel give heed.  
With this he departed from thence, attended by Grim-  
bart, his friend ;  
Left Ermelyn there with both of her sons and hurried  
away ;  
He left ill-provided his house, which made very anx-  
ious his wife.

Not yet a short hour on the road had proceeded to-  
gether the two  
When Reynard to Grimbart thus spake : Dear nephew,  
most worthy of friends,  
To you I'm compelled to avow that I tremble all over  
with fear ;  
I cannot myself get away from the bitter and terrible  
thought  
That verily I am pursuing the road to my death.  
Thus I see  
My sins all before me displayed, all ever committed  
by me.  
You cannot imagine the dread with which I now find  
myself filled.  
Pray let me confess, give ear to my words, for no other  
priest  
Can be hereabouts found, and if a clean breast I now  
make of them all,  
No worse on account of the same shall I stand in the  
mind of my king.

Grimbart then said: First you must robbing and stealing give up,  
All scandalous breaches of faith and other accustomed deceits,  
Or confession will do you no good. I know it, responded the fox,  
So let me begin on the spot, and you with attention give ear.

Confiteor tibi, Pater et Mater, that I on the cat,  
The otter, and many besides right numerous antics have played,  
I confess it and freely submit myself to the penance entailed.  
Speak English, the badger replied, whereby I may know what you mean.  
At this Reynard said: I cannot deny that I certainly have  
Transgressed against all of the beasts at present existing on earth;  
For instance, my uncle the bear, whom I caught in the limb of a tree,  
Whose head was all covered with blood, and who was so wounded with blows.  
Then Tybert I led after mice, but yet held him fast in a cord.  
Very much he was forced to endure, and met with the loss of an eye.  
So Henning with reason complained, for him of his children I robbed,  
Both little and big as they came, and found them quite good to the taste.  
I excepted not even the king, and manifold capers and tricks  
With boldness I've played upon him, and too on his consort, the queen,

From which she but lately got well. And further I'm  
bound to confess  
That Isengrim have I, the wolf, with industry greatly  
disgraced ;  
But time have I not the whole to relate. I always  
him called  
My uncle, but only in jest, for between us no kinship  
exists.  
Now once on a time, nearly six years ago, he came to  
Elkmar,  
When there in the convent I lived, to see me and ask  
me for help,  
Because he a notion had formed of becoming a monk ;  
he thought  
It might be a profession for him ; so gave a good pull  
at the bell,  
And greatly the ringing enjoyed. Thereon his front  
paws I made fast  
In the rope that was tied to the bell. He did not  
demur, and, thus fixed,  
He pulled and diverted himself, and seemed to be  
learning the bells ;  
Yet could not, however, the art but a bad reputation  
him bring,  
For as stupid and crazy he rang, till all of the people  
around  
Collected with haste in dismay from every alley and  
street,  
For certain they felt that a grievous disaster had come  
to the town.  
They came and discovered him there, and before he  
could even explain  
His wish to embrace the clerical life, he was suddenly  
caught  
By the surging and furious crowd, and almost was  
beaten to death.

Yet still did the fool in his purpose persist, and even  
implored  
That I with due honour would see that a tonsure for  
him was procured ;  
I therefore had cut the hair on his crown and so thor-  
oughly singed  
That frizzled with heat was the skin and parched as a  
pea that is baked.  
Thus often for him I prepared hard cuffs, severe kicks,  
and disgrace.  
And I taught him the way to catch fish, which never  
do with him agree.  
He followed me once to the border of France, when  
jointly we stole  
To the house where a parson abode, the richest of all  
thereabouts.  
This parson a storehouse possessed with a number of  
savoury hams ;  
Of bacon some long tender sides he kept there for  
curing as well,  
And likewise a tubful of meat but recently placed in  
the brine.  
Now Isengrim managed, at length, in the wall, which  
of stone was composed,  
A hole of some measure to scratch, through which he  
might easily go.  
I jogged him along at the work, his avarice also him  
urged ;  
But amid the profusion he found he could not restrain  
his desires,  
But stuffed without measure himself, by reason of  
which did the cleft  
Put a powerful curb on his much swollen frame and  
checked his return.  
Oh! how he denounced the perfidious thing, that  
allowed him to pass

When hungry within, but would not permit him when  
filled to go back!  
Thereon in the village I raised a hubbub and outcry  
so great  
That soon I excited the folk to look for the trail of  
the wolf;  
Then ran to the clergyman's house, and came on him  
having a meal,  
Just as before him was placed a capon, young, tender,  
and cooked  
To a T, so upon it I swooped and carried it off in my  
mouth.  
Up jumped the good priest with a scream, and after me  
tried to pursue,  
And the table knocked over with all that was on it  
to eat and to drink.  
Catch and belabour him well; kick him out, cried the  
furious priest,  
Then cooled off his wrath in a pool that lay unobserved  
in his way,  
Wherein he now floundered full length; and people  
rushed in crying: Strike!  
At this I ran off from the place and after me all in  
a crowd  
Who to me the most venomous felt. The parson was  
heard above all:  
The bold and audacious thief! he took from my table  
the fowl!  
Then ran I as fast as I could until I arrived at the  
barn,  
And there, much against my desire, I let the bird slip  
to the earth,  
As I, to my grief, too heavy it found; and thus to the  
crowd  
I was lost, but the fowl was regained, and as the priest  
raised it aloft

Became he aware of the wolf in the barn, and the  
crowd saw him too.  
The father now called to them all: Come quickly and  
pummel him well;  
To our hands has a different thief, a wolf, been  
delivered instead;  
Away should he get, disgraced we should be, and truly  
would all  
Be laughing at our expense from the east to the west  
of the land.  
The wolf some hard thinking now did; upon him fell  
blows like the rain,  
On his body in every part, and inflicted most torturing  
wounds.  
All shouted as loud as they could, and the men who  
behind had been left  
In a body together rushed up and felled him for dead  
to the earth.  
He never, so long as he'd lived, had met with affliction  
so great;  
If one should on canvas it paint, it very astounding  
would be  
To notice how he the good priest repaid for his bacon  
and hams.  
They bundled him out on the road and seized him and  
dragged him pell-mell  
Through hedges and ditches and mud, till in him no  
life could be traced;  
He made himself dirty and foul, and hence, with  
abhorrence and hate,  
He out of the village was cast, and left in a deep filthy  
pool,  
They thinking at last he was dead. In such ignomin-  
ious swoon  
I know not how long he remained, ere he conscious  
became of his woe;

And how after all he got off, that too have I never found out.

And yet not long since (it may be a year) he swore that to me

Ever faithful and true he would be, but this did not last very long.

Now why he did thus to me swear I was able with ease to conceive.

I came on him once when he wished his fill of some fowls to procure ;

And, so as to play him a trick, I pictured with clearness and care

A beam upon which, as a rule, a cock in the evening would roost,

With seven fat hens at his side. I guided him then to the place,

In stillness and darkness of night, as twelve by the clock had been struck ;

The sash of the window, I knew, was raised with a thin piece of wood,

And stood ready open for use, so in I pretended to go,

But then I surrendered my place, and my uncle I asked to go first,

And said : Proceed boldly within ; on well-fattened hens you will come.

If you your fair lady would win, you must never faint-hearted become.

Very cautiously crawled he inside and groped with the greatest of care

Hither and thither about, and at length he indignantly said :

Oh, how you have led me astray ! Of fowls, in good truth, I can find

Not a feather. I said : The birds that in front were accustomed to sit

Myself I have carried away, the others are further behind ;  
Without hesitation go on and mind that with caution  
you step.

The beam was undoubtedly small on which we so care-  
fully walked,

Yet I kept him in front and myself well behind ; then  
backwards I made

My way through the window again, and gave a good  
tug at the wood ;

Down came the sash with a bang, and the wolf made a  
start of alarm ;

In shaking he fell from the beam and came in a heap  
to the ground.

Now, affrighted, the people awoke, who all were asleep  
by the fire.

What fell in the window ? they cried, in direst con-  
fusion and fear ;

Without loss of time they arose ; and, speedily lighting  
the lamp,

Him down in the corner they found, and struck him  
and polished his skin

To the fullest extent of their strength ; it surprises me  
how he escaped.

Still further to you I confess, that I to Dame Greedi-  
mund oft

In secret have gone, and openly too. Now certainly that  
Ought not to have ever occurred, and I wish I had left  
it undone,

For, live she as long as she may, her shame she will  
scarcely repair.

I now have confessed to you all that, endeavour as  
much as I may,

I am able to bring to my mind, and it heavily weighs  
on my soul.



Absolve me, I pray you, therefrom, and meekly be sure  
that I will  
All penance perform to its end, no matter how much  
you impose.

Already to Grimbart 'twas known how he in such case  
should proceed ;  
He broke off a twig on the way, and said : Strike,  
uncle, yourself  
Three times on the back with this twig, and then put  
it carefully down,  
In the manner I show, on the earth, and as many times  
over it jump ;  
With meekness then kissing the twig yourself fitly  
dutiful show ;  
Such is the penance I lay upon you, and pronounce  
you from all  
Your sins and all chastisements free and discharged. I  
fully forgive  
You all in the name of the Lord, whatever it be you  
have done.

When Reynard the penance enjoined had duly per-  
formed to the end,  
Then Grimbart most solemnly said : My uncle, let  
now in good works  
Be clear your repentance to all ; the psalms also read,  
and attend  
The churches with zeal, and fast on the days appointed  
by law.  
To him who may ask show clearly the way, and give to  
the poor  
Without stint, and unto me swear your infamous life  
to forsake ;  
All plundering, robbing, and theft, seduction and trea-  
son avoid,

For certain it is that by this you alone will to mercy  
attain.

Then Reynard replied: I will do as you say, I pledge  
you my word.

Thus was the shrift at an end, and then they continued  
their way

To palace and court of the king; the saintly Grimbart  
and he

Then threaded a blackish and fertile expanse, where a  
convent they saw

On the right-hand side of the road, in which holy  
women engaged

In serving of God from morning to night, and kept in  
their yard

Of cocks a great number and hens and many fine  
capons as well,

Who wandered at times for their food a distance outside  
of the wall,

Where Reynard had called on them oft. So now unto  
Grimbart he said:

Our speediest way is to pass along by the side of this  
wall.

But set were his thoughts on the fowls, how they were  
out taking the air.

So there his confessor he led, till near to the birds they  
approached;

Then the scamp to and fro in his head set rolling his  
covetous eyes.

He was pleased above all with a cock, in splendid con-  
dition and young,

Which firmly he fixed in his eye, as he strutted astern  
of the rest;

Behind him he hastily sprang, and the feathers a-flying  
began.

Indignantly Grimbart reproved the shameful relapse of  
the fox :

Base nephew, behave you like this, and would you  
already again

Make a sinful attack on a fowl so soon after you have  
been shrived ?

Such penitence seems to me fine! And Reynard to  
Grimbart replied :

Dear uncle, if even in thought I any such thing can  
have done,

Then pray unto God that he may in mercy forgive me  
the sin.

I gladly forbear and never will do so again. Then they  
went

Round about by the convent again to their road, and  
thus were obliged

To cross a diminutive bridge, and Reynard behind him  
cast eyes

A second time after the fowls; he could not himself  
keep in check;

Had any one cut off his head, without any question it  
would

Have flown in pursuit of the birds, so vehement was  
his desire.

Grimbart observed this and cried: Where let you, my  
nephew, your eyes

Again wend their way? Of a truth, an odious glutton  
you are!

Said Reynard, much pained, in reply: My uncle, you  
do me a wrong;

Do not so excited become, and disturb not, I beg you,  
my prayers,

But a paternoster allow me to say, for the souls of the  
fowls

And geese are in need of the same, as many as I from  
the nuns,  
Those heaven-born women, have filched, by use of my  
prudence and skill.  
Grimbart said not a word, and the fox turned his head  
not away from the fowls  
So long as in sight they remained. They managed,  
however, at length,  
The road they had left to regain and began to draw  
near to the court ;  
And as Reynard the castle observed, in which dwelt  
his master the king,  
He inwardly troubled became, for the charges against  
him were grave.

## CANTO FOUR.

WHEN rumour got spread at the court that Reynard  
was coming indeed,  
To see him all hurried outside, both noble and common  
alike,  
And few of them friendly disposed; nearly all had  
complaints to prefer.  
But Reynard undoubtedly thought that this no signifi-  
cance had;  
At least so he carried himself, as with Grimbart the  
badger he came,  
This moment, with boldness and grace, along through  
the principal street.  
Courageous and calm, he advanced, as if, of a truth, he  
had been  
Own son and true heir of the king, and free and devoid  
of all fault;  
Yea! thus before Leo he stepped, and took in the  
palace his place  
Right up in the midst of the lords; he knew how to  
feign unconcern.  
Illustrious king and worshipful lord, he began to  
declaim,  
Most noble and mighty you are, foremost in merit and  
rank;  
I therefore you humbly entreat to hear me with jus-  
tice to-day.  
Of your Majesty's servitors all, not a soul more devoted  
than I  
Has ever been found; this without hesitation I dare to  
maintain;

And many I know at the court, who would gladly  
oppress me for that.  
To me would your friendship be lost, if now, as my  
enemies wish,  
The lies they disseminate should, perchance, to you  
credible seem.  
But you, as is lucky for me, investigate every com-  
plaint.  
As fully accused as accusers you hear; and, though  
they have told  
Many falsehoods behind my back, yet tranquil I rest  
and reflect  
That well you my loyalty know, which brings persecu-  
tion on me.  
Be silent! responded the king, no prattle or fawning  
will help;  
Your iniquities din in our ears, and punishment now  
you awaits.  
Regard have you had for the peace, that I to the  
beasts have proclaimed  
And sworn to maintain? There stands the cock!  
His children have you,  
Malicious and treacherous thief, one after another  
destroyed!  
And for me the depth of your love, you wish, I pre-  
sume, to evince  
When you my authority spurn, and my servants so  
grossly abuse!  
The health of poor Tybert's destroyed, and by slow and  
distressing degrees  
Will the suffering bear get well of the wounds inflicted  
by you.  
But I will you not further reproach, for here are  
accusers enough,  
And acts that are proved to the hilt; you hardly this  
time can escape.

Am I, most benevolent sire, for this to be guilty  
adjudged?

Reynard said. Do I incur blame if Bruin, with blood-  
covered crown,

Came limping again to you back? If he took the risk,  
and presumed

On Rüsteviel's honey to feed, and the half-witted  
peasants against

Him lifted their hands, yet still is he strong and enor-  
mous of limb.

If they blows and abuse on him cast, ere into the  
water he ran,

He could, as a vigorous man, the onset with ease  
have repelled.

And also, if Tybert the cat, whom I with due honour  
received

And treated as well as I could, from stealing could not  
himself keep,

But into the house of the priest, although I him faith-  
fully warned,

Went sneaking when night had set in, and there made  
acquaintance with grief,

Have I retribution deserved because he behaved like a  
fool?

Too near to your princely crown, indeed, would the  
consequence lie!

With me, to be sure, you can deal in accord with your  
sovereign will,

And, clear as the case may appear, may give what  
decision you please,

Whether be it to weal or be it to woe the matter may  
tend.

If I'm to be roasted or boiled, if I'm to be blinded or  
hanged,

Or beheaded indeed, I am perfectly willing that so it  
be done.

We are all in the grasp of your power, completely are  
we in your hands ;  
For you are majestic and strong ; how then can the  
helpless resist ?  
If you put me to death, by that, of a truth, very little  
you gain.  
Let happen, however, what may, I loyally yield to the  
law.

Then Bellyn the ram began to remark : The time has  
arrived  
To advance our complaints. And then with his rela-  
tives, Tybert the cat  
And Bruin the bear, and a legion of beasts, Lord Isen-  
grim came ;  
Also Baldwin the ass and Lampen the hare presented  
themselves ;  
And Nidget the puppy appeared, with the bulldog  
Rhyn and the doe,  
Named Metke, with Herman the buck ; and squirrel  
and weasel, as well  
As the ermine, were added thereto. Nor did either the  
ox or the horse  
Neglect to be there. Near by could be seen the beasts  
of the chase,  
Among them the stag and the roe ; and Bockert the  
beaver came too,  
With marten and rabbit and boar ; together they all  
crowded in ;  
Bartolt the stork and Pica the jay and Grusley the  
crane  
Came flying across with Tibke the duck and Alheid the  
goose ;  
And others besides came hurrying in with their  
troubles and woes.



Henning, the grief-stricken cock, with his children,  
now but a few,  
Made bitter complaint; and hither there came without  
number the birds,  
And a concourse so great of the beasts that no one  
could mention their names.  
All made an attack on the fox, and hoped that his  
many misdeeds  
They now into question might bring, and inflicted his  
punishment see.  
In front of the monarch they pressed, with vehement,  
furious speech;  
Charges on charges they heaped, and narratives ancient  
and new  
Introduced. In one single sitting of court there never  
had been  
Brought up to the throne of the king, so many com-  
plaints to be heard.  
His place Reynard took and proceeded with skill his  
defence to conduct.  
He began his address, and forth from his mouth the  
eloquent words  
Of his justification outflowed, as if they were obvious  
truth.  
He was master of what to present and what to say  
nothing about;  
And his auditors all were amazed, and thought he was  
innocent shown.  
He even had claims of his own to put in, and charges  
to make.  
At length there rose up to their feet some genuine,  
trustworthy men,  
Who posted themselves by the fox, against him their  
evidence gave,  
And all of his wickedness clearly made known. That  
settled the case,

For then, with unanimous voice, the court of the king  
resolved  
That Reynard the fox was worthy of death ; that he  
should be seized,  
Imprisoned and hanged by the neck, in order that he be  
compelled  
For his infamous crimes to atone with an ignominious  
death.

Just now did Reynard himself consider the game as  
all up.  
Not very much good had been done by his cunning  
harangue. The king  
Pronounced sentence himself: and then was the  
criminal's pitiful end,  
As him they imprisoned and bound, paraded in sight  
of his eyes.

As Reynard there stood, shackled according to sen-  
tence and law,  
His foes were bestirring themselves to lead him at  
once to his death ;  
But his friends stood about in dismay, quite overcome  
with their grief,  
Grimbart and Martin the ape, with others of kin to  
the fox.  
The sentence with umbrage they heard, and all were  
more filled with regret  
Than expected might be ; for Reynard of barons was  
one of the chief :  
And there he now stood, of all of his honours and  
offices stripped  
And doomed to a shameful death. How now must  
the scene they surveyed

His kinsmen have cut to the quick! In a body  
together they took  
Their leave of the king, and withdrew from the court,  
to the last that was there.

The monarch, however, it vexed, that so many knights  
should depart  
From him thus. It now could be seen how great was  
the crowd of his kin  
Who had gone, in their great discontent at Reynard's  
impending doom.  
And thus did his Majesty speak to one of his trustiest  
friends:  
Undoubtedly Reynard is vile; we must, for all that,  
bear in mind  
That many relations he has, who cannot be spared  
from the court.

But Isengrim, Bruin, and Tybert the cat, all three of  
them were  
About the poor captive at work; impatient the in-  
famous death,  
As awarded had been by the king, to execute now on  
their foe;  
So hurriedly dragged him outside, and the gallows  
beheld from afar.  
And now the tom-cat to the wolf began, in his fury,  
to speak:  
Consider, Lord Isengrim, well, how Reynard once  
schemed in all ways,  
And everything did that he could, and succeeded, too,  
in his hate,  
On the gallows your brother to see. How joyously  
marched he along  
With him to the place of his doom! Neglect not to  
pay him the debt.

And remember, Sir Bruin as well, how shamefully you  
he betrayed,  
Below there in Rüsteviel's yard, to the boorish and  
furious clowns,  
Male and female alike, and scurvily left you to wounds  
and to blows,  
And the shame thereupon that ensued, which now in  
all regions is known.  
Take care and your efforts unite, for if he escape us  
to-day,  
And freedom contrive to procure, by his wit and  
insidious arts,  
A time for our precious revenge will never be granted  
again;  
So let us make haste and avenge the wrongs he has  
done to us all.

Then Isengrim said: What use are your words? Go,  
bring me at once  
A reliable cord; with that we will soon put him out  
of his pain!  
Thus spake they ill of the fox and journeyed along on  
the road.

In silence heard Reynard their words; at length he,  
however, began:  
Since me you so bitterly hate, and thirst for a deadly  
revenge,  
I am greatly surprised that you seem not to know  
how to bring it about!  
Your Tybert is fully informed where a good trusty  
rope may be found,  
For he did it most carefully test, when into the house  
of the priest  
He thrust himself in after mice, and did not with  
honour return.

But, Isengrim, you and the bear are making such  
terrible haste  
Your uncle to bring to his end, of course you intend  
to succeed.

The monarch arose from his seat, with all the noblesse  
of his court,

The sentence to see carried out; and also was present  
the queen,

Who with the procession had come, by her ladies  
escorted in state;

And behind them a multitude flocked, composed of  
the poor and the rich,

All wishing for Reynard's decease, and hoping to see  
it take place.

Isengrim uttered meanwhile a word to his kinsmen  
and friends,

Exhorting them all to be sure compactly together to  
hold,

And keep on the manacled fox a steady and vigilant  
eye;

For they were in constant dread of the shrewd fellow's  
getting away.

The wolf, above all, commanded his wife: If you set  
any store

On your life, take heed to my words and help us the  
rascal to hold!

If he manage to get himself free, we all are involved  
in disgrace.

And further to Bruin he said: Bethink how he held  
you in scorn!

With usury now can you pay the whole of your debt  
to him back.

Tybert is able to climb, and above shall he fasten the  
rope.

You hold him and give me your help, and I will the  
ladder remove;  
Then all, in a minute or two, with this knave will be  
brought to an end.  
Said the bear: Put the ladder in place, and I will  
him certainly hold.

See now, Reynard said when they'd done, how exceed-  
ingly busy you are  
In leading your uncle to death! I should think you  
would rather him guard  
And protect; and, in his distress, would some little  
pity display;  
I gladly for mercy would beg, but what should I profit  
by that?  
Isengrim hates me o'ermuch; yea, even his wife he  
has told  
To hold me and see to it well that the way of escape  
is cut off.  
Should she but reflect on the past, then could she not  
injure me now;  
But if I am doomed to be slain, I earnestly wish that  
it might  
Be speedily done. My father too came into frightful  
distress,  
But yet at the last it was quick. There attended, I  
know, at his death  
Not quite such a number as here. If longer, however,  
you mean  
Me to keep in suspense, then must it in truth redound  
to your shame.  
Do you hear, said Bruin the bear, how boldly the vag-  
abond talks?  
Come on! String him up out of hand! The time for  
his end has arrived.

Earnestly now did Reynard reflect: Oh! could I but think,  
At once, of some artifice new, to aid me in this urgent need,  
Whereby might the king, in his grace, with clemency grant me my life,  
And these, my implacable foes, all three, into shame might be thrown!  
Of all let me think, and then must things shift for themselves, for here  
Is in question my neck! Not a moment to lose!  
How shall I escape?  
Evils of all kinds upon me are heaped. The king is displeased,  
My friends are all melted away, and matters controlled by my foes.  
I have rarely done anything good, and even the might of the king,  
As well as his council's advice, have I truly but little esteemed.  
I am guilty of much that is wrong, and yet my ill-luck have I hoped,  
Each time, to avert. Had I but the chance to say a few words,  
I surely should then not be hanged; I will not abandon the hope.

His back to the ladder he turned, with face to the people below,  
And cried: Before me I see the grim figure of death, and can him  
Not escape. And now from you all, as many as hear me, I beg  
But a little extension of time, before I depart from the earth.

Indeed I should very much like to you my confession  
 sincere  
 To publicly make for the last time on earth, and truly  
 disclose  
 Whatever of harm I have done, so that to another,  
 perchance,  
 May not, in the future, be laid this criminal action or  
 that,  
 Till now unsuspected by you, but done under cover  
 by me ;  
 That I may thereby, at the last, much evil prevent,  
 and may hope  
 That God, in his fulness of grace, will remember me  
 now in my need.

A number to pity were moved, and one to another  
 they said :  
 Small is the favour and short the reprieve. They  
 petitioned the king,  
 And the king conceded their prayer. Then again did  
 Reynard become  
 A little more lightsome of heart, and hoped for a  
 happy result ;  
 The granted occasion he turned to account, and as  
 follows he spake :  
 Spiritus Domini, come to my aid ! Not one do I  
 see,  
 In all the vast concourse that's here, whom I have not  
 sometime ill-used.  
 First, I was yet but a youngster small, and the breast  
 of my dam  
 Had hardly forgotten to suck, when my passions I  
 followed unchecked  
 Among the young lambs and the goats that, a distance  
 apart from the flock,



At play were dispersed in the fields; their dear bleating voices I heard  
Too gladly by far, as a craving I got for more delicate food,  
And soon their acquaintance I made. One lambkin I slew with my teeth,  
And drank up its blood; it tasted so good that I killed and devoured  
Also four of the youngest goats, and thus further training obtained.  
I exempted no kind of a bird, not a fowl, nor a duck nor a goose,  
On which I might light, and have in the sand full many entombed,  
When all that I harried to death I did not desire to consume.  
It afterwards happened one winter to me, on the banks of the Rhine,  
That Isengrim came I to know, who was lurking aback of the trees.  
He assured me, without losing time, that I was a kinsman of his;  
Indeed on his fingers he could the precise degrees of the tie  
Call over to me. I gave my assent, an alliance we formed,  
And each to the other engaged as trusty companions to roam.  
Ah, many an evil thereby was I doomed to prepare for myself!  
Together we went through the land; while he stole the big on our way,  
And I stole the small. Whate'er we obtained was common to be;  
But common indeed it was not, he parted it just as he chose;

A half I have never received. Yea, worse have I suffered than this ;  
If he managed a calf to purloin, or get for his booty a ram,  
If I found him at table with more than enough, or consuming a goat  
Just recently done to its death ; if a buck in the grasp of his claws,  
Despite of its struggles, was held, at me he would grin and look sour,  
Till growling, he drove me away, my share to retain for himself.  
It always turned out with me thus, no matter the size of the joint  
He had got. Indeed, if to pass it should come that, in company, we  
Should manage to capture an ox, or ourselves possess of a cow,  
At once made appearance his wife and seven young cubs on the scene,  
Who then would lay hold of the prey, and crowd me away from the meal.  
Not even a rib could I get ; so polished and dry were they gnawed,  
That nothing like meat could be found ; and I must contented appear.  
But heaven, however, be praised, I suffered not hunger thereby.  
From that splendid treasure of mine I kept myself privately fed,  
By means of the silver and gold, that securely I keep in a place  
Not easily found. Therein have I all I can want ; for, in truth,  
No wagon could bear it away, if it seven times went to the task.

The king paid attention thereto, as mention was made  
of his wealth,

Inclined himself forward and asked: From whence  
did it come to your hands?

Speak out and at once! The treasure I mean! And  
then Reynard said:

This secret from you I will not conceal; what good  
could it do?

For nought of these costly things with me can I take  
when I go.

Since then you are pleased to command, I will all to  
you truly relate;

For out it assuredly must; since, whether for evil or good,  
A secret so weighty indeed could not be much longer  
concealed;

For the treasure was stolen, forsooth. With oaths had  
a number conspired

To kill you, beneficent king, and if, at the very same hour,  
The treasure had not with prudence been moved, it  
thus had occurred.

Take notice of this, gracious lord, for both your well-  
being and life

On the treasure's security hung; and, alas, the purloin-  
ing thereof

Made things with my father go hard; it led him, in  
prime of his life,

The last dreadful journey to take; to eternal perdition,  
perhaps;

But, merciful master, for you it all turned out for the  
best.

Perplexedly listened the queen to all of this horrible tale,  
The intricate, furtive design for depriving her consort  
of life,

The treason, the treasure, and all that he had been tell-  
ing about.

I caution you, Reynard, she cried, reflect! for about to  
embark  
You are on the road to your home; repentant, dis-  
burden your soul;  
Set forth the unvarnished truth and plainly the murder  
make known.  
The king supplemented her words: Strict silence let  
every one keep!  
Come, Reynard, again here below and step now up  
nearer to me,  
Whereby I may hear what you say, for the matter  
concerneth myself.

Reynard, who saw through it all, took courage again,  
and the rounds  
Of the ladder he quickly ran down, to the malcontents'  
heavy chagrin;  
And himself, without more ado, by the king and his  
consort he placed,  
Who earnestly tried to find out the meaning of all he  
had said.  
He then set himself to make up some new and aston-  
ishing lies.  
That I the good-will of the king and that of his con-  
sort, he thought,  
Again could secure; and oh, that my cunning at once  
would prevail,  
And render me able my foes, who me are conducting  
to death,  
Themselves to destruction to bring; this me from all  
peril would save.  
For me this would certainly be a blessing from out of  
the skies;  
But lies without measure, I see, to carry my purpose I  
need.

Impatiently then did the queen to Reynard more questions propound ;

Let us know, without any mistake, of what the whole matter consists.

The truth let us know, your conscience respect, disburden your soul !

Reynard responded thereto : I gladly will tell to you all.

Death alone is awaiting me now, and nothing can remedy that.

Should I, at the end of my life, my soul overburden with lies,

And eternal damnation incur, I should act as if out of my mind.

It is better for me to confess ; and if, to my sorrow, I must

My cherished relations and friends arraign and put under a cloud,

How can I help it, alas ! At hand are the torments of hell.

Already the king, as he listened intently to what had been said,

Full heavy at heart had become. He said : Are you telling the truth ?

To his Majesty Reynard replied, with air for the purpose assumed :

I'm an infamous fellow, I know, yet now am I speaking the truth.

What good could I get by telling you lies ? I should only myself

Everlastingly damn. You know very well, for so it's resolved,

I must die ; I am now looking death in the face and lie will I not ;

Neither evil nor good to me now can be of the slightest avail.

He shook as he uttered these words, and seemed on the verge of a swoon.

The queen then compassionate spake: I pity the anguish he feels;

Deign kindly upon him to look, I beg you, my lord, and reflect;

We both may be saved from much harm by this revelation of his.

The sooner the better that we the ground of his narrative find!

Strict silence enforce upon all, and let him straightforwardly speak.

Then issued the king his command, and all the assembly was still;

But Reynard uplifted his voice: If it please you, my gracious king,

Pray listen to what I shall say. Although my narration may chance

Without any notes to be made, yet exact you will find it and true;

The details you'll learn of the plot, and no one intend I to spare.

## CANTO FIVE.

Now notice the cunning displayed, and see how the  
fox went to work  
To hide his offences once more, and harm unto others  
to do.  
Gratuitous lies he devised, yea, even his father de-  
famed  
On the further side of the grave; and the badger he  
grossly traduced,  
His loyallest friend, who had so persistently come to  
his aid.  
There was nothing he scrupled to say, by which his  
narration he thought  
He might plausible make; that on his accusers he  
vengeance might take.

And this is the way he began: My father once had  
the good luck,  
Not very long since, the wealth of King Emmrich, the  
mighty, to find  
In a secret place; yet to him was the hoard of but  
little avail.  
He gave himself airs on account of his wealth, esteem-  
ing no more  
The beasts of his own degree, and his comrades of  
former times  
Too little regarding by far; more notable friends he  
desired.  
Tybert the cat he despatched to the wild hunting  
grounds of Ardennes,

Bruin the bear to seek out, to whom he should fealty  
swear,  
And summon to Flanders forthwith, in order their  
king to become.

When Bruin the writing had read, its import him  
heartily pleased:  
Untiring and bold he pursued his way on to Flanders  
in haste,  
For with something like this had his mind already for  
long been engaged.  
Arriving, he found my father on hand, who hailed him  
with joy,  
And at once off to Isengrim sent, and likewise to Grim-  
bart, the sage ;  
The four put together their heads, discussed and per-  
fected their plans,  
And not far away was a fifth, namely Tybert, the cat.  
Near at hand  
Lay a village which Iste is called, and this was the  
actual place,  
A spot between Iste and Ghent, where jointly the plot  
they discussed  
The whole of a long cloudy night, which kept their  
assemblage concealed.  
With God met they not, for my father, the devil more  
rightly to say,  
Them totally had in his power, with his damnable  
treasure of gold.  
They resolved on the death of the king, and one to  
the other they swore  
An alliance eternal and firm, and then did the five  
take their oath  
In conjunction on Isengrim's head, that unitedly they  
would select



Bruin the bear for their king; and at Aix-la-Chapelle,  
on the throne,

With aid of the golden crown, the realm to him firmly  
secure.

This having been done, if by one of the king's rela-  
tions or friends

Resistance thereto should be made, my father was him  
to convince

Or tempt with a bribe; and, failing in that, to eject  
him at once.

I happened to learn of the scheme, for Grimbart one  
morning himself

Full merrily drunken had got, and garrulous had become.

Thus went the fool home to his wife and gave the  
whole secret away;

Then silence upon her enjoined, thus thinking the  
matter to mend.

Very soon after this had occurred, my wife she en-  
countered, and her

Must she, by a sacred oath, in the regal trinity's name,  
Pledge on her honour and faith that, whether come  
evil or good,

To no one a word would she tell; and then she made  
known to her all.

In like manner too, has my wife as little her promise  
observed,

For, soon as she found where I was, she told to me all  
she had heard;

And gave me, moreover, a sign, whereby the full truth  
of the tale

I with ease recognised; yet through it I've only more  
evil incurred.

It reminded me well of the frogs, the continual croak-  
ing of whom

Ascended, at length, to the ears of our Lord in the  
heavens above.

They, wishing the rule of a king, were willing to live  
in restraint,  
After having their freedom enjoyed in all the domains  
of the earth.  
Their petition was granted by God; he sent them as  
monarch the stork,  
Who steadily hates and maltreats and allows them no  
peace to enjoy.  
As a fiend he himself to them bears; and wailing the  
fools are to-day,  
But ah, it's too late! The king has them now alto-  
gether subdued.  
Reynard to all of the crowd spoke at the top of his  
voice;  
All could well hear what he said; and thus he con-  
tinued his speech:  
Observe! My fears were excited for all, lest so it  
should turn.  
Your highness, I looked out for you and hoped for a  
better reward.  
Of Bruin's intrigues I'm aware, and the villainous turn  
of his mind,  
As also his many misdeeds; and the worst I provided  
against.  
Should he become king, we all to destruction together  
should go.  
Our king is of noble descent, and mighty and gracious  
he is,  
I privately thought; a mournful exchange indeed it  
would be,  
A dull, good-for-nothing, unprincipled bear to exalt in  
this way.  
I studied it over for weeks, and tried the whole plot to  
defeat.  
To me it was clear above all that, if in the hands of  
my sire

The treasure continued to be, he then could large  
forces collect,  
And surely the game he would win, while we of our  
king should be shorn.  
My care was now centred on this: to search and dis-  
cover the spot  
Wherein was the treasure concealed, and stealthily  
take it away.  
Should my father run off to the field, or the crafty old  
fellow depart  
To the forest, by day or by night, in frost or in tropical  
heat,  
In sunshine or rain, I was always behind and tracking  
his steps.

Once as I lay in the earth hidden with care and with  
thoughts  
Of how I the treasure could find, so much about which  
I had learned,  
Then and there I my father espied, as out of a cranny  
he stole ;  
Among the stones he advanced, and up from below he  
emerged.  
In silence I kept myself hid ; he thought he was all  
by himself,  
Scanned the whole field of his view and then, as he  
no one perceived,  
In the distance or near, his game he began, and you  
shall it learn.  
Again he put sand in the hole, and skilfully made it  
agree  
In level and looks with the rest of the ground. No  
one, who had not  
Seen it done, could possibly know it was there. And  
step after step

As he went, he saw that the spot upon which he had  
planted his feet  
Should over and over again be thoroughly brushed  
with his tail ;  
And then did away with his trail by raking about with  
his mouth.  
In this my first lesson I took from my wily old father  
that day,  
Who versatile was in dodges and tricks and pranks of  
all kinds.  
This having been done, he hurried away to his task,  
and I thought  
The princely treasure, perhaps, may be in the neighbour-  
hood kept.  
I quickly stepped up to the place, and promptly  
proceeded to work ;  
And the rift, in a very short time, I managed to pierce  
with my paws.  
Then crept I impatiently in, and heaps of things price-  
less I found,  
Of the finest of silver a store and gold that was red ;  
of a truth  
Has never the oldest one here his eyes such a hoard  
laid upon.  
Myself I now set to my task with the aid of my wife ;  
we dragged  
And we carried by day and by night ; we had neither  
barrow nor cart ;  
Much labour it therefore entailed and many an hour of  
fatigue.  
Faithfully held Dame Ermelyn out, and we managed  
at length  
To get all the jewels in safety away and conveyed  
to a place  
That to us more suitable seemed. Meanwhile kept my  
father himself

Daily in contact with those who our king were in  
league to betray.  
Now what they resolved you shall hear and greatly  
amazed you will be.

Straight Bruin and Isengrim sent to many departments  
and lands  
Patents the hirelings to call, who were ordered in  
numbers to come  
And promptly themselves to report; then Bruin their  
posts would assign,  
And even indulgently give the fellows their pay in  
advance.  
My father then traversed the lands displaying the  
letters he had,  
Sure of his treasure that still, he thought, in its hiding-  
place lay.  
But now it had so come about that, if he, with all of  
his friends,  
Had ever so thoroughly searched, they would not  
a penny have found.  
For him was no labour too great, and nimbly his way  
he pursued  
Through every land to be found between the Elbe and  
the Rhine.  
Many hirelings he'd already found, and many another  
he gained,  
For money was able to lend an emphasis strong to his  
words.

At length did the summer arrive, and now did my  
father return  
To his fellow conspirators back. Then had he of  
sorrows and want

And terrible woes to relate, especially how he almost  
His life down in Saxony lost, as among the castles he  
    roamed,  
Where huntsmen with horses and hounds him daily  
    pursued, insomuch  
That barely made he his escape, and then with his pelt  
    scarcely whole.

Arriving, he joyfully showed the four arch-traitors the  
    list  
Of the comrades that he had secured by means of his  
    pledges and gold.  
Bruin rejoiced at the news, as the five in conjunction  
    it read.  
Its import was this: Twelve hundred of Isengrim's  
    relatives bold,  
With ravenous mouths and sharp-set teeth in their  
    heads, were to come,  
And the cats and the bears besides were all for Sir  
    Bruin assured.  
The gluttons and badgers as well, Thuringian and  
    Saxon, would come;  
Collected, however, they were on this understanding  
    alone,  
That pay for a month in advance should be had.  
    Then all in return  
Forward would come in their might as soon as  
    command was received.  
God be eternally thanked that I on their schemes shut  
    the door.

Now, after my father had seen to all that demanded  
    his care,  
He hurried away to the fields, to look on the treasure  
    once more;

Then first his affliction began, he burrowed and sought  
and explored,  
Yet the longer he scraped the less he could find. Of  
no earthly use  
Was the trouble he took on himself and his inconsolable grief,  
For the treasure was now far away, 'twas nowhere at  
all to be found.  
And then, out of anger and shame — how horribly  
plagues me the thought,  
By day as well as by night — my father himself went  
and hanged.

All this was accomplished by me, the infamous deed  
to prevent ;  
And now me but evil it brings, yet I do not repent  
what I did.  
But the covetous Bruin and Isengrim have, by the side  
of the king,  
Their seats in his council assigned. And Reynard,  
poor fellow, how thou  
Art thanked in the opposite way for having, the king  
to preserve,  
Thine own loving father destroyed! Where else is  
there one to be found,  
Who ruin would bring on himself, just merely your  
life to prolong?

Meanwhile had the king and the queen their hands on  
the treasure to get  
The greatest cupidity felt ; aside they withdrew and  
the fox  
Invited to them, in private to talk, and hastily  
said :

Speak! Where have you this wealth! That is the thing we would know.

Reynard then said in reply: To me of what use would it be,

To show the magnificent goods to the king, who me has condemned?

Too much he confides in my foes, the vicious assassins and thieves,

Who cumber him down with their lies, in order my life to obtain.

No, no! interjected the queen, thus shall it not come to pass!

My lord will accord you your life, and all that is past will forgive;

He will harbour his anger no more. In future, however, you must

More prudence display, and loyal and true remain to the king.

Reynard said: My lady and queen, if you with the king can prevail,

His troth in your presence to give that he will me pardon once more,

That he all my crimes and misdeeds, and all the resentment that I

In him have unhappily roused, will for ever efface from his mind,

You then may rest fully assured no king of our time shall possess

Such vastness of wealth as shall he, through my fidelity, gain.

The treasure is great; when I show you the place, surprised you will be.

Confide in him not, said the king, it is only when he of his thefts,



His lies, and his robberies tells, that one can him thoroughly trust ;  
For a greater liar than he has certainly never drawn breath.

To this said the queen in reply : It is true that his life hitherto  
Hath little of confidence earned ; at present, however, reflect  
That his uncle, the badger himself, and his own loving father as well,  
This time he has called to account, and made their iniquities known.  
If so he desired he could let them alone, and of different beasts  
These stories of his could relate : he would not so stupidly lie.

Is that your idea ? responded the king ; if you think it may turn  
In reality out for the best, so that evil still greater may not  
Therefrom be derived, I will do as you say, and these criminal acts  
Of Reynard will take on myself, with all his nefarious deeds.  
I will trust him this once, but never again, let him bear that in mind !  
To him on my crown I will swear an inflexible oath, that, if he,  
In future, shall lie or transgress, he shall it for ever repent,  
And that all who to him are of kin, be it only the tenth degree,

Shall atone it whoever they are, and none from my  
 wrath shall escape ;  
 With evil and shame shall they meet and ruthless pur-  
 suit of the law.

When finally Reynard beheld how quickly the mind  
 of the king  
 Was changing, he mustered up courage and said :  
 Would I like a fool  
 Myself, gracious monarch, conduct and stories presume  
 to relate,  
 Whose truthfulness cannot be shown in a very few  
 days, at the most ?

The king then believed what he said and pardon he  
 granted for all ;  
 His father's high treason the first, and then Reynard's  
 own evil deeds ;  
 And the latter was now overwhelmingly pleased. At  
 an opportune time  
 Was he from the might of his foes and his own  
 wretched destiny freed.  
 Most noble of monarchs and lords, Reynard began then  
 to say,  
 May God, in his mercy, reward both you and your  
 consort for all  
 That you unto me, the unworthy, have done ; I will  
 keep it in mind,  
 And, long as eternity lasts, will my gratitude constantly  
 show.  
 In all the dominions and states of the earth there  
 assuredly lives  
 Not a person now under the sun, to whom this mag-  
 nificent wealth  
 I would rather transfer than just to you two. What is  
 there of grace

That I, at your hands, have not had? For that will I  
willingly give  
King Emmerich's treasure to you, exactly as he it  
possessed.  
I now will explain where it is, and truth I will hon-  
estly speak.

Attend! To the eastward of Flanders a desert exists,  
and in that  
Lies a thicket alone, which is Hüsterlo called, take  
note of the name!  
Beyond is a spring that is Krekelborn named; now  
bear you in mind  
That not far apart are the two. Within this vicinity  
comes  
Not a woman or man, from beginning to end of the  
year. Here abides  
Nought but the bat and the owl, and here I the  
treasure concealed.  
As Krekelborn known is the place; this note and  
make use of the sign.  
With only your consort proceed to the place, for there  
certainly is  
Not a soul that's sufficiently safe to send as a messenger  
there,  
And very great harm would result; I could not it  
dare to advise.  
Alone you must go to the spot. When Krekelborn  
you shall have passed,  
You two little birches will see; and one, now attend,  
will be found  
Not very far off from the brook; thus, gracious king,  
you will go  
Unhindered and straight to the trees; beneath them  
the treasures lie hid.

You need only burrow and scrape; first moss you will  
find at the roots,  
And then you'll discover at once the richest and costliest  
gems,  
In gold most artistic and fine, and also King Emmerich's  
crown.  
If Bruin had had his desire, then he would be wearing  
it now.  
Decorations in number you'll find and jewels of bril-  
liance and worth,  
And trinkets of gold, which now are not made, for who  
could them buy?  
This wealth when you see, gracious king, as there all  
together it lies,  
Of one thing indeed I am sure, in thought you will  
honour me then.  
Reynard, you honest old fox, you will think, who so  
prudently hid  
These treasures up under the moss, prosperity always  
be thine,  
In what place soever thou art! Thus did the hypocrite  
speak.

To this said the king in reply: You must me attend  
when I go,  
For how, if alone, shall I light on the spot? Of Aix-  
la-Chapelle,  
Without any doubt, I have heard, and London and  
Paris as well,  
And Cologne; but Hüsterlo's name I never once heard  
in my life,  
And of Krekelborn too may the same be observed;  
must then I not fear  
That lies you are telling again and coining these names  
in your head?

Unhappy was Reynard to hear the circumspect words  
of the king,

And he said: Where I you direct is not so far off as  
if you

Were told at the Jordan to seek. Why look at me  
still with distrust?

To what I have said I adhere, that all can in Flanders  
be found.

Let us ask some of these; another, perhaps, may  
endorse what I say.

Krekelborn! Hüsterlo! Thus did I say, and these  
are their names.

And then he called out to the hare, but Lampen in  
terror held back.

Then Reynard exclaimed: Come, don't be afraid!  
The king only asks

That you, by the oath of allegiance you recently took,  
will tell

Him nought but the truth; so out with it now, pro-  
vided you know,

And say, where does Hüsterlo stand and Krekelborn  
too? Let us hear.

Lampen said: That can I easily tell. In the desert  
they stand,

The one from the other not far. The inhabitants  
Hüsterlo call

That thicket where bandy-legg'd Simonet long con-  
tinued to dwell,

Counterfeit money to make, with his daring companions  
in crime.

Greatly at that very spot I suffered from hunger and  
cold,

When I from the bulldog Rhyn in direst distress had  
to fly.

At this Reynard said to the hare: To the others again  
you may go,  
Among them resuming your place; enough to the  
king you have told.  
The king then to Reynard remarked: Be not discon-  
tented with me,  
Because I impatient have been and harboured a doubt  
of your word;  
But see to it now, without fail, that me you conduct to  
the place.

Reynard spake: How happy myself I should prize,  
were it fitting to-day  
For me to go forth with the king, and him into Flan-  
ders attend;  
But for you it would count as a sin. In spite of the  
shame that I feel,  
Yet out it must come, though gladly I'd keep it still  
longer concealed.  
Our Isengrim, some time ago, himself got ordained as a  
monk,  
Not at all that the Lord he might serve, his belly's the  
god he obeys;  
The convent he almost consumed; at eating he's  
reckoned as six,  
So all was for him not enough; he whined about  
hunger and grief.  
It moved me to pity at last, when I saw him so thin  
and unwell,  
And I faithfully gave him my help, for he's a near  
kinsman of mine.  
But I, for the aid that I gave, the ban of the Pope  
have incurred,  
And now, without any delay, I would, with your  
knowledge and leave,

Commune all alone with my soul, and to-morrow, at  
rise of the sun,  
For grace and indulgence to sue, would start as a  
pilgrim to Rome,  
And thence I would over the sea; and thus bring  
about that my sins  
Be from me all taken away; and should I come back  
to my home,  
I with honour may go at your side; if I did so, how-  
ever, to-day,  
The world would be sure to remark: How is it our  
monarch again  
With Reynard is seen, whom not long ago to death he  
condemned,  
And who, in addition to that, is under the ban of the  
Pope!  
My lord, you will certainly see, 'twere better to leave  
it undone.  
Responded the king: Very true, to me that of course  
was unknown.  
If you are proscribed by the Church, to take you  
would be a disgrace.  
Either Lampen or somebody else can accompany me  
to the spring.  
But, Reynard, that you from the ban are trying to get  
your release,  
I look on as useful and good, and graciously give you  
my leave  
To-morrow betimes to set out; I will not your pilgrim-  
age stay.  
For seems it to me that you wish from evil to good to  
return.  
May God your intention approve and let you the  
journey complete!

## CANTO SIX.

IN this way was Reynard again to favour received by  
the king.

And now stepped his Majesty out to some rising  
ground that was near,

And, speaking up there on a stone, he bade the as-  
semblage of beasts

Keep silence, and down in the grass, according to birth  
and degree,

To settle themselves; and Reynard stood up by the  
side of the queen.

The king, overlooking the crowd, began with much  
caution to speak :

Be silent and hearken to me, ye birds and ye beasts  
who are here,

Alike both the rich and the poor; yea, hearken, ye  
great and ye small.

My lords and acquaintances all, of household as well  
as of court,

Reynard is here in my power; you were thinking, a  
short time ago,

He ought to be hanged, but now such a number of  
secrets at court

He's revealed, that him I believe, and advisably mercy  
to him

. Again I vouchsafe. In addition to this has my con-  
sort, the queen,



With earnestness pleaded for him, and I in his favour  
am moved,  
Forgiveness have fully bestowed, and on him his goods  
and his life  
Have freely conferred; henceforward my peace him  
shields and protects.  
Now all who together are here, are ordered, so long as  
you live,  
That Reynard, his children and wife, you honour shall  
everywhere show,  
Wherever, by day or by night, you chance them in  
future to meet;  
Moreover, of Reynard's affairs no further complaint  
will I hear.  
If he any evil has done, that belongs to the past; and  
his ways  
He will mend, as indeed he's begun, for early to-  
morrow he takes  
His staff and his knapsack to go as a reverent pilgrim  
to Rome,  
And thence will he over the sea; and never again will  
come back  
Until he remission complete of all his misdeeds has  
obtained.

Now Tybert, with rage, upon this to Bruin and Isen-  
grim turned;  
Our trouble and pains are now lost, he exclaimed. I  
would that were I  
Far from here! If Reynard has been once again into  
favour received,  
All arts that he knows he will use to bring us all  
three to an end.  
Already one eye have I lost, and now for the other I  
fear!

Good counsel is dear, responded the bear, that is plain  
to be seen.  
Then Isengrim said in return: The thing is so queer  
that it's best  
To go straight away to the king. With Bruin he  
sullenly walked  
At once to the king and the queen; and Reynard  
severely denounced,  
With pungency speaking and loud. The king inter-  
rupted them thus:  
You surely could hear what I said? I've him newly  
to favour received.  
The king uttered this in a rage, and had in a twinkling  
the two  
Captured, imprisoned, and bound; for well he remem-  
bered the words  
That he from Reynard had heard concerning their  
traitorous acts.

Thus in the space of an hour had matters with Rey-  
nard become  
Most thoroughly changed. Himself he'd got free, and  
into disgrace  
His accusers had come; he even knew how, in his  
spite, to procure  
That off from the back of the bear a piece of his hide  
should he cut,  
A foot in its length and its width, that a wallet for  
him on the road  
Provided might be; so seemed as a pilgrim but little  
to want;  
But still he entreated the queen to furnish him also  
with shoes,  
And said: Gracious lady, you own that I am your  
pilgrim just now,

Then give me your help, I implore, that I may my journey complete.

Now four useful shoes has the wolf; it surely were nothing but just

That he with a pair should dispense, for me on my journey to wear;

These get, gracious lady, for me, by means of his lordship, the king.

Dame Greedimund also could spare a couple of hers for my use,

For she, as a housewife, is forced to live almost wholly indoors.

This claim was regarded as just by the queen. They assuredly can

Each of them part with a pair, she graciously said in reply.

Reynard was thankful for this, and said with a rapturous bow:

If four solid shoes I acquire, I will surely no longer delay.

All the good that I presently may, as a pilgrim, be able to do,

You surely shall equally share, both you and our merciful king.

On a pilgrimage we are compelled to make supplication for all

Who us have in any way helped. May God then your goodness reward!

Thus did Sir Isengrim have from his two front paws to resign,

Far up as his ankles, his shoes; and then a like fate must his wife,

Dame Greedimund, also endure, for she had her hind ones to lose.

In this manner both had to lose the skin and the  
claws of their feet,  
And together with Bruin they lay, mournfully waiting  
for death ;  
But the hypocrite, having obtained the wallet and  
shoes as desired,  
Went hither and flaunted his jeers ; at Greedimund  
worse than the rest.  
My love, my own darling, he said, just give but a  
glance and observe  
How splendidly fit me your shoes ; I hope that they  
also will wear.  
Great effort already you've made, my ruin, perchance,  
to achieve,  
But I too have exerted myself, and my labour has met  
with success.  
If you your enjoyment have had, so my turn at length  
it is now ;  
But this is the uniform rule, and one must learn how  
to submit.  
As now I proceed on my road, my cherished relations  
I can  
Remember with thanks. You me have a present of  
shoes kindly made,  
A deed you shall never regret ; whatever indulgence  
I gain  
You surely shall share when I fetch it from Rome and  
over the sea.

Dame Greedimund lay in such pain, that scarcely the  
strength she retained  
To utter a word, yet roused herself up and said with a  
groan :  
In order to punish our sins, God allows all with you to  
succeed.

Still Isengrim said not a word, but together with Bruin  
lay still ;  
They both were unhappy enough, in bondage and  
covered with wounds,  
And now set at nought by their foe. Tybert, the cat,  
was not there,  
And Reynard was anxious enough to put him in hot  
water as well.

The hypocrite busied himself, at morn of the following  
day,  
In rubbing with tallow and oil the shoes that his kins-  
men had lost ;  
And now, making haste to present himself to the king,  
he observed:  
Your dutiful servant's prepared on his sacred mission  
to start ;  
Pray now of your mercy command the priest of your  
Majesty's court,  
A blessing on me to bestow, that I full of hope may  
depart ;  
And thus approbation divine on my going and coming  
secure.  
The ram by the monarch had been his imperial chap-  
lain ordained,  
He also had charge of religious affairs, he too by the  
king  
Was used as a scribe, and Bellyn was named. Then  
had he him called  
And said: I desire that at once a few holy words  
shall be read  
Over Reynard awaiting you here, him now on the  
journey to bless,  
That he has in view ; he is going to Rome and the  
water will cross ;

The wallet upon him suspend, and give him the staff  
in his hand.

And thereupon Bellyn replied: You have, my lord  
king, I presume,

Discovered that Reynard, as yet, has not been released  
from the ban;

Should only I do as you wish, I should wrath from  
my bishop incur,

Who about it would easily learn, and me to chastise  
has the power.

To Reynard indeed will I do not a thing, either evil or  
good;

If settled the matter could be, and certainly would not  
thereto

The bishop, Lord Lackland, object; or possibly angry  
thereat,

The provost, Sir Wanton, become, or indeed Rapiamus  
the dean,

My blessing I gladly would give, as now I am ordered  
by you.

And thus responded the king: What mean these  
evasions and shifts?

Many words you compel us to hear, but back is there  
little enough.

If you over Reynard will read not a thing either evil or  
good,

The devil I'll ask it to do. What's church or the  
bishop to me?

Reynard would journey to Rome! Of that would you  
stand in the way?

With anxiety Bellyn began to scratch at the back of  
his ears;

He feared the ill-will of his king, and over the pilgrim  
at once

To read from the book he began, but Reynard did little attend.

Yet all it could give was received : of that not a doubt can exist.

And now was the benison read, delivered the wallet and staff,

And thus for his counterfeit trip the pilgrim was fully equipped.

Sham tears were now running down the cheeks of the rascally scamp

And wetting his beard, as if he were feeling the deepest regret.

And truly it did give him pain, that all of his foes he had not

Together brought evil upon, but only these three had disgraced.

Yet there stood he up and implored that earnestly all of them would,

As well as they could, for him pray. And now preparation he made

To hurry away, for he felt himself guilty and hence was in fear.

Reynard, demanded the king, why are you making such haste ?

Who begins what is good should never delay, said Reynard to this ;

A furlough I beg of you now, for the right and appropriate time

Has come, if your Majesty please, so let me the journey begin.

The furlough is yours, responded the king ; he also enjoined

In a body the lords of the court with the spurious pilgrim to go,

And wait on a stretch of the way. In the meantime  
in prison remained  
Poor Bruin and Isengrim both, lamenting their pain  
and disgrace.

In this way had Reynard again of the love and esteem  
of the king  
Come into possession complete; he went in great  
honour from court,  
And seemed, with his wallet and staff, to be off to the  
tomb of our Lord;  
Having there just as little to do as a May-pole in Aix-  
la-Chapelle.  
But otherwise far was his aim. He had made a  
successful attempt,  
With a flaxen beard and a waxen nose, whatever by  
that may be meant,  
His monarch completely to hoax; and all his accusers  
were forced  
To follow him now as he went, and him with respect to  
attend.  
But he could not relinquish his tricks, and said, upon  
taking his leave:  
My lord, be you well on your guard, that now the two  
renegades there  
Do not have a chance to escape, but keep them in  
prison well bound;  
Desist they would not, if at large, from shameful and  
treacherous deeds.  
Pray do not forget, noble king, that your life would in  
jeopardy be.

So went he along on his road, with countenance calm  
and devout,  
With guise unaffected and grave, as if any other were  
strange.



At this did the monarch again himself to his palace  
betake,  
And followed him all of the beasts. Obeying the order  
he gave,  
They Reynard attended no more than a very short  
distance away.  
And carry himself did the scamp in a manner so joy-  
less and sad,  
That many a good-natured man to pity had found him-  
self moved ;  
And Lampen the hare was especially grieved. Are we  
now compelled,  
Dear Lampen, the villain remarked, to bid to each other  
adieu ?  
I would that your pleasure it were, you and dear Bellyn  
the ram,  
To travel with me on my road a little bit further  
to-day !  
By doing so you would confer the greatest of favours  
on me,  
For pleasant companions you are, and good honest  
people withal ;  
Of you only good is e'er said, and honour to me would  
it bring.  
You are saintly and moral of life, and live just pre-  
cisely the same  
As I, when a hermit, did live ; content are you ever  
with herbs,  
Are wonted with grasses and leaves your hunger to  
still, and you ask  
Not either for bread or for meat, or other things special  
to eat.  
Thus was he able with praise the two little weaklings  
to fool ;  
And both went together with him, till up to his dwell-  
ing they came

And saw Malepartus the fort, and Reynard remarked  
to the ram :

You, Bellyn, outside here remain ; the herbs and the  
grasses you can

Here relish as much as you please ; these mountainous  
regions produce

Vegetation abundant and rare, wholesome and good to  
the taste.

Within I'll take Lampen with me ; now beg him, I  
pray, to console

My wife, who in sadness is plunged, and who, upon  
coming to find

That I, as a pilgrim, am going to Rome, will be in  
despair.

Sweet words brought the fox into use, in order the  
two to deceive.

Lampen then led he within, and found his disconsolate  
wife

There lying with both of her cubs, with grief in excess  
overcome.

For hope she had quite given up that Reynard would  
ever again

Return from the court, and now she him saw with  
wallet and staff,

Which almost miraculous seemed. She said to him :  
Reinhart, my dear,

Pray tell me, how fared it with you, and what have  
you had to go through ?

And he said : I guilty was found, and even imprisoned  
and bound,

But merciful turned out the king, and again, after all,  
set me free ;

And I, as a pilgrim, came off, leaving behind as my  
bail

Bruin and Isengrim both. Thereafter the king, of his  
grace,

For atonement, gave Lampen to me; to do with him  
just as we will.

For thus said the king at the last, in the justice of his  
decree :

Lampen it was who made the complaint ; thus truly  
has he

Infinite punishment earned, and now shall he answer  
for all.

Lampen was struck with dismay at the menacing  
words of the fox,

And, puzzled, himself tried to save by hurrying out of  
the house.

Reynard blocked up his way to the door, and quickly  
the murderer seized

The poor wretched thing by the throat, who, loud and  
with horror, for help

Cried : Help me, O Bellyn, or I am undone ! The  
pilgrim, indeed,

Is murdering me ! His cry was, however, not long ;  
for his throat

Had Reynard apace bitten through. And thus he  
entreated his guest.

Come now, he exclaimed, and let us eat fast, for fat is  
the hare,

And good to the taste. At present, indeed, for the  
very first time,

Is he of some use, silly fool ! I promised him this  
long ago.

But now it is past, and now may the traitor his charges  
produce.

Then Reynard at once set to work with his children  
and wife, and they tore,

Full quickly, the skin from the hare, and an excellent  
dinner enjoyed.

To the vixen delicious it was, and again and again she  
exclaimed :

Thanks to the king and the queen, by whose conde-  
scension we have  
Obtained this magnificent feast. May God them re-  
ward for the deed !  
Keep eating, said Reynard to her, enough for the pres-  
ent is that ;  
To-day let us all have our fill ; much more I'm expect-  
ing to get,  
For all, at the last, shall be forced to fully adjust their  
accounts,  
Who Reynard presume to accost, with intention of  
doing him harm.

Dame Ermelyn said upon this : How was it you came,  
I would ask,  
To get yourself out of their hands ? Thereto he re-  
plied : Many hours  
I should need, were I to relate with how much adroit-  
ness the king  
I twisted about as I would, and him and his consort  
befooled.  
I will not between us deny that slender indeed is the  
love  
That exists between me and the king, and not very  
long to endure.  
When he the whole truth ascertains, he fiercely indig-  
nant will be ;  
If he get me again in his power, nor silver nor gold  
will avail  
Me to save ; he certainly will me pursue and try to  
arrest.  
I then can no mercy expect, that know I as well as  
can be ;  
Unchanged will he not let me go, so let us get out of  
his way.

Let us flee to the Swabian hills, there is nobody know-  
ing us there ;  
We'll walk in the ways of the land, and find, if but  
God give us help,  
A plenty of savoury food and abundance of all that is  
good.  
Chickens and geese, and rabbits and hares, and sugar  
and dates,  
And figs and raisins and birds of every species and  
size ;  
And there all the bread that is used is seasoned with  
butter and eggs.  
The water is limpid and pure, the air is delightful and  
clear ;  
Of fish can a plenty be caught, entitled Galline, while  
some,  
Pullus and Gallus and Anas are called ; who can them  
all name ?  
These fish I enjoy very much ; and even to catch them  
one need  
Very deep in the water not plunge ; I always them  
greatly enjoy.  
When there I would pass for a monk. Yes, dear little  
wife, if we wish  
At last to be free, we must hence, for you must accom-  
pany me.

Now understand well what I say ! The king has per-  
mitted me now  
To go free because of my lies concerning mysterious  
things.  
King Emmerich's glorious hoard I promised for him to  
procure,  
And said that it over at Krekelborn lay ; if thither  
they go

To seek it, alas, they will find both one and the other  
not there!

In vain will they dig in the earth; and lo! when our  
monarch shall find

Himself in this manner beguiled, then frightful his  
fury will be.

For what I invented as lies, before I away from him  
got,

You can think. For me of a truth next door to a  
hanging it came;

I was never in bitterer plight, nor ever in greater dis-  
may;

Indeed, I should never desire again in such danger  
to be.

In short, let happen what may, myself I will never  
permit

To go any more to the court, and thus to the power of  
the king

My life to surrender again; it needed the greatest of  
skill,

My thumb, by the sweat of my face, from out of his  
mouth to extract.

Then, troubled, Dame Ermelyn said: What profit  
thereby shall we gain?

Wretched and strange shall we be in every country  
but this.

Here all we can wish we possess. You master remain  
of your serfs.

And do you so terribly need new risks and adventures  
to seek?

Remember this truth: In order to follow the bird in  
the bush,

The bird in the hand to release is neither sagacious  
nor wise.

We here can live safely enough! Why, look at our  
citadel's strength!

If the king with his army beleaguer us here, or even  
    resolve  
The road with his forces to hold, we still such a num-  
    ber possess  
Of loopholes and passages hid, that we can in safety  
    effect  
Our escape ; but you know it better than I, so why do  
    I speak ?  
For him by main force to attempt to get us again in  
    his hands,  
Work without measure will take, and troubles me not  
    in the least.  
But for you to have taken a vow to leave me for over  
    the sea,  
That worries me much. It stuns me almost. What  
    good could it do ?

Dear woman, afflict yourself not, said Reynard to her  
    in reply.  
Just listen to me and note what I say : far better for-  
    sworn  
Than of life to be shorn ! Thus said to me once at  
    confession a sage :  
An oath of compulsion is nought. Not a snap of the  
    finger care I  
For any such trifle as that ! I speak of the oath,  
    understand.  
It then shall be done as you say, and I will continue  
    at home.  
But little I have, of a truth, to look for in Rome, and  
    if I  
Myself by ten pledges had bound, I should never  
    Jerusalem see ;  
I mean to remain with you here, as is certainly most  
    to my mind ;

Other places I do not regard as better than that which  
I have.

If mischief the king will me do, then calmly I must it  
await ;

He is strong and too mighty for me, yet possibly I  
may succeed

In duping him yet once again, and slipping the harle-  
quin's cap

Over his ears with its bells. He shall, if I live long  
enough,

Find matters far worse than he wants ; of that I will  
give him my oath.

Impatiently Bellyn began to grumble outside of the  
door :

Do you, Lampen, not mean to depart ? Come now  
and let us be gone !

His call Reynard heard and hurried outside, and there  
to him said :

My dear, Lampen earnestly begs that you will accept  
his regrets,

He is happy within with his aunt, and thinks you will  
not grudge him that.

Go on very slowly ahead, for his aunt, Mistress  
Ermelyn, will not,

This instant, permit him to leave ; their pleasure you  
would not disturb.

Then Bellyn responded in turn : An outcry I heard ;  
what was that ?

Lampen I heard ; and he called to me : Help ! O  
Bellyn, come help !

Have you any harm to him done ? Then Reynard  
judiciously said :



Do not misconceive what I say; I spoke of the  
journey I've vowed,  
And then was my wife overcome, it seemed she was  
ready to faint;  
There befell her a deathly affright, as if in a swoon  
she appeared.  
Now Lampen this saw with alarm, and, in his dis-  
traction, he cried:  
Come help me, O Bellyn, I beg! Oh, tarry not long  
from my aid!  
My aunt will never, I'm sure, again to me living come  
back.  
So far as I know, Bellyn said, it was terror that made  
him call out.  
Not a hair of his body is hurt, protested the villain  
with oaths;  
I would very much rather that harm to me, than to  
Lampen, occur.  
Reynard then said: Did you hear? But yesterday  
bade me the king,  
As soon as I got to my home, him back in some letters  
to send  
My notions of what should be done in certain im-  
portant affairs?  
Dear nephew, these take with you now, I have them  
all ready to send.  
Therein pretty things do I say, and give him most  
prudent advice.  
Lampen is fully content, I heard him with joy, as I  
left,  
Recalling to mind with his aunt events of the days  
long ago.  
How they prattled! As if they never could tire; they  
ate and they drank,  
And greatly each other enjoyed; meanwhile my  
advices I wrote.

Dear Reinhart, said Bellyn to this, you must the  
despatches be sure  
To safely protect; no pocket have I in which them to  
put,  
And should I break open the seal, with me very hard  
would it go.  
Reynard said: That I know well enough how to do;  
the wallet, I think,  
That Bruin gave me from his hide, is fitting exactly  
for that;  
It is thick and also it's tough; in that I'll the letters  
secure.  
The king, in return, will bestow a special reward upon  
you;  
With honour receive you he will; thrice welcome to  
him will you be.  
All this believed Bellyn the ram. Then hastened the  
other again  
Back into the house; the wallet he took and sprily  
stuck in  
The head of the massacred hare, and also bethought  
him of how  
He Bellyn could manage to keep from getting inside  
of the pouch.

He said, as he came out again: Your neck hang the  
wallet around,  
And nothing, my nephew, permit to move you to make  
an attempt  
Within the despatches to look; such prying would be  
a disgrace.  
With care have I fastened them up, and thus you must  
let them remain.  
Not even unfasten the bag; I heedful have been that  
the knot

Shall be skilfully tied, for such is my way in important affairs

That pass between me and the king; and, should the king find that the thongs

Are entwined in the usual way, it then will be granted that you

His grace and his presents deserve, as a messenger whom he can trust.

When once you put eyes on the king, if you in still higher esteem

By him would in future be held, then let him imagine that you,

Have me with discretion advised what I in the letters should put,

And even in writing them helped; this profit and honour will bring.

And Bellyn was mightily pleased, and bounded above from the place

High up in the air with delight; ran hither and thither, and said:

Reynard, my nephew and lord, I now that you love me perceive,

And honour on me would bestow. Before all the lords of the court

It will add very much to my fame, that I such transcendent ideas,

In language so choice and refined, have composed; for I, in good truth,

Know not, as do you, how to write, but they shall imagine I do;

And you have I only to thank. It truly turned out for my good

That hither I travelled with you. Pray, tell me what further you wish!

Is Lampen not going with me, now that I'm starting from here?

No, coolly the villain replied, just now that impossible  
is ;  
You slowly go on in advance, and he shall come after,  
as soon  
As I some momentous affairs to him have entrusted  
and charged.  
God with you remain, Bellyn said, I now will walk on  
as you say.  
And he hastened away from the place, arriving at noon  
at the court.

As on him the king cast his eyes, and also the wallet  
espied,  
He exclaimed: You Bellyn, pray whence do you come?  
And where is the fox?  
You carry his wallet, I see, pray what is the meaning  
of that?

Then Bellyn as follows replied: He begged me, most  
gracious of kings,  
Two letters to you to convey, which we had together  
composed.  
In these you will find some matters of weight with  
acumen discussed;  
And as to the contents indeed, therein my advice has  
been sought;  
Here in the knapsack they are; the knots quite securely  
he tied.

The monarch commanded, forthwith, that summoned  
the beaver should be,  
Who notary was and scribe to the king, and Bockert  
was called;  
His business it was to receive all letters of weight and  
finesse,

And decipher aloud to the king, as he many languages  
knew.

And the king sent for Tybert as well, who also was  
present to be.

When Bockert the knots had untied, with Tybert his  
comrade to help,

He drew from the wallet the head of Lampen, the  
poor murdered hare,

And cried with astonishment great: And this is a  
letter, indeed!

It truly is queer! Who has it compiled? Who can  
it explain?

Lampen's head this undoubtedly is; mistake about that  
there is none.

With horror were stricken the king and the queen;  
and then did the king

Bend forward his head and exclaim: Oh, fox, that I  
had you again!

The king and the queen were distressed, beyond any  
words to express.

Reynard on me has imposed! the monarch cried out.  
Oh, that I

To his wicked and scandalous lies had not given heed  
as I did!

Confounded appeared he to be, and also the beasts  
were perplexed.

Lupardus, however, began, who was closely allied to  
the king:

I cannot conceive, in good sooth, why you in such  
trouble should be,

Nor either your consort the queen. Such notions away  
from you drive!

Take courage, or you may indeed be covered with shame before all.

Are you not our ruler and lord? Then all who are here must obey.

On that score alone, said the king, you need not at all be amazed

That I am thus grieved to the heart. In duty, alas, I have failed!

For me has the traitor induced, with shameful and scandalous tricks,

To punish my comrades and friends. At present there lie in disgrace

Bruin and Isengrim both; repent should I not from my heart?

No glory to me does it bring, that I to the best of the lords

Of my court have so wickedly done, and then in the liar himself

So fully my trust have reposed, and so indiscreetly behaved.

I followed too quickly my wife, who suffered herself to be duped,

And begged and entreated for him. Oh, had I but firmer remained!

But now is repentance too late, and all admonition in vain.

And thus did Lupardus reply: Lord king, lend an ear to my prayer,

And suffer no longer regret. The evil that's done can be squared.

For atonement deliver the ram at once to the wolves and the bear;

Bellyn has frankly confessed, intrepidly too, that he gave

His counsel that Lampen should die. Now let him  
pay for it back!  
And we, after that has been done, together for Reynard  
will make,  
And catch him if well it turn out; then can he quickly  
be hanged.  
If permitted to speak, he'll talk himself free, and never  
will hang.  
I know that the wolf and the bear can surely be recon-  
ciled thus.

This heard with much pleasure the king, and unto  
Lupardus he said:  
Your counsel is grateful to me; so now with despatch  
go and fetch  
Both of the barons to me, and they shall with honour again  
With me in my council have seats. And see that the  
animals all  
In a body together be called, who here at the court  
may have been.  
They all shall be duly informed how Reynard hath  
shamefully lied,  
How out of my hands he escaped, and Lampen with  
Bellyn's aid slew;  
And all shall the wolf and the bear with due veneration  
receive.  
So I, for amends, give up to my lords, as you have advised,  
Bellyn, the traitor, and all his relations for time with-  
out end.

Lupardus no rest himself gave till he had the prison-  
ers both,  
Bruin and Isengrim, found; they then were set free,  
and he said:  
Consolation accept at my hands! I bring you our  
prince's good-will,

And also free convoy from here. I wish to inform  
you, my lords,

That his Majesty suffers regret if harm upon you he  
has brought.

He bids me assure you of this, and wishes to satisfy both.  
To expiate what has been done, you Bellyn, with all  
of his race,

Yea, every one of his kin, for ever shall have as your  
own.

Attack them without more ado, be it either in forest  
or field

That on them you happen to come; they are all of  
them given to you.

And still, in addition to this, our monarch has deigned  
to permit

That Reynard, who you has deceived, you may in all  
manners despoil;

And him, with his offspring and wife, and all of his  
kindred as well,

Wherever they be, may pursue, and none shall with  
you interfere.

This freedom so dear I proclaim in the name of our  
master the king;

He, and all who may after him rule, these rights will  
respect and uphold.

You now have to only forget the worries you've had  
to endure,

And swear to him service and truth, and this you with  
honour can do.

He never will harm you again; I advise you the offer  
to grasp.

Thus was atonement decreed; and by it the ram was  
compelled

To pay the account with his life; and all of his kin-  
dred and kind



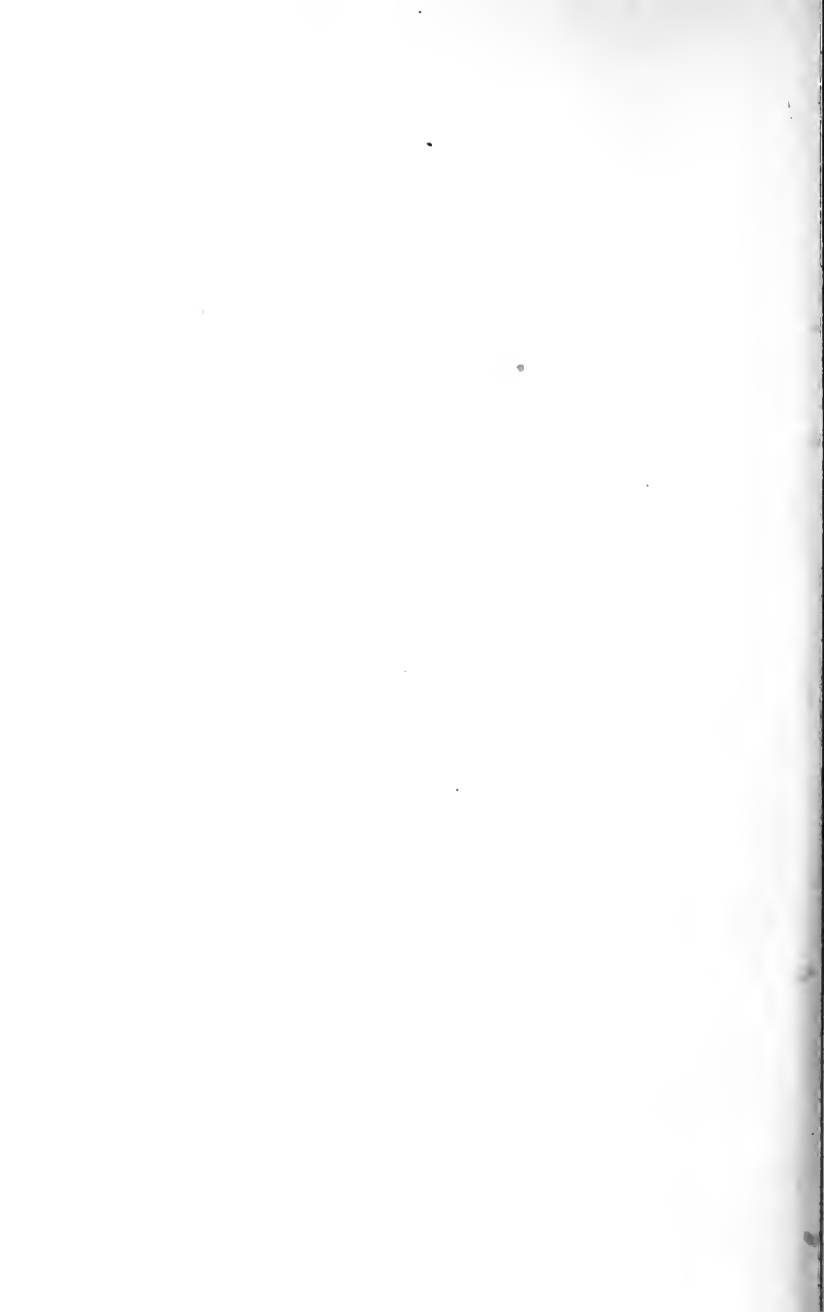
Have, down to this day, been pursued by Isengrim's  
vigorous stock.  
Thus the hate everlasting began. Even now con-  
tinue the wolves,  
Without any shyness or shame, the lambs and the  
sheep to revile,  
And have not the shade of a doubt that justice is  
wholly with them ;  
Nothing assuages their wrath, and placated they never  
can be.  
But for Bruin and Isengrim's sake, in order them hon-  
our to pay,  
The king had proceedings at court prolonged for twelve  
days, as he wished  
To openly show how eager he was these lords to ap-  
pease.

## CANTO SEVEN.

AND now was the court to be seen in splendour  
adorned and prepared ;  
Many knights were arriving thereat, and the beasts,  
who together had come,  
Were followed by numberless birds ; high honour did  
all in one breath  
To Bruin and Isengrim give, who began their mishaps  
to forget.  
There festively sported itself the granaest assembly by  
far,  
That ever together was brought ; trumpets and kettle-  
drums clanged,  
The stately dance of the court was started with digni-  
fied grace,  
And abundance was furnished for all of whatever by  
each could be wished.  
Herald on herald was sent through the land to sum-  
mon the guests,  
The birds and the beasts made ready themselves and  
in couples arrived.  
They travelled by day and by night, the whole of them  
eager to come.

But Reynard, the fox, was not there : he was lying in  
wait at his home,  
And meant not to go to the court, that pilgrim aban-  
doned and false ;  
Little favour expected he there. According to habit  
of old,





To practise his villainous tricks was the pleasantest thing to the scamp.  
And now at the court could be heard the most beautiful songs of the day ;  
Sweet food and fine wines to the guests with unsparing hand were supplied,  
And tilting and fencing were shown. Of those who had come to the feast,  
Attached himself each to his own, and in singing and dancing engaged ;  
While at intervals, now and again, the reed-pipe and flute might be heard.  
And the king, from his hall up above, looked affably down on the scene ;  
The unwieldy disorder him pleased, and to gaze on it gave him delight.

Eight days had thus flown to the past (the king had come down to the feast,  
And taken his seat at the board among the supreme of his lords,  
With his consort, the queen, at his side) when bloody the rabbit arrived,  
And, stepping in front of the king, said he, in most sorrowful tones :

O master ! O king ! and all of you here ! on me pity bestow !  
For cruel deception so base and murderous actions so vile,  
As now from the fox I endure, have seldom been brought to your ken.  
About six o'clock yesterday morn I came on him seated alone,  
As, taking a stroll on the road, before Malepartus I passed ;

I expected to go on my way without molestation or  
fear ;  
But, clad in a pilgrim's attire, as though morning prayer  
he perused,  
He was sitting in front of his gate. When eyes I put  
on him I tried  
To pass nimbly by on my road, that I to your court  
might proceed.  
But he spied me and instantly rose ; to meet me,  
stepped right in my path,  
And I thought that he wished me to greet ; he seized  
me, however, instead,  
With murd'rous intent in his grasp, and between my  
ears I could feel  
His claws in my flesh, and I certainly thought that my  
head I should lose,  
For long and sharp are his nails ; he pressed me below  
to the earth.  
I luckily got myself free and, as I'm so spry, I es-  
caped ;  
He snarled as I left him behind, and swore he would  
find me again.  
I bridled my tongue and made off ; alas, he, however,  
retained  
An ear that he tore from my head ; and I come with a  
blood-covered scalp.  
See, from it four holes have I borne ! You will easily  
grasp in your minds  
The force of the blows that he struck ; 'twas a chance  
that I ever got up.  
Now consider, I pray, my distress, and reflect on your  
wardship as well ;  
For who can a journey attempt, or who can come here  
to your court,  
If the robber stands guard on the roads and damages  
all who approach ?

He scarcely had drawn to a close when alighted the  
talkative rook,

Sir Corbant, who said: Most worshipful lord and  
beneficent king;

The tidings are sad that I have to impart; I am not in  
a state

To say much, on account of my woe and alarm; and I  
fear very much

That my heart it will break, so wretched a thing has  
just happened to me.

My wife, Mistress Keenbeak, and I were walking  
together to-day,

Betimes in the morn, and Reynard found lying as dead  
on the heath;

Both eyes were turned up in his head, and lifeless was  
hanging his tongue

Far out of his wide open mouth. Then, from sheer  
fright, I began

To lustily scream; he moved himself not; I cried and  
bemoaned;

Exclaimed: Woe to me! and alas! And then I re-  
peated the plaint:

Alas, he is dead! How sorry for him and afflicted I  
am!

My wife was in sadness as well, and voice gave we  
both to our grief.

I fingered him belly and head; my wife in like manner  
drew near,

And placed herself close to his chin, to find if his  
breathing at all

Gave indication of life, but she waited and listened in  
vain;

We both to this fact could have sworn. Now, please,  
the calamity hear!

As without apprehension and sad, to the mouth of the  
treacherous scamp

She nearer put forward her beak, the monster took note  
of the act,  
And at her with suddenness snapped and savagely bit  
off her head.  
How stricken with terror I was, I will not attempt to  
describe.  
Woe, woe! I shouted and screamed; then darted he  
forth and, at once,  
Snapped also at me, when backwards I started and  
hastened to fly;  
If I not so nimble had been, he would likewise have  
me firmly caught.  
The murderer's clutches, indeed, I hardly escaped as it  
was;  
In haste I flew into a tree. Oh, had I my sorrowful  
life  
Not preserved! My wife I could see held fast in the  
miscreant's claws.  
Alas! the dear creature he quickly devoured, and to  
me he appeared  
Voracious and famished, as if yet another he gladly  
would eat;  
He left not a bone unconsumed, not even a knuckle  
remained.  
Such was the blow I sustained. He hurried away  
from the place,  
But I was not able to leave; I flew, with a sorrowful  
heart,  
Again to the spot, where all I could find was some  
feathers and blood  
Of my wife's, and these I bring hither to you, as a  
proof of the crime.  
Have pity, beneficent lord; for should you at present  
again  
With this dastardly traitor forbear, and legitimate ven-  
geance defer;



Should you to your safeguards and peace not force and  
due emphasis give,  
About it much talk there might be, that would not be  
much to your mind ;  
For, 'tis said, he is guilty himself of the deed, who to  
punish hath power  
And punisheth not ; each then, with high hand, tries  
to carry things on.  
Your dignity it would affect ; to give it some thought  
would be well.  
Thus had the plaint of the crow and the good little  
rabbit been brought  
Before the assembled court. Then Leo, the king, was  
enraged,  
And he cried : I now, by my nuptial troth, before all  
of you swear  
That I will so punish this crime, that long it remem-  
bered shall be.  
My rule and safe-conduct to scoff ! That will I never  
endure.  
Too lightly by far put I trust in the scamp and let him  
escape ;  
As a pilgrim him even equipped, and saw make his  
exit from here,  
As if he were going to Rome. What indeed did the  
liar not make  
Us believe ! How well he contrived a word in advance  
from the queen,  
With ease, to secure. On me she prevailed and now  
he is free.  
But not the last one shall I be, whose heart with  
repentance is wrung,  
Through taking a woman's advice. And if we shall  
longer allow  
The villain unpunished to go, we soon shall be covered  
with shame ;

He never was aught but a knave, and such will he  
ever remain.

Now consult you together, my lords, how to catch him  
and bring him to book;

If about it we earnestly set, the matter will surely  
succeed.

Most highly these words of the king did Bruin and  
Isengrim please.

At last we our vengeance shall see! Such was the  
thought of them both;

Yet express not a word did they dare, for clearly they  
saw that the king

Was greatly disturbed in his mind, and all boiling  
over with wrath.

And after a time said the queen: For you, my dear  
lord, it is bad

So heavy to be in your wrath and so light in the use  
of bad words;

Your consequence suffers thereby, and the value of  
what you may say.

The facts of the case have as yet by no means been  
brought to the light.

Has yet the accused to be heard; and, should he before  
us be brought,

Would silent be many a one, who now against Reynard  
declaims.

Both parties should always be heard, for many a  
venturesome knave

Brings charges to cover misdeeds of his own. As  
learned and wise

I Reynard esteemed, without wicked thoughts, who  
always, indeed,

Had only your good in his mind, though now this  
may not so appear.

To follow his counsel is good, yea, even though true  
that his life  
Be such as to merit much blame. And then it is well  
to reflect  
On the ample extent of his family ties. The matter  
will not  
Be improved by precipitate haste, and whatever it be  
you decide  
You certainly can, in the end, as lord and commander,  
enforce.

Hereat Sir Lupardus remarked: To many you've given  
your ear,  
Now also give ear unto me. He yet may appear and  
what you  
Decide upon then, at once shall be done; so probably  
think  
These lords who assembled are here, and as well your  
illustrious queen.

Broke Isengrim in upon this: What each may think  
best let him say,  
Give ear, Sir Lupardus, to me. If at this very moment,  
indeed,  
Reynard were here and himself should acquit of this  
twofold complaint,  
Still easy for me would it be, to make it as clear as  
the day  
That the law has a claim on his life. But silence I'll  
keep about all,  
Till we him have secured. Can you have forgotten  
how much he the king  
Deceived with that treasure of his, which he should  
in Hüsterlo, near

Unto Krekelborn find, and the other great falsehoods  
besides that he told ?  
To all the deceiver he's played, and Bruin and me has  
disgraced ;  
My life I will risk upon this. Thus now is the liar  
engaged  
On the heath ; he is roving about, committing foul  
murders and thefts :  
Seems it good to the king and his lords, then matters,  
of course, as they are  
May go on. Yet, were he in earnest himself to present  
at the court,  
We him had here seen long ago. The scouts of the  
king were despatched  
All over the land, to summon the guests, yet, at home  
he remained.

To this said the king in reply : By waiting so long for  
him here  
What good do we get ? Let each be prepared (thus  
do I command)  
To go with me off in six days ; for I, let me tell you,  
will see  
An end to these charges and grievances brought.  
What say you, my lords ?  
Would the rascal not manage, at last, a land to  
destruction to bring ?  
Make ready as best you know how, and come in your  
armour arrayed ;  
Come furnished with bow and with spear, and all  
other weapons you have,  
And show yourselves gallant and brave ; and before  
me let each of you bear,  
For knights I may dub on the field, without loss of  
honour his name.

Malepartus, the castle, we'll seize, and what he may  
have in the place

We will then overhaul. Then shouted they all in  
accord: We'll obey.

Thus did the king and his knights determine Sir  
Reynard's strong fort,

Malepartus, to storm, and the fox to chastise. But  
Grimbart, at this,

Who one of the council had been, went stealthily out  
and made haste

Reynard, his uncle, to find, in order to take him the  
news.

In sorrow his road he pursued, and thus he bemoaned  
to himself:

My uncle, what now may take place? Alas! with  
good reason for thee

Do all of thy kindred lament, thou head of the whole  
of our race.

When our causes were pleaded by you we felt ourselves  
perfectly safe,

For no one could stand before you and your varied  
supply of resource.

Thus going, the castle he reached and Reynard found  
sitting outside,

Who had managed, just prior to this, two tender young  
pigeons to catch,

That out of their nest had escaped, to make an endeav-  
our to fly;

But short were their wings for the task, and down  
they had fallen to earth,

Unable to arise; in this way had Reynard them  
seized,

For he prowled about often to hunt. Just then in the  
distance he saw

Coming Grimbart, and did him await. In giving him  
greeting he said :

My nephew, more welcome you are than any one else  
of my blood.

But why are you running so hard ? You gasp ! Are  
you bringing me news ?

And Grimbart replied to him thus : The tidings I have  
to announce,

When heard, will no solace convey ; you see, I come  
running through fear.

Your life and estates are all lost. The wrath of the  
king I have seen ;

He swears that you now he will catch and put to an  
infamous death.

He even has ordered us all, the sixth day from now,  
with our arms

To march to this place, with bow and with sword, with  
wagons and guns.

Against you is everything now, so think on the matter  
betimes ;

For Bruin and Isengrim both are again hand and glove  
with the king ;

More trusted by him of a truth than I was ere trusted  
by you ;

And all comes to pass as they wish. A horrible cut-  
throat and thief

You Isengrim openly called, and in this way excites he  
the king.

He has our high sheriff been made, as you, in some  
weeks, will find out.

The rabbit appeared, and also the crow, and they  
brought in the court

The gravest complaints against you. If only the king  
have success

In catching you now, your life is not long, that can  
I but fear.

Nothing further ? responded the fox. For all that you,  
so far, have said

I care not a snap of my thumb. If the king and his  
council complete

Had doubly and trebly affirmed, and taken inviolate oaths,  
Yet I, when I come in their midst, will raise myself  
up above all.

They advise and still they advise, yet never can speak to  
the point.

Dear nephew, all this never mind, but come with me  
now and find out

What you I am able to give. These pigeons just now  
I have caught,

Young and fat ; they still of all dishes I know are  
the most to my taste ;

For easy they are to digest, one has but to swallow  
them down ;

And sweet do the little bones taste, they verily melt  
in the mouth,

Composed of half milk and half blood. Spoon-meat  
agrees with me well,

And it's also the same with my wife ; so come and  
she will, I am sure,

To greet us be pleased ; yet let her not know for what  
purpose you've come,

A trifle sinks into her heart and worries her almost to  
death.

To-morrow with you I will go to the court, and I hope  
that you there

Will give me, dear nephew, such help as becomes a  
relation to give.

My life and my goods I engage at your service to  
cheerfully place,

Said the badger, and Reynard replied : Be sure I shall  
bear this in mind ;

So long as I live, it shall tend to your gain. The other rejoined :

Go boldly your judges to face, and your cause do your best to defend.

What you have to urge they will hear ; Lupardus himself has declared

That punished you ought not to be, till you have been given the chance

To fully put in your defence, and the queen doth herself think the same.

This circumstance note and endeavour to use. Then 'Reynard remarked :

Be only composed and all will go well. The irascible king,

When he hears me, will alter his mind ; it all will come right in the end.

And thus went the two within doors, and there they with kindness were met,

And well by the housewife received ; whatever she had she brought forth.

Among them the pigeons were shared, and tasteful and good they were found ;

And each ate his share, still they had not enough and undoubtedly would

Have well a half-dozen consumed, if but they had been to be had.

To the badger then Reynard remarked : You must, my dear uncle, admit

That I've children of qualities rare, with whom every one must be pleased.

Now tell me how Rossel you like, and Reinhart, the little one, too.

Some day they our race will augment ; they little by little begin



Themselves to improve, and to me are a pleasure from  
morning to night.  
The one can lay hold of a fowl and the other a chicken  
ensnare ;  
And well to the water they take, in order young duck-  
lings to fetch,  
Or a plover, perchance. To send them more often to  
hunt I should like,  
But taught must they be, above all, with prudence and  
caution to act,  
That springes and hunters and dogs they well may  
know how to avoid ;  
And then if right methods they learn, and reliable evi-  
dence give  
That they are well trained, as is fitting they should,  
then daily they ought  
Provisions to find and bring in, and nought should be  
wanting at home.  
For both of them take after me and join in the fiercest  
of sports ;  
And, when they begin so to play, all others come off  
second best ;  
Their rival them feels at his throat and struggles not  
long after that ;  
Which is Reynard's own manner of sport. They also  
are swift in their grip,  
And sure is the spring that they give, which methinks  
is precisely the thing.

To this Grimbart said: To honour it tends, and one  
may rejoice,  
Young children to have such as one would desire, and  
who in their craft  
Get early adroit, their parents to help. I am very much  
pleased

To know them to be of my race, and hope for the best  
at their hands.

That matter we'll leave for to-day, said Reynard, and  
now let us go

To our rest, for we all are fatigued, and Grimbart's com-  
pletely worn out.

At this they lay down in the room, which, over the  
whole of its floor,

Was covered with hay and with leaves, and there all  
together they slept.

But Reynard, through fear, kept awake; the matter  
appeared to him now

Of counsel the best to demand, and morning still found  
him in thought.

He got himself up from his couch, and unto his wife  
he observed:

You will not be worried, I trust, but Grimbart has  
come to entreat

That I go with him back to the court. You tranquilly  
rest here at home.

Should any one speak about me, make the best of the  
case that you can,

And lock up the castle with care; this do, and then all  
will go well.

And Ermelyn said: It seems to me strange that you  
dare to present

Yourself any more at the court, where you are so lowly  
esteemed.

Is it so that you must? I can't make it out. Con-  
sider the past.

Indeed, said Reynard to this, no jesting affair was it  
then;

For many were seeking my harm, and I came into  
terrible straits.

But very diverse are the things that, under the sun,  
come about.

Against expectation, at times, we of this and of that  
have a taste ;

And who thinks that he anything has, may suddenly  
find that it's gone.

So let me, I pray you, depart ; for I there have a great  
deal to do.

Keep calm! That I earnestly beg ; there is not any  
reason for you

To worry yourself. The issue await, for, my dear, you  
will see,

If only I can it effect, me in five or six days again  
back.

And then went he forth on his way, with Grimbart, the  
badger, on guard.

## CANTO EIGHT.

AND now both together they went still further on over  
the heath,  
Grimbart and Reynard the fox, direct to the court  
of the king ;  
And Reynard remarked on the road : Let matters turn  
out as they may,  
I now a presentiment feel that our trip advantageous  
will prove.  
Dear uncle, attend to me, pray ! Since last unto you I  
confessed  
New slips have I made again back into culpable actions  
and thoughts ;  
The grave and the minor things hear, as well as what  
then I forgot.

From the body and hide of the bear I caused to be cut  
for my use  
A large and available piece, and to me have the wolf  
and his wife  
Been forced to relinquish their shoes ; in this way  
I vented my spleen.  
All this was by lying procured ; I knew very well how  
the king  
To provoke, and him in this manner have duped to  
a frightful extent,  
For I told him a wonderful yarn and fanciful treasures  
devised.  
But that did not make me content, so Lampen I sent to  
his death,  
And Bellyn pecked off with the murder'd one's head.  
The king was enraged

As soon as he noticed the ram, and made him the  
reckoning pay.  
The coney I pinched as hard as I could at the back of  
his ears,  
And nearly deprived of his life, and then out of temper  
became,  
Because he made good his escape. I must also confess  
that the crow  
Not at all with injustice complained, for Keenbeak, his  
dear little wife,  
I devoured. Such are the deeds I have done since last  
I confessed.  
But there's one thing which then I forgot, and which  
to you now I will tell ;  
An infamous trick that I played, and which it is right  
you should know,  
For I do not desire any more such a burden to bear.  
On the back  
Of the wolf I saddled it then ; we were walking  
together one day,  
Elvarden and Houlhulst between, when, a short dis-  
tance off, we espied  
A mare in a field with her foal, and each of the two  
were alike  
As black as a raven in hue ; in age the young foal  
might have been  
Approaching four months. With hunger was Isengrim  
racked, so he begged  
Me to go and inquire of the mare if she would not sell  
us the foal,  
And also the price. So to her I proceeded and ven-  
tured the thing.  
My dear mistress mare, to her I observed, the foal is  
your own,  
As I know ; will you sell it to me ? To ascertain that  
is my wish.

She replied : If enough you will pay, I without it can  
very well do,  
And the sum for its purchase required, that you may  
see for yourself ;  
Behind, upon one of my feet, you will find it engraved.  
Then I saw  
What she meant, and thereto I replied : I must to you  
freely confess  
That reading and writing with me are not the success  
I could wish,  
Nor indeed do I covet the child for myself ; it was  
Isengrim wished  
Your terms with exactness to learn, and sent me to  
you to find out.

She said in reply : Let him come ; he then can find out  
what he wants.  
I left her and Isengrim found where still he was wait-  
ing for me.  
If you would your hunger appease, just go, I announced,  
and the mare  
Will give you the colt ; the price can be found on one  
of her hoofs,  
Engraved on the frog. I could, she remarked, try to  
find it myself ;  
But I, to my shame and chagrin, many things am com-  
pelled to let slip,  
For reading and writing I never was taught. My  
uncle, you try,  
And look at what there is inscribed ; you may it deci-  
pher, perhaps.

Quoth Isengrim then : Not read it, you say ? To me  
that were strange !  
German, Italian, and French, and Latin I thoroughly  
know,

For a steady attendant I've been at the schools which  
in Erfurt are found.  
With the learned and wise of the place, including the  
masters of law,  
Have judgments and questions exchanged, and also my  
license received  
In regular form; and of writings, all kinds that can  
ever be found  
I can read with the ease of my name; I therefore  
to-day shall not fail.  
Wait here! I will go and the letters peruse, and then  
we shall see.  
He went and inquired of the mare: How much do you  
ask for the foal?  
Make it cheap! She thereupon said: The amount you  
can read for yourself;  
You will find it on one of my feet, a hind one, dis-  
tinctly engraved.  
Let me see it, responded the wolf. She said: I will do  
as you wish.  
Then up from the grass went her foot, on which had  
been fastened a shoe,  
Beset with a half-dozen nails; straight out flew her  
hoof, and went wide  
Not so much as a hair; hit him plump on his skull,  
and he fell to the earth,  
And lay there as though he were dead. She galloped,  
however, from there  
As fast as she could. Thus wounded he lay and long  
so remained.  
An hour passed away, to move then again he began,  
and he howled  
Like a dog. I trotted then up to his side, and sir uncle,  
I said,  
Pray where is the mare? How tasted the colt? You  
feasted yourself

And me quite forgot; that was wrong, for I it was  
brought you the news;  
After eating, a nap you enjoyed; now tell me, I beg  
you, how ran  
The writing found under the hoof? An eminent  
scholar you are.

Said he: Are you bantering still? Just now have gone  
matters with me  
Ill enough! In truth, would a stone some pity upon  
me bestow.  
That long-legged jade of a mare! May the hangman  
pay it her back!  
For clouted with iron was her foot; and these were  
the letters I found:  
Some nails newly forged! From which I received six  
wounds in my head.

He hardly got off with his life. I now have confessed  
to you all,  
And pardon, dear nephew, I crave for these my iniqui-  
tous works.  
How things may turn out at the court is not sure;  
however, I have  
My conscience relieved of a load, and washed myself  
clean from my sins.  
Now tell me how I may reform, in order remission to  
gain.

Then Grimbart replied: I find you encumbered afresh  
with misdeeds;  
Still, the dead cannot live any more. Far better,  
indeed, would it be,  
If life you'd allowed them to keep. Yet, uncle, I now  
am disposed,



On account of the terrible hour, and because of the  
 nearness of death,  
 That menaces you, your sins to remit, as the servant of  
 Christ ;  
 For relentless they follow you up, and I tremble with  
 fear for the worst.  
 Above all, for the head of the hare will vengeance  
 against you be sought ;  
 Extremely audacious it was, I must own, our monarch  
 to vex,  
 And is of more damage to you than you, in your fool-  
 ishness, thought.

Not a scrap, responded the scamp. Here's something  
 I wish you to hear :  
 To live without sin in the world is something uncom-  
 monly rare,  
 One cannot so holy be kept, as when in a cloister, you  
 know ;  
 If a man has with honey to deal, his fingers he licks  
 now and then.  
 Now Lampen me greatly annoyed, for backward and  
 forward he skipped  
 In front of my eyes all about ; his fat little body I  
 liked,  
 And love I let go to the dogs. To Bellyn I'd reason  
 to wish  
 But little that's good. The damage is theirs, the sin is  
 mine own.  
 But they were in measure so coarse, and in all, whatso-  
 ever they did,  
 So stupid and dull. Needed I, then, observe strict  
 decorum with them ?  
 Small liking had I for such things ; myself, at that  
 time, from the court

I had with anxiety saved, and taught them in this and  
 in that,  
 But 'twas all of no use. Each ought, it is true, his  
 neighbour to love,  
 That I'm constrained to admit, still I held them in  
 little esteem ;  
 And dead is dead, as you your own self have remarked ;  
 then permit  
 Us of other things now to converse. In truth, these  
 are dangerous times !  
 In high life and low what is now going on ? But talk  
 we must not ;  
 Yet cannot help using our eyes and having some  
 thoughts of our own.

The king himself steals, as we know, like all the rest  
 of the crowd ;  
 What he does not lay hands on himself he orders the  
 bears and the wolves  
 To secure, and believes that so doing is right. There is  
 none to be found  
 Who will venture to tell him the truth, not even con-  
 fessor or priest,  
 So deep has the evil struck root. They are dumb ! and  
 why is this so ?  
 With him they the plunder enjoy, no matter how  
 small is the gain.  
 Should any one go and complain, with equal advantage  
 he might  
 Reach out for the air ; he squanders his time, and had  
 better employ  
 Himself in some other pursuit. For gone is gone, and  
 when once  
 From you a more potent one takes what you have  
 possessed, to your plaint

But little attention is paid, and wearisome gets it at last.

The lion's our monarch and lord, and all things to seize for himself

He considers as due to his rank. As a rule, us his people he calls,

And certainly all that is ours appears to belong unto him.

Wilt allow me, my uncle, to speak? Our king is the fondest, by far,

Of those with full hands who approach, and who, in accord with the tune

That is piped, understand how to dance; too clearly is that to be seen.

That the wolf and the bear have obtained access to his council again

Is to many a wrong; they steal and they rob, yet are loved by the king.

All see it, and yet nothing say, each hoping that his turn will come.

Over four there are thus to be found, having place at the side of the king,

Who favoured are more than the rest, and greatest of all are at court.

But if a poor devil like me put hands upon even a chick, Upon him they pounce all at once and follow till he has been caught;

And then, with one voice, they condemn the fellow with clamour to death.

Petty robbers are hanged on the spot, the bigger ones get for themselves

Advantages great. They govern the land and the castles possess.

See, uncle, I notice all this, and upon it can't help but reflect.

My own game I thereupon play, and, moreover, I think  
     very oft  
 That right it assuredly is, since such a great number  
     so act.  
 To be sure, then my conscience wakes up and pictures  
     to me, from afar,  
 The anger and justice of God, and makes me reflect on  
     the end.  
 For injustice, no matter how small, compensation at  
     last must be made.  
 Repentance at heart I then feel ; it lasts, however, not  
     long.  
 Indeed, what good does it do to belong to the best ?  
     For the best  
 From slander's vile tongue, in these times, remain not  
     in safety exempt.  
 The people now think it their right into all kinds of  
     things to inquire,  
 And no one they lightly forget ; they invent even this  
     thing and that.  
 Little good in the commons is found, but few of them  
     really deserve  
 To have for their rulers and lords such men as are  
     honest and just ;  
 For of that which is evil they sing, and ever and ever  
     they talk ;  
 They know what is good in their lords, be high or be  
     low their degree,  
 Yet this they say nothing about, and seldom we find it  
     discussed.  
 Worst of all is, however, to me, the conceit of that no-  
     tion so false,  
 Which gets such a hold of mankind, that any one can,  
     in the strife  
 Of a vehement turbulent will, direct the affairs of the  
     world.

Should each one his children and wife, however, in  
order maintain,  
Or his insolent servants contrive to subdue, then in  
calmness he could,  
While fools are expending their means, rejoice in a  
temperate life.  
But how shall the world be improved, when each  
allows all to himself,  
And determines the rest of mankind by force to bring  
under his rule ?  
Thus deeper, and deeper, for aye, into all that is  
wicked we sink.  
Slander and treason and lies, and taking of oaths that  
are false,  
Embezzlement, murder, and theft, one hears nought of  
anything else ;  
False prophets and hypocrites both are shamefully  
cheating mankind.

Thus every one passes his life, and, if they be faith-  
fully warned,  
They receive it with scorn, and remark : Oh, yes ! but  
if sin were, indeed,  
So painful and hard to be borne as learned men here  
and there preach,  
Then surely the parsons themselves would try from all  
faults to be free.  
Bad example they plead as excuse, and in that are pre-  
cisely allied  
To the whole of the simian race, which, formed but to  
mimic and mock,  
Yet having nor reason nor choice, must suffer ineffable  
harm.  
Of a truth, ought the men of the cloth themselves to  
more fitly demean.

Very much could by them be achieved, if only in private they did ;  
But they care not a tittle for us outside of their calling and craft,  
And practise whatever they please in front of our eyes, as if we  
Were stricken with blindness complete ; too clearly however we see  
That their vows rejoice the good Lord to fully as small an extent  
As suit they their fallible friends, whose lives by the world are absorbed.

Thus do the priests, as a rule, on the opposite side of the Alps,  
Their own precious darlings enjoy ; in these regions also there are  
As many who sinfully act. But I shall be told that they have  
Their children like those who in wedlock are joined, and them to maintain  
They struggle with ardour and zeal, and raise them high up in the world.  
But afterward these can reflect no more whence their fathers arose,  
And to none will precedency yield, but proudly and haughtily walk  
As if they were noble of race, and always are firm in the thought  
That the matter is strictly correct. A custom of yore it was not  
So high to regard the children of priests, but now are they all  
As my lords and my ladies addressed. Yes, money can do what it will.

It is seldom a princely estate can be found, where the  
parsons do not

Make a levy of taxes and rents, and extort from the  
village and mill.

They turn topsy-turvy the world, and common folk  
wickedness learn ;

For 'tis plain, when the clergy thus do, that all in their  
sins will indulge,

And the blind will be leading the blind away from  
whatever is good.

Indeed, who has ever remarked the good works of  
these heaven-born priests,

And how they the holy Church, by example of good-  
ness, build up ?

Who ever lives now in such way ? We are simply  
confirmed in our sins.

Thus it now with the people befalls, so how can the  
world then improve ?

But listen still further to me ! If one out of wedlock  
is born,

Then let him thereover be still. What more can he  
do in the case ?

Now I mean only this, understand : If any such one  
shall himself

But simply with meekness conduct, and not with an  
air of conceit

His fellows provoke, no offence is received, and one  
would be wrong

To make it a subject of talk. Our birth has no power  
us to make

Either good or exalted in mind, nor can it be held for  
reproach ;

But virtue and vice are the things that make true dis-  
tinctions in man.

Men of learning and worth in the Church are ever with  
justice esteemed

And honoured by all; but the wicked a wicked ex-  
ample present.

Should such a one preach at his best, yet at length will  
the laity say :

When he righteousness talks and wickedness does, how  
are we to select ?

Nor is he of use to the Church ; to each in his sermons  
he says :

Give money to keep up the Church ; that, beloved, is  
what I advise,

If indulgence and mercy you wish to obtain. Thus  
his discourse he ends.

And does precious little to help, indeed, not a thing ;  
and for all

That he cares, might the Church tumble down. Still  
further to go, he esteems

The best kind of life to be this: in costly attire to be  
clothed,

And to eat of the daintiest food. And in worldly  
affairs if he finds

Himself overwhelmed with concern, how can he in  
worship engage ?

Good parsons in serving the Lord are daily and hourly  
employed,

And put into practice the good ; and thus to the holy  
Church

Of the greatest of service they are ; and, through good  
example, their flocks,

To the gate of salvation they lead, by the way that is  
narrow and strait.

But I know the behooded as well ; they prattle and  
jabber and prate

Ever concerning their forms, and are always in search  
of the rich ;



The people to flatter know how, and love to be called  
as their guests.

Invite you but one, then a second arrives, and you  
further will find

Yet two or three others appear. Then again, in the  
convent the one

Who well understands how to talk the quickest pro-  
motion will gain ;

The lector is sure to become, or may be the custos or  
prior.

The others are pushed to one side. The dishes are  
furnished and served

In quite a dissimilar way ; for some must, of nights, in  
the choir

Sing and read, and visit the haunts of the dead, while  
others obtain

Great favours, and rest can procure, and eat the most  
costly of food.

The legates likewise of the Pope, the abbots and pre-  
lates and monks,

The Beguins and even the nuns, of all a great deal  
might be said.

Everywhere is the cry : Give me what is yours and  
touch not what's mine.

In truth, there are few to be found, not seven, who  
live in accord

With the brotherhood's precepts and rules, as a pattern  
of virtuous life.

The priesthood is thus to be found most thoroughly  
rotten and weak.

My uncle, the badger replied, I see you minutely con-  
fess

Exotical sins. What advantageth that ? Methinks  
there must be

Enough of your own. And tell me, my uncle, why  
 you should concern  
 Yourself with the clergy's affairs, and this thing and  
 that, as you do?  
 Let each his own burden take up, and each and every  
 one give  
 Account of himself, how he in his station of life doth  
 attempt  
 His duty to do, which is something that no one on  
 earth may neglect,  
 Not either the old or the young, in cloister or out in  
 the world.  
 You talk altogether too much about things of all kinds,  
 and at length  
 Might me into error seduce. So thoroughly well  
 you're aware  
 How now is directed the world, and all its affairs are  
 ordained,  
 That none for a parson is better endowed. With the  
 rest of the sheep,  
 I would come to confess at your house, and under your  
 teaching would sit,  
 Of your wisdom a knowledge to get; for I am com-  
 pelled to admit  
 That stupid and rough the most of us are, and need  
 good advice.

When they, in such converse as this, had come pretty  
 near to the court,  
 Reynard said: Thus now is the Rubicon passed! and  
 he roused himself up.  
 And they came upon Martin the ape, who, just at that  
 time, had set forth,  
 With intention to travel to Rome. He gave a good  
 day to them both.

Dear uncle, stand well to your guns, he sagely remarked to the fox,  
And asked about this thing and that, although the whole matter he knew.  
Ah! how in these lattermost days does fortune against me take sides,  
Said Reynard to him in reply; some thieves have been at it again  
And accused me once more; I know not of whom they consist, but in chief  
Are the wretched young rabbit and crow; the one is bereft of his wife,  
And the other of one of his ears. Now what do I care about that?  
Could only I speak with the king, then smart should they both for their pains.  
But most I'm impeded by this, that under the ban of the Pope  
I still, to my sorrow, remain. The dean has full power in the case,  
And he is esteemed by the king. Now the ban has upon me been put  
Entirely for Isengrim's sake, who once had become a recluse,  
But ran from the convent away, wherein he sojourned at Elkmar.  
He swore that he could not so live, for he was too strictly confined,  
From food had too long to abstain, nor could so much reading endure;  
So I helped him away from the place. It repents me the deed to have done,  
For he slanders me now to the king and ever me seeks to disgrace.  
To Rome must I go? In the meantime at home will my family be

At loss what to do for themselves, for the wolf cannot  
leave them alone,  
But molests them where meet them he may. Then  
again, very many there are  
Who think nought but evil of me, and seize on what-  
ever is mine.  
If I were released from the ban, in far better state  
should I be,  
My fortune again at the court to follow with comfort  
and ease.

Then Martin replied: I can help you in this; it hap-  
pens that I  
Just now am departing for Rome, and you with some  
dodges can serve.  
Oppressed will I not let you be! As clerk to the  
bishop, methinks  
I know how the work should be done. I surely will  
see that the dean  
Forthwith shall be cited to Rome, and then I against  
him will fight.  
Mind, uncle, the business I'll push, and how to direct  
it I know.  
I'll see that the judgment's enforced; you doubtless  
through me will obtain  
Your discharge; I will fetch it myself, and then shall  
your enemies all  
Laugh the wrong side of their face; both money and  
pains they shall lose.  
I well understand how matters are managed at Rome,  
and I know  
What ought and ought not to be done. My uncle,  
Lord Simony's there,  
Well regarded and mighty he is, and help gives to all  
who well pay;

Sir Pluralist too, such a lord! Doctor Skinflint and  
others beside;  
And Turncoat and Trimmer to boot, I have the whole  
lot for my friends.  
My funds I have sent on ahead, for thus, you must  
know, does one there  
The best of impressions produce. Of citations, indeed,  
they discourse,  
But money alone they desire; and let the whole matter  
be found  
How crooked soever it may, with good pay I will  
straighten it out.  
If money you bring, then grace you'll obtain, but let  
you it lack,  
The door's then against you closed. You tranquilly  
rest here at home;  
Your business I'll take on myself, and loosen its knot-  
tiest knots.  
You now go your way to the court; Dame Rückenau  
there you will find,  
My spouse, who is held in the highest esteem by our  
master the king,  
As also she is by the queen. She is quick in the use  
of her wit,  
So tell her the case; she is wise and intercedes gladly  
for friends;  
Many relatives there you will find. It does not, at all  
times, avail  
The right of a matter to have. Two sisters with her  
you will find,  
And three of my children as well, besides many more  
of your race,  
To render you service prepared in whatever way you  
desire.  
And should you your rights be denied, you then will  
some knowledge obtain

Of what I can do ; and if you're oppressed, let me  
 quickly it know,  
 And I'll have the whole land placed under the ban, the  
 monarch and all  
 Of the women and children and men. An interdict I  
 will have sent,  
 And no one shall sing any more, nor celebrate mass,  
 nor baptise,  
 Nor bury, whatever it be. Take comfort, my nephew,  
 in this !

For aged and sick is the Pope ; himself he no longer  
 concerns  
 With affairs, and is little esteemed. Also now at the  
 court of the king  
 Has Cardinal Querulous absolute power, and he is  
 a young  
 And a vigorous man, a mettlesome man, with a mind  
 of his own.  
 He's in love with a woman I know, and she him a  
 letter shall take,  
 And what it may be she demands she knows very well  
 how to get ;  
 And his writer John Faction is there, who is most pre-  
 cisely informed  
 In coins, whether ancient or new ; then Jonathan Pry,  
 his compeer,  
 Is a gay hanger-on of the court ; and the notary, Slip-  
 pery Dick,  
 A bachelor is of both kinds of law, and if he shall  
 remain  
 Yet longer a year, then in practical writings he perfect  
 will be.  
 Beyond these, two judges are there, who go by the  
 names of Lovegold

And Palmitch ; and if they any ruling pronounce, then  
as law it remains.

Thus put into practice in Rome are many a prank and a  
trick

That knows the Pope nothing about. Friends must we  
make for ourselves,

For by them are forgiven our sins, and also are persons  
released

From the ban. My dearest of uncles, you may surely  
rely upon this !

For long has the king been aware that I will not allow  
you to fall.

Your case I will see to its end, and that I am able  
to do :

He would also do well to reflect that many there are,  
to the apes

And the foxes connected by ties, who best him with  
counsel assist ;

And that will you certainly help, go matters however  
they may.

Reynard then spake : This comforts me much ; I shall  
bear it in mind,

Should now I but get myself free. Then each of the  
other took leave.

Under safeguard of Grimbart the badger alone now  
Reynard pursued

His way to the court of the king, where bitter against  
him they felt.

## CANTO NINE.

SIR REYNARD had come to the court, believing that he  
could avert  
The actions which threatened him there, yet as he  
went in and perceived  
Together his numerous foes, as all stood about in the  
place,  
Each eager himself to avenge, and him to see punished  
with death,  
His courage gave way ; he began to distrust, yet boldly  
he walked  
Right in through the midst of the lords, with Grimbart  
along at his side.  
They came to the throne of the king, and Grimbart  
there whispered and said :  
Now, Reynard, give way to no fear ; to the timid, re-  
member, be sure,  
Will fortune her favours not grant ; the daring do  
danger invite,  
And joy in its presence to be ; it helps them again to  
escape.  
Reynard said : You tell me the truth, and I give you  
my heartiest thanks  
For the splendid support of your words ; if ever again  
I get free,  
I shall bear them in mind. He looked now around,  
and many of kin  
Could in the assemblage be seen, yet few as supporters  
to claim.  
Nearly all he was wont to ill-treat ; with the otters  
and beavers, indeed,



Alike both the great and the small, he had practised  
his villainous tricks;  
Yet discovered he plenty of friends inside of the hall  
of the king.

In front of the throne he bowed to the earth and  
soberly said:  
May God, from whom nothing is hid, and who ever  
mighty remains,  
Preserve you, my lord and my king, and also preserve,  
none the less,  
Our sovereign lady the queen, and jointly may he on  
you both  
Perception and wisdom bestow, so that you with dis-  
cretion may now  
Distinguish the right from the wrong, for much of  
deception there is  
In vogue among men in these days. Thus outwardly  
many things seem  
What, in matter of fact, they are not. Had each on  
his forehead engraved  
What he thinks, and the king should it see, it then  
would be clearly revealed  
That utter untruths I do not, and to serve you am  
always prepared.  
The wicked, I know, do me gravely accuse, and would  
greatly delight  
To disgrace, and out from your favour to oust, as if of  
the same  
I had unworthy been found. But of justice I know  
the strong love  
Of my sovereign master and king, for him has none  
ever induced  
The way of the law to obstruct, and thus will it ever  
remain.

Now all of them came and pressed in, and every one  
there was bewitched  
By Reynard's intrepid display, and him was each  
aching to hear.  
His criminal deeds were all known, how then could he  
think to escape?

Reynard, you knave, said the king, think not any  
more that your words,  
So glibly pronounced, will you save; no longer are  
they of avail  
To cover deception and lies; your game has now come  
to an end.  
Your faithful devotion to me, you have, I believe, well  
evinced  
On the rabbit as well as the crow! Sufficient were  
that of itself;  
But treason you bring into play, whether home or  
abroad you may be,  
Your strokes are malicious and prompt, yet not any  
further will they  
Be endured, your measure is full; but I will no longer  
reprove.

Reynard thought: What now can I do? Oh, could I  
again but succeed  
In getting once more to my home! But where shall I  
look for the means?  
However it goes, through with it I must. Let us  
everything try.

Most noble sovereign, mighty king, he began to hold  
forth,  
If you think I have merited death, then my case you  
assuredly have

Beheld from a wrong point of view; I therefore implore that you will  
At least hear me through. Till now I have you to your profit advised,  
In need I have stood at your side, when some, as you know, fell away,  
Who between us are pushing themselves, my ruin to try to effect,  
And their chances improve while I am away. With them you might well,  
Noble king, when I have to speak been allowed, the matter adjust.  
After that, if guilty I'm found, my fate I of course must endure.

But little of me have you thought, while I, all over the land,  
In different places about, have the closest of watches maintained.  
Think you that I now should come to the court, if I myself knew  
To be guilty of great or e'en little misdeeds? With prudence I should  
Have fled from the place where you are, and my enemies tried to avoid.  
No indeed, from my stronghold at home, most assuredly would  
Not all the world's gold have me here been able to tempt, for I there  
Was free on my own ground and soil. But in fact I no consciousness have  
Of one evil deed that I've done, so here my appearance have made.  
I was staying for nought but to watch; there brought me my uncle the news

That I was required at the court. I had just been  
thinking afresh  
How might I get rid of the ban, and thereover, with  
Martin the ape,  
Much converse have recently had, who sacredly prom-  
ised he would  
From the incubus get me set free. I, myself, am in  
transit to Rome,  
He remarked, and from now to its end the matter I  
fully will take  
On myself; go you to the court and you shall get rid  
of the ban.  
Lo! thus me did Martin advise, and what he's about  
he must know,  
For the eminent bishop, Lord Waver, him constantly  
has in employ;  
For fully five years has Martin him served in judicial  
affairs.  
And thus come I here to your court, complaint on com-  
plaint but to find.  
The coney backbites me, the toad; now Reynard, how-  
ever, is here  
In person himself, so let him come forward and speak  
to my face;  
For indeed 'tis an easy affair complaints of the absent  
to bring;  
But the opposite side must be heard, ere the matter to  
judgment shall come.

Those treacherous comrades of mine! By all that is  
holy, they have  
Themselves well enjoyed at my hands, the rabbit as  
well as the crow.  
The day before yesterday morn, ere the sun had got up,  
I was met

By the rabbit, who greeted me fair; at that very  
moment myself  
I in front of my castle had placed, for reading the  
prayers of the day;  
He made me aware that he was en route to the court;  
then I said:  
May God you attend! At this he complained of how  
hungry and tired  
He had grown. Then friendly I asked: Desire you  
not something to eat?  
With thankfulness I will accept, he replied. I said in  
response:  
I will gladly it give. So I went with him in and,  
quick as could be,  
I cherries and butter produced; for on Wednesdays I  
never eat meat.  
And he ate, to his heart's content, of bread and of  
butter and fruits.  
But now the last born of my sons stepped up to  
the table, to see  
If anything over remained, for children do always love  
food.  
At something the lad made a grab, when the rabbit  
him gave such a blow,  
With suddenness over his mouth, that from lips and  
from teeth ran the blood.  
Now Reinhart, my other young son, saw the blow, and  
the hypocrite seized  
Direct by the throat, played well his own game, and  
his brother avenged.  
That happened; not more and not less. I tarried not  
long from the spot,  
But ran and chastised the two boys, and managed with  
trouble them both  
Away from the rabbit to get. His punishment let him  
endure.

For he merited more than he got, and the youngsters  
could well, I am sure,  
Had I any evil desired, have thoroughly finished  
him up.  
And thus he now gives me his thanks! He says that  
I pulled off his ear;  
Yet he was with honour received, a token of which he  
has kept.

To me, after this, came the crow, and his lamentation  
poured forth;  
His wife he had lost, who had eaten too much and her-  
self had thus killed,  
For a fish of a passable size, with all of its bones, she  
had gulped.  
As to where the misfortune occurred, that he can best  
tell; but he says  
That I have her slain. I'll wager he did it himself,  
and if he  
Were earnestly asked if I had it done, his tune he  
would change.  
Crows fly up too far in the air, no jump can attain  
such a height.

If any one wish to accuse me of actions forbidden  
like these,  
Let him do it with evidence lawful and just, for thus  
is it fit  
To prosecute worshipful men; this ought I at least to  
expect.  
But if none of this kind can be found, yet another  
resource is at hand;  
Here! I am prepared for a tilt! Let the day be  
appointed and place,  
Then let an opponent of worth himself introduce in  
the list,

With me a full equal by birth, then each can proceed  
with his claim ;  
Who honour shall gain in the strife, with him let it  
ever remain ;  
Things always have thus been set right, and I nothing  
better demand.

All stood there and heard what he said, and every one  
at the words  
Of Reynard were greatly surprised, which he had so  
boldly pronounced.  
And as to the rabbit and crow, they both were con-  
founded with fright ;  
They quitted the court and ventured not further to  
utter a word ;  
But each to the other remarked: 'Twould not quite  
advisable be  
With him any more to dispute ; all means that we  
know we might try,  
And then not be near to success. Who is there that  
saw what he did ?  
Alone with the rascal we were, for witness then whom  
could we get ?  
After all the disgrace would be ours. For all of his  
numberless crimes  
May the hangman upon him await, and pay him as he  
has deserved !  
He would like us in combat to meet ? That might  
with us badly turn out.  
No, in truth ! that's a thing we would rather avoid ;  
for nimble and false,  
Deceitful and base, we know him to be. Indeed we,  
all five,  
Should not against him be enough, and dearly therefor  
should we pay.

But Bruin and Isengrim both were ill at their ease ;  
 they observed,  
 With annoyance, the two sneak away from the place.  
 The monarch then said :  
 If any one yet has complaint, let him come ! We will  
 hear what it is.  
 So many but yesterday blamed, here stands the ac-  
 cused ! Where are they ?

Quoth Reynard at this : Thus it commonly goes ;  
 either this one or that  
 Is impeached, yet, when he comes here, his accusers  
 remain at their homes.  
 These two little mischievous rogues, the rabbit and  
 likewise the crow,  
 Would gladly have brought me to shame, and damage  
 and punishment too.  
 But now they apologies make, and I them forgive ; for,  
 indeed,  
 They hesitate, now that I'm here, and slip aside out  
 of the way.  
 How I should have made them ashamed ! You see  
 how with danger 'tis fraught,  
 Your ear to the wretched defamers of servants not  
 present to lend.  
 The law they do nought but pervert, and are hateful  
 to all of true worth.  
 For the rest only pity I feel, and care not about them  
 a straw.

Attend ! said the king upon this, you traitor malicious  
 and mean !  
 Pray tell us what urged you to this, that Lampen,  
 trusted and true,  
 Who used my despatches to bear, you killed in so  
 shameful a way ?



Had I not forgiven you all, so far as you ever had sinned?  
From me you received both a wallet and staff, thus  
provided you were  
For a journey to Rome and over the sea; you nothing  
I grudged,  
And hoped for amendment from you; but now I find  
out, at the start,  
How Lampen of life you deprived, and Bellyn as mes-  
senger made  
You to serve, to bring in the knapsack his head; and  
who, when he came,  
Said out, before all, that despatches he brought, which  
together had you  
Indited and penned; and you, to the best of his power,  
he had helped;  
And I found in the knapsack the head, no more and  
no less than the head.  
This was done in defiance of me, and Bellyn at once I  
retained  
As a pledge, his life was the price, and now we will  
see about yours.

Reynard said: What's this that I hear? Lampen is  
killed? And I find  
My Bellyn no more? What of me will become? Oh,  
dead that I were!  
Ah me! With them I have lost a treasure unequalled  
in worth.  
I sent you some jewels by them, none better nor finer  
than which,  
All over the world, can be found. Who could have  
believed that the ram  
Would Lampen have murdered like this, and you of  
those riches have robbed?  
One must be on one's guard, even when no suspicion  
of danger exists.

In fury, the king would not hear the whole of what  
Reynard would say ;  
To his chamber he turned himself off, not having with  
clearness, indeed,  
Reynard's words understood ; and him he intended to  
punish with death.  
And, as soon as he came to his room, he found in his  
presence the queen,  
Who there, with Dame Rūckenau, stood. Now the  
ape was especially dear  
To king, as well as to queen, which useful to Reynard  
would be.  
Accomplished and prudent she was, and very pro-  
ficient in speech ;  
Where'er she appeared, a sensation she made, and was  
honoured by all.  
The king's indignation she saw, and to him circum-  
spectly she said :  
When you, gracious master and king, have hearkened  
at times to my suit,  
No cause have you had for regret ; you always my  
boldness condoned  
In speaking a quieting word when something your  
anger had roused.  
At present be likewise disposed to listen to me ; it  
concerns  
My own proper race, of a truth ! And who can one's  
own disavow ?  
Now Reynard, whate'er he may be, is a kinsman of  
mine, and if I  
Shall frankly confess how his conduct appears unto  
me, I must say,  
Since now to the law he submits, I think very well of  
his case.  
His father, like him, was compelled, notwithstanding  
the favour of yours,

Much evil from venomous tongues and perjured accusers to bear ;  
Yet always he put them to shame. So soon as more closely his case  
Was examined, quite clear it became ; but yet did the envious knaves  
Try even his merits to make as heinous transgressions appear.  
Thus ever himself he maintained in greater esteem at the court  
Than Bruin and Isengrim now ; indeed, 'twere of these to be wished  
That they should be able to cast the grievances all on one side,  
That are constantly heard about them ; but little do they apprehend  
Of justice and right, as is shown by their counsel as well as their life.

Here answered, however, the king : But how can it cause you surprise,  
That I am with Reynard provoked ? The thief who, a short time ago,  
Put Lampen to death, led Bellyn astray, and with insolence now  
All flatly denies, and himself, as a servant straightforward and true,  
Has boldness enough to extol ! In the meantime do all as one man  
Raise with loud voices complaints, and only too clearly show forth  
How he my safe-conduct defies, and also how he, with his thefts,  
His robbings and murders, the land and my faithful retainers despoils.

Indeed, I'll no longer it bear! In answer thereto said  
the ape:  
In truth not to many is granted the gift, in things of  
all kinds,  
To act with discretion and counsel with skill, and he  
who succeeds  
Will certainly confidence earn, but the envious try all  
they can  
To covertly do him a hurt; and, soon as their numbers  
increase,  
They openly make their attempts. With Reynard it  
often has thus  
Of yore come about; they cannot, however, efface from  
our minds  
How he has you wisely advised in cases where others  
were dumb.  
You know (it but lately took place) how the man and  
the serpent came here  
To solicit your aid, and the case there was none who  
knew how to decide;  
But Reynard discovered a way, and you lauded him  
then before all.

To this did the monarch rejoin, after brief meditation  
thereon:  
I remember the matter quite well, yet now it has gone  
from my mind  
How in detail it all came about; it was somewhat  
entangled, methinks.  
If you can still say how it was, I gladly shall hear  
your account.  
She answered the king: As my lord has commanded  
so shall it be done.

Just two years ago or about, a dragon appeared and  
complained,  
With turmoil, to you, gracious lord, that a peasant  
could not be induced  
Himself to submit to the law; a man against whom  
the decree  
Had twice been pronounced. To the court of your  
highness the peasant she brought,  
And stated the matter at length, with numerous vio-  
lent words.

Through a hole, that she found in a hedge, the serpent  
intended to crawl,  
But got herself caught in a cord, that in front of the  
breach had been hung;  
Ever tighter was getting the loop, and there she her  
life would have lost,  
Had not, at the opportune time, a vagrant been passing  
along.  
In anguish to him she cried out: Have pity and help  
me get free,  
I entreat! To this the man said: Released, I will see  
that you are,  
For your misery causes me grief; but first you must  
give me your word,  
No mischief on me to inflict. The serpent agreed to  
his terms,  
And swore the most solemn of oaths that she, in no  
manner or way,  
Would harm to her rescuer do, and thus did the man  
set her free.  
Awhile on together they walked; but the serpent was  
feeling, at length,  
The gnawings of hunger, and flew at the man, with  
intent him to choke

And devour; and in fear and alarm the poor fellow  
sprang from her side.

Is this my reward? This have I deserved? he cried,  
and did you

Not swear the most sacred of oaths? The serpent  
then said in reply:

My hunger impels me, alas! I have no control of  
myself;

No law does necessity know; it constitutes right of  
itself.

In turn then responded the man: Keep off from me  
only so long

As we to some people may come, who us will impar-  
tially judge.

And thereupon answered the worm: Till then I will  
patience preserve.

Thus further a distance they went, and over the water  
they found

Cutpurse, the raven, along with his son, who Croker  
was called;

And the serpent invited them both to draw near, and  
thus them invoked:

Come here, we have something to say. The raven  
them soberly heard,

And judgment at once he pronounced, the man to  
ingest. Thus he hoped

A morsel to get for himself. Much pleased was the  
serpent at this;

Lo! now I have triumphed, she said, and none can the  
blame lay on me.

Not so, then responded the man, my case is not utterly  
lost;

Shall a robber pass sentence of death, or one judge  
alone try the case?

I demand that it further be heard, as equity me doth  
allow ;  
By four, or by ten if you please, let the matter be  
brought to be heard.

The serpent then said : Let us go. They went, and  
were met on the road,  
By the wolf and the bear, and together they all of  
them walked.  
The peasant now everything feared ; for him in the  
midst of the five  
It dangerous was to remain, seeing what kind of fel-  
lows they were.  
The serpent, the ravens, the wolf, and the bear hemmed  
him in all around ;  
And anxious enough he became, for soon did the wolf  
and the bear  
Make up both together their minds, in this way their  
judgment to give :  
The serpent might slaughter the man, as a ravenous  
craving for food  
Acknowledged no maxim or law ; one's needs would  
absolve from an oath.  
Now fear and concern on the traveller seized, for they  
all in accord  
Were after his life. Then the serpent flew out with a  
furious hiss,  
Spitting upon him her spleen, and in terror he sprang  
to one side.  
Great wrong, he exclaimed, you commit ; who you has  
seen fit to assign,  
As master and lord of my life ? You heard what was  
said, she replied.  
Decided the judges have twice, and as often your case  
you have lost.

To her then responded the man : They plunder and pilfer, themselves ;  
I acknowledge them not in the least, the case we will take to the king ;  
When he speaks, I'll submit to his words, and if I the loser come out,  
In bad enough plight shall I be ; I will it, however, endure.  
The wolf and the bear then mockingly said : This plan you can try ;  
The serpent will certainly win, and better can she nothing wish.  
They thought that the lords of the court, in session, would surely decide  
As had they ; and they went in good cheer, the peasant escorting along.  
Before you they came, the serpent, the ravens, the wolf, and the bear ;  
Yea, a triplet of wolves was disclosed, for two of his children he brought ;  
Allbelly was one of them called, and Glutton the other.  
These two  
Most trouble occasioned the man ; for with the intent had they come  
Their own proper share to consume, for ever rapacious they are.  
With rudeness unbearable then, before you they bel- lowed and howled,  
Until you expelled from the court both of the ill-mannered churls.  
Then the man to your mercy appealed, and proceeded his tale to relate :  
How to kill him the serpent had thought ; and how she his generous act  
Had forgotten, and broken her oath ; so safety he sought at your hands.



And the snake contradicted him not: My hunger's  
omnipotent need,  
Which knows not the meaning of law, irresistibly me  
did compel.

Good lord, you were greatly perplexed; the matter in  
hand to you seemed  
To the brim with suspicion to be, and judicially hard to  
decide;  
For to you very harsh it appeared, the kind-hearted  
man to condemn,  
Who himself had beneficent shown; on the other hand  
still, you bethought  
Of the mischievous hunger as well; you therefore the  
council convoked.  
Alas! the opinion of most the claim of the man was  
against,  
For they had an eye to the feast, and thought they the  
serpent would help.  
But heralds to Reynard you sent, for all of the others,  
indeed,  
Uttered more words than enough, yet the case could  
not rightly resolve.  
Reynard came and the evidence heard; to him the de-  
cision you left;  
As he on the matter should rule, even so should the  
law be enforced.

Reynard, with prudence, then said: It needful I find,  
before all,  
Myself to betake to the place, that the snake in her  
bonds I may see,  
Just as the peasant her found; after that, my decision  
I'll give.

The serpent was bound then afresh in the self-same  
position and way  
As across her the peasant had come, when her in the  
hedge he had found.

When this had been done, Reynard said : Here now we  
find each of the two

In former condition again, not either has won or has lost ;  
Yet the right is made perfectly plain, as seems it to me,  
of itself ;

For, provided the man shall see fit, he now can the ser-  
pent once more

Release from her place in the cord ; if not, he can there  
let her hang ;

He free and with honour can go, his business to seek  
and transact.

Since she so untrue has become, when his kindness she  
deigned to accept,

The man has now fairly the choice ; to me that  
appears the intent

Of the law ; who it better conceives, may now let us  
hear what it is.

The verdict was pleasing to you, and all of your coun-  
cil as well ;

Reynard was eulogised much ; you were thanked by  
the peasant ; and all

The wisdom of Reynard extolled ; the queen also  
praised him herself.

Much talk there was made at the time, how formerly  
you had, in war,

Both Bruin and Isengrim used ; and how, far and wide,  
they were feared,

For always were they to be found where plenty there  
was to devour.

Burly and daring and strong, none could deny that  
they were,

Yet often in counsel was felt the lack of some much  
needed sense,  
For they are accustomed too much on physical force  
to rely.  
When work in the field is approached, much lameness  
and halting there is.  
Bolder can one not appear, than show they themselves  
when at home ;  
Outside they are ready in ambush to lie ; but, if once  
are exchanged  
Sturdy blows, they then will be found neither better  
nor worse than the next.  
The bears and the wolves destroy the whole land, and  
little they care  
Whose house is consumed by the flames. They ever  
accustom themselves  
To go and get warm at the coals, and pity for none do  
they feel,  
If only their maws they can fill. The eggs they all  
swallow themselves,  
And leave but the shells to the poor, and think such  
division is fair.  
On the other hand Reynard, the fox, and all of his  
race comprehend  
What wisdom and counsel imply ; and, if now he has  
done something wrong,  
Gracious lord, yet is he no stick. Be sure that no  
other will you  
Ever give any better advice: For this, grant him par-  
don, I beg.

To this then responded the king: Upon it I'll think.  
The decree  
Was given as you have described ; the serpent the  
penalty paid.

Yet remains he a scamp, every inch, without any  
chance to reform.

If a compact with him should be made, deception at  
last will result,

For in proving that black is but white, who is there  
can match him in skill?

The wolf and the bear and the cat, the rabbit and even  
the crow,

Are not for him agile enough, he brings them to shame  
and disgrace;

From this one he snatches an ear, from another he  
tears out an eye,

And a third he deprives of his life. I certainly cannot  
conceive

How you can thus favour the scamp, and speak in  
defence of his acts.

Gracious lord, then responded the ape, it impossible is  
to deny

That his race is exalted and great. Thereon it is well  
to reflect.

Then up rose the king to go out, and all of those who  
were there,

In a body awaiting him stood. In the circle thus  
formed he observed

A number to Reynard most closely allied who all had  
arrived

Their kinsman to shield and protect; so many to name  
would be hard.

And he the great family saw; he then, on the other  
side, saw

The enemies Reynard had made; divided it seemed  
was the court.

In this way the monarch began: Give ear to me,  
Reynard! Can you

An excuse for such wickedness find, as, with Bellyn's  
assistance, to put

My innocent Lampen to death and, in your audacity, too,  
His head in the wallet to thrust, as if to me letters you  
sent?

To mock me that deed you performed; I have pun-  
ished already the one,

The penalty Bellyn has paid, and you may the same  
now expect.

Ah, me! answered Reynard thereto; oh, would that I  
also were dead!

Pray hearken to me, and then you can do as the case  
may demand.

If guilty, then slay me at once; I shall never, how-  
ever, get free

From my burden of grief and distress; forlorn I must  
always remain.

For Bellyn the traitor's purloined the choicest of  
treasures from me,

The equal of which never yet has mortal his eyes set upon.

Ah, life to poor Lampen they've cost! These treas-  
ures I had to them both

Committed in charge; now Bellyn has stolen the costly  
effects.

But let them yet further be sought; however, I very  
much fear

That none will e'er find them again; they'll rest for  
eternity lost.

To this did the monkey reply: Why give you thus way  
to despair?

Be they but on top of the ground, to recover them yet  
there is hope;

Both early and late will we go, and of laymen and  
clerics with zeal  
Will inquire. But first let us know, of what did the  
treasures consist ?

Reynard said : So precious they were, that ne'er can  
we find them again.

Who possesses them now will guard them with care.  
How much at the loss

Will my wife, Dame Ermelyn, grieve ! She will never  
forgive me for this,

For me she tried hard to dissuade from entrusting such  
riches to them.

Now lies are against me trumped up, and I am most  
basely accused ;

But still I my rights will defend, and the issue await ;  
and if then

Acquitted I am, I will travel about through kingdoms  
and lands,

And endeavour the treasures to find, even though it  
shall cost me my life.

## CANTO TEN.

My king, furthermore said the fox, that villain so  
crafty in speech,  
Permit me, illustrious prince, in the ears of my friends  
to relate  
What comprised all the sumptuous things that I had  
transmitted to you ;  
Though them you may not have received, yet laudable  
was my intent.  
Go ahead then, responded the king, and whatever you  
say, make it short.

Well-being and honour are lost! And everything now  
you shall learn,  
Said Reynard, with sadness of tone. The first of the  
beautiful gems  
Was a ring, which to Bellyn I gave, and he should the  
same to the king  
Have brought and surrendered from me. In a most  
unaccountable way  
This ring was designed and composed, and worthy it  
was in the wealth  
Of my sovereign's treasure to shine, being made of the  
finest of gold.  
On the innermost side of this gem, that next to the  
finger would be,  
Were letters engraved to be seen, enamelled in blue and  
in black ;  
Three Hebrew cognomens they formed, of significance  
special and great ;

And none in this land could explain what meaning lay  
hidden therein ;  
Master Abrion only, of Treves, could decipher the sym-  
bols for me.  
Now he is an erudite Jew, and every language and  
tongue  
He knows, that is spoken by man from Lüneberg unto  
Poitou ;  
And is also especially skilled in the virtues of herbs  
and of stones.

When placed I before him the ring, he said that most  
precious of things  
Were hidden within its embrace ; that the names,  
which therein were engraved,  
Were carried by Seth, the devout, from Paradise down  
to the earth,  
When the oil of compassion he sought ; and who on  
his finger it wears,  
Finds free from all dangers himself ; not thunder nor  
lightning nor all  
The mage's enchantments can hurt, while this on his  
person he keeps.  
And further the master observed that, at some time or  
other, he'd read  
That who kept on his finger the ring, could not, in the  
fiercest of cold,  
Be frozen to death, but would certainly live to a  
peaceful old age.  
Outside it a gem had been set, a carbuncle brilliant  
and clear,  
Which glistened so brightly at night, that things could  
be seen as by day.  
Many virtues belonged to this stone ; all kinds of dis-  
eases it healed ;



Who came into contact therewith, was exempt from all  
want and distress ;  
Death was the only thing it had not the power to  
subdue.  
Still further the master disclosed the magnificent gifts  
of the stone ;  
Its owner in safety can go throughout all the lands of  
the earth ;  
Neither water nor fire can him hurt ; imprisoned, or  
even betrayed,  
He never can be, and from all the assaults of a foe he  
escapes.  
If, fasting, he looks on the stone, in battle he certainly  
will  
A hundred and more overcome ; by the potency too of  
the stone,  
Is the action of poisons annulled, and malignant secre-  
tions as well.  
So also it hatred destroys ; how many soever there be,  
Who do its possessor not love, they shortly a change  
undergo.

But who could enumerate all the virtues and powers  
of the stone,  
That I found in my father's reserve, and I, to my mas-  
ter, the king,  
Now thought in all safety to send ? For of such a  
magnificent ring  
I worthy was not ; I knew it right well ; it ought to  
belong,  
I thought, to the one who, of right, is held as the  
noblest of all.  
On him, and none other, depend our welfare and prop-  
erty both ;  
And I cherished the hope that his life I might from  
all evil protect.

Moreover was Bellyn, the ram, in addition thereto, to  
the queen,  
A mirror and comb to present, to keep in remembrance  
of me.  
These both had I once, out of sport, from my father's  
collection removed,  
And not on the face of the earth could a work of art  
finer be found.  
How oft has endeavoured my wife them both to obtain  
for herself!  
For nothing so much did she long, of all that there is  
in the world;  
And about them contentions we had, but my purpose  
she never could change.  
At length both the mirror and comb, with best of  
intention, I sent  
To my gracious lady, the queen, who always and ever  
to me  
The utmost of favour has shown, and shielded from  
harm of all kinds.  
She often has spoken for me a mild and benevolent  
word;  
She is noble, exalted in birth, by virtue enrobed and  
adorned,  
And her ancient descent is proclaimed by actions as  
well as by words.  
She was worthy the mirror and comb, on which, to my  
sorrow and shame,  
She has not been allowed to set eyes. For ever, alas,  
they are lost!

Now to say a few words of the comb: The artist, this  
comb to construct,  
Had the bones of a panther employed, a glorious crea-  
ture's remains,

Whose place of abode is the land from Paradise unto  
the Ind.

All species of colours are shown in its skin, and the  
sweetest of scents

Are thence given out, wherever it turns; and thus do  
the beasts

Instinctively follow its tracks, wherever it be that it  
goes;

For healthy they grow from this scent and, without  
an exception, they all

Are imbued with a knowledge of this. Of sinews and  
bones such as these

Was the beautiful comb, that I sent, constructed with  
wonderful skill;

Like silver in whiteness and gleam, of ineffable purity,  
too;

And better, by far, was its scent than cinnamon even  
and cloves.

When the animal passes from life, the aroma goes into  
its bones,

Remains everlastingly there, and always them keeps  
from decay;

It drives all distempers away, and against all the poi-  
sons is proof.

Again, on the back of the comb could excellent pictures  
be seen,

Quite high in relief, with delicate tendrils of gold in-  
terlaced,

And lazuli, azure, and gules. In the middlemost part  
of the field

Was the story insculptured with art, how Priam's son,  
Paris of Troy,

Was sitting one day at a brook, and three women,  
seraphic and fair,

Before him he saw, who Pallas and Juno and Venus  
were called.

In strife they had long been engaged, for each of them  
wished to possess  
An apple that, up to this time, conjointly to them had  
belonged.  
At length an agreement was made, that Paris this  
apple of gold  
Should on the most lovely bestow, and she should  
alone it retain.

The youth regarded them all with the greatest atten-  
tion and care.

Now Juno remarked: If the apple I get, and if me  
you adjudge

The fairest to be, you the richest of all in the world  
shall become.

And Minerva rejoined: Deliberate well, and the apple  
give me;

Then you the most potent of men shall become, and  
dreaded by all

Wherever your name may be known, alike by your  
friends and your foes.

Venus spake: What want you with power? And  
riches, what good will they do?

Are you not the ransomed one's son? And as to your  
brothers, are they,

Hector and all of the rest, not wealthy and strong in  
the land?

Is Troy not secured by its hosts, and I also may ask  
if you have

Not conquered the land round about, as well as more  
far away folk?

If me you the fairest pronounce, and the apple confer  
upon me,

You then shall have cause to rejoice in a treasure the  
greatest on earth.

This prize is an excellent wife, of women the fairest  
of all,  
So virtuous, noble, and wise, that none can too highly  
her praise.  
Give the apple to me, and you shall the wife of the  
King of the Greeks,  
The beautiful Helen I mean, that treasure of treasures,  
possess.

Then gave he the apple to her, and adjudged her the  
fairest of all.  
And she aided him, in return, to elope with the beauti-  
ful queen,  
The great Menelaus's wife, whom he had in Troy for  
his own.  
This story was seen in relief, in the middlemost part  
of the field ;  
And all round about it were shields, with writings  
insculptured with art ;  
And only had one them to read, the gist of the fable  
to know.

Of the mirror I further will speak ; in lieu of a surface  
of glass,  
A reflector of beryl was used, of wonderful beauty and  
sheen ;  
All things thereupon were revealed, even though a mile  
off they occurred,  
Were it either by day or by night. And if, in one's  
face, there should be  
A blemish, whatever it was, if nought but a fleck in the  
eye,  
Should one in the mirror but look, from that very  
instant there fled  
Imperfections away of all kinds, and every extrinsic  
defect.

Can you marvel that I am sore grieved at having the  
mirror thus lost ?

For setting the plate was employed the costliest wood  
to be found,

Which shittim is called, so named from its solid and  
glittering growth ;

It is never infected by worms, and also, in justice,  
it is

More highly regarded than gold, with ebony only as  
next.

There once out of this was contrived, by an artist of  
skill and renown,

In the time of Krompardus the king, a horse of  
remarkable powers,

Which its rider, in less than an hour, could take for a  
hundred good miles.

I find it impossible now to tell all there is to be told,

For not such a steed has been known, so long as the  
world has endured.

For the space of a foot and a half, entirely around, was  
the frame

Of the mirror embellished with work, all carved in the  
best style of art ;

And in letters of gold could be seen, under each of the  
pictures inscribed,

The meaning and purport thereof ; and I will these  
stories to you

Concisely relate. The first was regarding the envious  
horse,

Who thought that he would, for a bet, compete in a  
run with a stag,

But was left far behind in the race, which gave him  
inordinate pain ;

And a speedy occasion he took with a shepherd about  
it to talk.

He said: It shall profit you much, if me you will  
quickly obey ;  
If you mount, I will give you a ride ; there has, but a  
short time ago,  
A stag hid himself in the wood, and him you shall  
surely obtain ;  
His flesh and his antlers and skin you can sell at a  
very high price ;  
Get up, and we will him pursue. All right ! I am  
ready to go,  
Said the rustic, and sprang on his back. They gal-  
loped away from the place,  
And shortly got sight of the stag ; then followed they  
on at full speed  
In his track, and gave him pursuit. But the stag was  
the lighter of foot,  
And the pace was too much for the horse, who finally  
said to the man :  
Get down for awhile, I am tired, and greatly have  
need of some rest.  
No, thank you, responded the man, you now will have  
me to obey,  
And my spur you shall feel in your flank, for me you  
invited yourself  
To get on your back for a ride ; and thus him the  
rider subdued.  
Lo ! thus with much ill is<sup>o</sup> repaid the one who doth  
others design  
To lead into harm ; himself he but loads with evil and  
pain.

I now will still further explain what yet on the  
mirror was shown ;  
How together an ass and a dog into service with Dives  
had gone.

The dog had, without any doubt, the pet of his master  
become,  
For he sat at his table at meals, and partook of the  
food that was served ;  
And was also permitted to snuggle and rest in his  
guardian's lap,  
Who him was accustomed to feed with the finest of  
bread ; in return  
The dog was incessantly licking his master, and  
wagging his tail.  
Now Baldwin observed the good luck of the dog, and,  
grieving at heart,  
The donkey then said to himself : Oh, why does my  
master incline  
That indolent creature to treat in a way so excessively  
kind ?  
Upon him the animal springs and licks him all over  
his beard,  
While I must the labour perform, and to carry the  
sacks am compelled.  
Just let him make trial but once, and see if, with five  
or with ten  
Dogs, as much in a year he can do, as I can get done  
in a month.  
Yet the best is provided for him, while I have to feed  
upon straw,  
And on the hard ground must repose ; and, wherever  
it be that they drive  
Me or ride, I am scoffed at and mocked. I can, and I  
will, such abuse  
No longer endure ; my master's affection I too will  
acquire.  
Now just as he ended this speech, his master appeared  
in the street.  
The donkey erected his tail and kicked up his heels ;  
with a spring



At his master he leaped, braying and singing and blar-  
ing with might ;  
Licked his beard and displayed a desire, in the manner  
and way of a dog,  
To nestle up close to his cheeks, and bruised him some-  
what with his kicks.  
In terror his master ran off, and cried : Oh, catch me  
the ass !  
Strike him dead ! His servants then came, and thickly  
upon him fell blows.  
Him into his stable they drove, and there he a donkey  
remains.

There many are still to be met, of the selfsame asinine  
breed,  
Who the welfare of others begrudge, without doing  
good to themselves.  
However, should any such one to a state of great  
riches attain,  
At once he resembles a pig, who should try to eat soup  
with a spoon ;  
Not very much better, in truth. The donkey let carry  
the sacks,  
Have nothing but straw for his bed, and find among  
thistles his food.  
If one shall him otherwise treat, he will still ever  
be as of old.  
When an ass to dominion attains, it can meet with but  
little success ;  
His welfare he seeks to advance, and what beyond this  
does he care ?

My king, there is more you should know, and at the  
recital I beg  
That you take not offence ; on the frame of the mirror  
could also be seen,

Well fashioned and clearly described, how my father  
did, once on a time,  
Himself with our Tybert engage upon some adventures  
to go ;  
And how they both sacredly swore that, in all kinds of  
danger, they would  
One another with valour support, and all of their booty  
divide.  
As forward they went on their way, they noticed some  
hunters and hounds,  
Not very far off from the road ; and Tybert, the cat,  
then remarked :  
Good counsel seems costly to get ! To this did my  
pater respond :  
Though odd it may very well seem, yet with excellent  
counsel have I  
My pocket already made full ; and we must remember  
our oath,  
Together to steadfastly hold ; of all, most important is  
that.  
On the other hand, Tybert replied : However the thing  
may turn out,  
There remains yet a means to me known, and that  
I intend to employ.  
And thus up a tree he with liveliness sprang, in order  
to save  
Himself from the rage of the dogs ; and thus he  
his uncle forsook.  
In terror my father stood there, and the hunters were  
coming apace.  
Quoth Tybert : Now, uncle, how goes it with you ?  
Throw open the sack.  
Of counsel it's full, make use of it now, for your time  
has arrived.  
The huntsmen sounded their horns, and one to another  
they called :

My father then ran, so also the hounds ; they followed  
with yelps,  
And he sweated all over with fear, enriching the  
ground as he went.  
He thus was relieved of some weight, and so he escaped  
from his foes.

Most basely, as you have just heard, deceived him his  
nearest of kin,  
The one whom he trusted the most. His life in great  
jeopardy was,  
For the dogs were swifter than he ; and, had he not  
quickly bethought  
Himself of a hole that he knew, he certainly would  
have been killed ;  
But he slipped himself nimbly within, and thus to his  
foes he was lost.  
Many more of such fellows there are, as Tybert was  
then, to his shame,  
To my father so clearly revealed ; how could I him  
honour and love ?  
I have it half pardoned indeed, yet something still  
rankles behind.  
This all on the mirror was carved, with pictures and  
writings thereon.

In addition to this was displayed an accurate scene of  
the wolf ;  
Showing what kind of return for favours he's ready to  
give.  
He found in a meadow a horse, nothing of which but  
the bones  
Had been left ; but a-hungred he was, and greedily  
nibbled at these ;  
Till a pointed one stuck in his throat, and askew in his  
gullet got fixed.

A deplorable figure he cut ; for him it had badly turned out.

Runner on runner he sent, the surgeons to call to his aid ;

But no one could give him relief, notwithstanding gigantic rewards

He offered to all who should try. The crane, in the end, was announced,

With the red-coloured cap on his head, and him did the sick one implore :

Oh, doctor, relieve me at once of the fearful distress I am in ;

If the bone you pull out of my throat, I will give you whatever you wish.

So trusted the crane in his words, that he pluckily stuck in his beak,

With his head, in the jaws of the wolf, and pulled out the bone.

Oh, dear ! howled the wolf, how you hurt ! you are doing me damage, I know.

Let it not happen again ! For the present, I will it forgive.

Had it been any other than you, I would it not patiently bear.

Be tranquil, responded the crane, for now you again are quite well ;

Give me the fee that I've earned ; to you I have been of great help.

Now hark to the fool, said the wolf, 'tis I who have suffered the harm,

Yet he makes a claim for reward, forgetting the favour that I,

This instant, have granted to him. Have I not his noddle and beak,

Just now that I had in my mouth, released without  
doing him harm?

Has the hoyden not given me pain? I had very good  
reason indeed,

If reward is our subject of talk, to demand it myself  
in advance.

Thus knaves are accustomed to deal with those who  
them faithfully serve.

All graven with excellent skill, these stories, with  
others, adorned

The frame of the mirror all round, with many an orna-  
ment carved,

And many inscriptions in gold. Of the priceless  
jewel, myself

As unworthy I thought, too ignoble I am, and it there-  
fore I sent

To my sovereign lady, the queen. I was hopeful, by  
means such as this,

To her and her consort, the king, myself reverential to  
show.

My children were very much grieved, those two little  
well-mannered boys,

When gave I the mirror away; to jump and to play  
they were used,

In front of the glass, where liked they to look at them-  
selves and their tails,

Hanging below from their backs, and laughed at their  
own little mouths.

Of the trustworthy Lampen, alas! I little expected  
the death,

When I unto Bellyn and him the treasure, in fulness  
of faith,

Without reservation consigned, for as honest I looked  
on them both;

No better or worthier friends did I think that I ever  
could have.

Let us woe on the murderer call! I've made up my  
mind to find out

Who has the treasures concealed; no slayer shall hid-  
den remain.

More than one in this circle, perhaps, is able to give  
us the name

Of the spot where these riches were put, and tell us  
how Lampen was slain.

My beneficent king, I'm aware that daily before you  
are brought

So many important affairs, that you cannot remember  
them all.

Yet, haply, you still bear in mind the eminent service  
which he,

My father, once rendered to yours, in the place where  
at present I speak;

Your father lay sick unto death, and mine his life  
managed to save;

And yet you here freely assert that neither my father  
nor I

To you any good ever did. Be pleased me still further  
to hear;

And permit me, I beg, to relate how always, at your  
father's court,

Mine was at all times received with honour and dig-  
nity great,

As a worthy physician of skill. The patient's condi-  
tion he knew,

With cleverness, how to inspect; and nature could  
always assist;

And whatever was wrong, with eyes or aught else, he  
was able to heal.

Well knew of emetics the gifts, and moreover did well  
understand  
All matters concerning the teeth, and the aching  
extracted with ease.  
I gladly imagine it's gone from your mind ; that would  
cause no surprise,  
As you then were but three years of age. To his bed  
was your father confined,  
In winter, in exquisite pain, nigh greater then he could  
endure ;  
And he of himself could not move. Than all the  
physicians he had  
Convoked between Rome and this place ; and they,  
with unanimous voice,  
Had given him up as past aid. My father was sum-  
moned at last,  
Who heard all about his distress, and the cause of his  
illness discerned.

My father lamented it much, and about it he said to  
the king :  
Beneficent master and lord, I would risk, oh, how  
gladly, my life,  
If yours, in this way, I could save. I wish that you  
me would permit  
Your symptoms to test in a glass. His request was  
allowed by the king,  
Who also complained that the longer they waited the  
worse he became.  
On the mirror was brought into view, how now, by  
good fortune, at once,  
Your father's distemper was cured. For mine with  
discretion remarked :  
If health you desire to regain, determine, without loss  
of time,

From off a wolf's liver to dine ; the wolf, however,  
must be

Full seven years old at the least, and the liver entire  
you must eat.

You dare not refuse it to do, for your life is concerned  
in the act,

The glass contains nothing but blood, so make up your  
mind with despatch.

With those round about was the wolf, whom this did  
no pleasure afford.

Your father now spoke in this wise: You all have  
heard what is required !

Now listen, Sir Wolf! That I may get well, you will  
not, I am sure,

Your liver refuse to give up. To him then responded  
the wolf :

Not yet am I five years of age ; what good will my  
liver effect ?

Sheer nonsense, my father replied, we will not be ob-  
structed by that ;

I soon by your liver can tell. The wolf was com-  
manded to take

His place in the kitchen below, and useful his liver  
was found.

Your father devoured it forthwith, and, as soon as he  
swallowed it down,

Relieved from his sickness he was, and all other ail-  
ments as well.

My father profusely he thanked, and all at the court  
were compelled

Him as Doctor henceforth to address, and none should  
it ever forget.

My father was constantly now at the right of the king  
to be found.

To him did your father present, as I most reliably know,



Very shortly, a locket of gold, and also a crimson  
barette,  
To wear before all of the lords; and thus, from that  
time until now,  
Have all held him high in esteem. With his son, how-  
ever, have things  
Assumed an unfortunate change: his father's great vir-  
tues and gifts  
In remembrance no longer are held. The most  
avaricious of knaves  
Are advanced, and all thought is bestowed on advan-  
tage and gain;  
Wisdom and justice are pushed to the rear, and our  
servants become  
Our most arrogant lords, while the poor, as a rule,  
must suffer for this.  
If such gets dominion and power, he strikes out  
blindly, all round,  
Among all the people he rules, and his birth he com-  
pletely forgets;  
His profit he seeks to extract from every game that is  
played.  
Among the exalted we see not a few such as those I've  
described;  
To entreaty they never give ear, if donations are not to  
be found  
Profusely connected therewith; and, if they the people  
instruct,  
It means only pay, no matter the number of times, you  
must pay.

These covetous wolves ever seek the daintiest morsels  
to keep  
For themselves; and, had they the means, with even  
the smallest of loss,

The life of their master to save, about it they scruples  
would have.

His liver the wolf would not yield, not e'en to do good  
to the king!

A liver, indeed! I say it right out! Twenty wolves,  
of a truth,

Should be ready to sacrifice life, that the king and our  
idolised queen

Possession of theirs might retain; much smaller the  
damage would be.

If a seed be of potency void, what good can therefrom  
be derived?

The things that occurred in your youth, you cannot  
retrace in your mind;

But I can remember them well, as though they of yes-  
terday were.

On the mirror the story was told, just as my father  
desired;

The work was embellished with gems, and garnished  
with tendrils of gold.

If I could the mirror but find, I would hazard posses-  
sions and life.

Reynard, the monarch observed, I have well compre-  
hended your speech,

Have listened to every word of the stories that you  
have rehearsed.

So great were your father at court, and had he so  
many, forsooth,

Commendable actions performed, that still was in years  
long ago.

I remember them not in the least, and no one has told  
me thereof;

Whereas the transactions of yours are constantly  
brought to my ears;

You are ever at some kind of game, at least so I hear  
it affirmed.  
If injustice is done you in this, and all are but fabulous  
yarns,  
Some good I for once would fain learn; not often to  
happen this seems.

My lord, answered Reynard thereto, I now shall make  
bold, about this,  
To explain myself fully to you; for the matter me  
closely concerns.  
Good service to you I have done; think not, I implore  
you, that I  
This cast in your teeth! God forbid! I know that in  
duty I'm bound  
To obey you so far as I can. One story, at least, you  
have not  
Let utterly slip from your mind: how, with Isengrim,  
I, by good luck,  
A grunter had once hunted down; it squealed, and we  
bit it to death;  
You came, making bitter complaint, and said that your  
consort as well  
Was coming, a short way behind; if some one would  
only divide  
With you a small portion of food, of help it would be  
to you both.  
Give us whereof you have caught, was the claim that  
you made of us then.  
And Isengrim said, indeed, yes; yet muttered he under  
his beard,  
So that one could him scarce understand. But I, on  
the contrary, said:  
My lord, I would grudge you it not, though herds of  
swine were concerned.

Say, who is the one to divide? The wolf, you responded again.

Now Isengrim greatly rejoiced, and, according to habit, he shared

Without any shyness or shame, and gave but a quarter to you,

And your consort a piece of like size, while he set to work on the half.

This greedily swallowed he down and, outside the two skinny ears,

He offered me nought but the snout and just about half of the lights;

He kept all the rest for himself, and all the transaction you saw.

Little chivalry showed he us there; my king, you know it quite well!

Your portion you quickly devoured, yet I noticed, however, that you

Had your hunger not fully assuaged; though Isengrim would it not see,

But his gnawing and chewing kept up, and offered you nothing at all.

But then you inflicted a blow so hard with your claws on his ears,

That some of his hide was torn off; and then, with his bloody bald pate,

He ran from the place with bumps on his head, and howled with the pain.

And you to the cormorant called: Come back, and learn to be shamed!

When next you divide, deal better with me, or I'll know what it means.

Now make yourself off with all speed, and bring something further to eat.

Sire, order you that? I replied, then follow him will I at once,

And I know that I something can fetch ; and you  
were contented with this.  
Most doltishly then did Isengrim act ; he bled and he  
groaned  
And murmured to me ; yet urged I him on, and to-  
gether we chased  
And caught a young calf ; you are fond of the food, and  
when we it brought,  
It proved to be fat ; at it heartily laughing, you said in  
my praise  
Full many an affable word ; I should be, you imagined,  
first-rate  
To send out at the time of one's need, and likewise,  
still further you said :  
Apportion the calf ! Then quoth I : One half is already  
your own,  
And a half belongs to the queen ; what inside the car-  
case is found,  
As heart, and liver, and lights, belongs, as in reason it  
should,  
To your children ; the feet I will take, which to nibble  
I very much like ;  
And the head may be kept by the wolf, the savoury  
meat that it is.

The gist of these words having got, you answered :  
Who, pray, has you taught  
To allot in so courtly a way ? That, I should like to  
find out.  
I answered : My teacher is near ; this scamp, with the  
red-coloured head,  
And bloody bald pate, has himself the intelligence  
opened to me.  
I exactly observed what he did, when the porker this  
morning he carved ;

Then learnt I the meaning to seize, of such a division  
as that ;  
Veal or pork matters not, I shall now find it easy and  
make no mistake.

With shame and disgrace were the wolf and his greed  
overwhelmed.  
Of his like are enough to be found ! They swallow  
the plentiful fruits  
Of all the estates in the land, as well as the vassals  
thereof.  
All, indeed, that is good they destroy, and not the  
least spark of remorse  
Can any one ever expect, and woe to the land where  
they dwell.

Take notice, my master and king, thus oft you in  
honour I've held.  
All I at this moment possess, or may in the future  
obtain,  
I gladly devote to your use, and that of your consort,  
the queen ;  
Be it little or ever so much, the most of it all you  
shall take.  
If you think of the calf and the pig, you will see,  
without shadow of doubt,  
Where faithful allegiance resides. Would Isengrim,  
any way, dare  
With Reynard to measure himself ? But still, to our  
sorrow, the wolf  
As chief of your stewards is held, and harasses every  
one.  
Not much for your profit cares he ; but well he knows  
how the whole way,

In promoting his own, to proceed. Thus now he with  
Bruin, indeed,  
Has your Majesty's ear, and what Reynard may say is  
but little esteemed.

My liege, it is true that I'm under a cloud, but I will  
not give way,  
For through with it now I must go; and therefore  
permit me to say:  
If any one thinks he has proofs, let him now with his  
witnesses come,  
Himself to the subject confine, and judicially pledge,  
on a bond,  
His goods, or his ear, or his life, in case it may be that  
he lose;  
And I will pledge mine against his. Thus has it been  
valid in law,  
From time out of mind; thus let it be now, and the  
whole of the case,  
As argued both for and against, in just such a manner  
can be,  
In honour, conducted and judged. This now I make  
bold to demand.

However it be, responded the king, from justice's path  
I can, and I will, not detract; that is something I've  
never endured.

Of a truth, the suspicion is strong, that particeps  
criminis you

In the murder of Lampen became, that messenger  
faithful whom I

So much loved, and whose loss I deplore; grieved  
beyond measure I was

When drawn was his blood-covered head from the  
wallet I'd given to you;

Bellyn atoned on the spot, that wicked attendant and  
base ;  
You now may, however, the case still further defend  
at the bar.  
In what I myself am concerned, I Reynard all freely  
forgive ;  
For he firmly has stood at my side in many a critical  
case.  
Has any one further complaint, we are ready to hear  
what it is ;  
Let him trustworthy witnesses bring, and prosecute all  
of his claims  
Against Reynard in order and form ; here, awaiting  
your charges, he stands.

Most gracious my lord ! Reynard said, I give you my  
heartiest thanks.  
To each you give ear and dispense the benefits all of  
the law.  
Let me now with solemnity say, with what a dis-  
consolate heart  
I Bellyn and Lampen dismissed ; I had a foreboding  
I think,  
Of what was to happen to both ; with tenderness loved  
I them well.

Thus Reynard's narration and words were garnished  
with skill so adroit,  
That all were enforced to believe ; he the treasures so  
neatly described,  
And conducted so gravely himself, that truth to be  
speaking he seemed ;  
And to comfort him even they tried. And thus he  
deluded the king,  
Who much with the riches was pleased, and gladly  
would them have possessed.



To Reynard he said: Be content, you shall go on a  
journey and try,  
Far and wide, to discover the lost, so all that is possible do.  
If need you may have of my help, it will at your service be found.

Said Reynard in answer to this: Your goodness I gratefully feel;  
These words are a comfort to me, and reason they give me to hope.  
To punish foul murder and theft is the highest of rights you possess.  
The matter to me is obscure, yet clear as the day shall become.  
With care will I after it look, and travel by day and by night,  
Without any thought of repose, and question all people I see.  
If I learn where the goods can be found, and them am not able again  
To get in my hands, for lack of due strength, for aid I shall ask,  
Which you to me then will vouchsafe, and the matter will surely succeed.  
If the treasures to you I safely restore, I shall find at the last  
My trouble requited in full, and my loyalty proved beyond doubt.

The king with enjoyment this heard; and, without reservation, he gave  
Assent to what Reynard had said, who had woven his lies with such art

That the rest all believed him as well ; he now had  
permission, once more,  
To go and to come he as pleased, and that without  
question or check.

Lost Isengrim now all control of himself, and, gnashing  
his teeth,  
He said : Gracious lord, you mean thus again to put  
trust in the thief,  
Who you two and threefold befooled ? Who can help  
being struck with surprise ?  
See you not that the scamp you deceives, and damage  
to all of us does ?  
He never gives voice to the truth, and nothing devises  
but lies.  
But I, with such ease, will not let him off ! You ought  
to know well  
That he is a rascal and false. I know of three capital  
crimes  
Committed by him ; get off shall he not, even though  
we must fight.  
We are witnesses told to produce, what good would it  
do if we did ?  
If they came and their evidence gave, for the sitting  
entire of the court,  
Would that be of any effect ? He still would do just  
as he pleased.  
Very oft can no witness be had, ought the scallawag  
then to go on  
Committing his crimes as before ? Who would venture  
to go on the stand ?  
Some stigma he fastens on each, and each from such  
injury shrinks ;  
You and yours it experience too, and in the same boat  
are we all.

To-day I will keep him in hand, he neither shall waver  
nor skulk ;  
But shall answer to me for his deeds, so now let him  
be on his guard.

## CANTO ELEVEN.

HIS charges brought Isengrim forth, and said: Pray  
attend while I speak!  
Reynard, most gracious of kings, the villain that ever  
he was,  
Remains to the present unchanged; on infamous things  
he dilates,  
My kindred and me to disgrace; and thus has he ever  
for me,  
And even more still for my wife, caused nigh unendur-  
able shame.  
He tempted her, once on a time, to wade through a  
marsh to a pond,  
By making her firmly believe that, every day she was  
there,  
Great numbers of fish she could catch. If she in the  
water should put  
Her tail, and allow it to hang, then sure would the fish  
be to bite  
So well that, if four of them tried, not all to be got  
could they eat.  
She went upon this on her way, and found herself  
swimming, at last,  
Toward the sluice-end of the pond, where deeper the  
water was massed,  
And there he induced her to let her tail in the water  
hang down.  
The cold towards eve was intense, and to freeze so hard  
it began,  
That longer she scarce could hold out; and thus, very  
shortly, her tail

Had frozen become in the ice, so fast that she could  
not it raise ;

And heavy, she thought, were the fish, that she had  
thus managed to catch.

Reynard, the dastardly thief, observed this, and then  
what he did

I can trust not myself to disclose ; he had her, alas, at  
his will.

He shall not escape from us now ! His villainous con-  
duct shall cost

One of us two, as you'll see, his life before close of the  
day.

This time shall his tongue not prevail ; I caught him,  
indeed, in the act,

As I was, by accident, led to the top of a hillock near  
by.

I heard her call loudly for help, the poor cheated thing  
that she was ;

Fast in the ice she was caught, and him was not able  
to check ;

And I, coming there, was compelled the whole of his  
doings to see ;

In truth, an amazement it is that my heart was not  
broken thereat.

Reynard, I cried in dismay, what, in God's name, are  
you at ?

He heard me and fled on his way. I came with a  
sorrowful heart,

Was driven to shiver and wade in the cold, frozen  
water, and could

The ice but with trouble break up, in order my wife to  
release.

Alas ! we prospered not well ; she tugged with the  
whole of her might,

And a quarter, at least, of her tail remained firmly  
held by the ice.

Long and aloud she bemoaned ; the peasants, at hearing the noise,  
Rushed forward and came on our track, and one to another they called.  
They hotly ran over the dam, with axes and pikes in their hands ;  
With distaff the women came too, all making a terrible din ;  
Catch them, they all of them cried, and give them a taste of your clubs.  
I never had felt so affrighted as then, and the same was confessed  
By Greedimund too ; we found it hard work to get off with our lives,  
By running till skin fairly smoked. Then rushing along came a scamp,  
A devilish fellow he was, and armed with a long, wicked pike,  
And light on his feet, who after us stabbed, and pressed us quite hard.  
If night had not come to our aid, our lives we had certainly lost.  
The women still kept up their cry, the vixenish bel-dams, that we  
Some of their sheep had devoured. Fain had they added their blows  
To the horrible insults they cast ; our footsteps, however, we turned  
From land to the water again ; and, quick as the lightning, we slipped  
Back into the rushes at hand, where dared not the clowns to pursue ;  
For now it quite dark had become, so back they returned to their homes.  
We hardly escaped as it was. You see, gracious king, in this case,

Treason and murder and rape; of infamous crimes such  
as these  
The question is now, and these you will punish se-  
verely, my king.

When the king this arraignment had heard, he said:  
A case such as this  
Shall be by us righteously judged; let Reynard there-  
over be heard.  
Reynard spake: If it were as described, then certainly  
would the affair  
Not much to my honour redound; but God, in his  
mercy, forbid  
That facts should be found as set forth; I will not,  
however, deny  
That fish I have taught her to catch, and also have  
showed her the path  
That best to the pond will conduct, and her to the  
water would take;  
But on she so greedily ran, so soon as I spoke of the  
fish,  
That both moderation and road, and instruction as  
well, she forgot.  
If she in the ice was held fast, then had she, without  
any doubt,  
Been sitting too long at her post, for if she had pulled  
in good time,  
Enough she of fish would have caught to serve for a  
dainty repast.  
Desire in too high a degree is always malign. When  
the heart  
To dissatisfaction inclines, it always must miss very  
much.  
Who harbours the spirit of greed, has life with anxiety  
filled,

For no one can give him enough. This lesson Dame  
Greedimund learned,  
When frozen she got in the ice. Poor thanks for my  
trouble she gives ;  
But this consolation I have, that help her I honestly  
did,  
And pushed with the whole of my strength, in trying  
her safely to lift.  
But she was too heavy a weight ; and, while I was  
doing my best,  
Isengrim chanced to draw near, in walking along by  
the shore.  
There, standing above, he called out and, horribly curs-  
ing, came down.  
Yes, I was in truth much alarmed, his beautiful bless-  
ings to hear ;  
Not once, but e'en twice and three times, his terrible  
curses he flung  
At me there ; and to scream he began, urged on by a  
fury so wild,  
That I thought : You had better be off, and not any  
longer wait here ;  
Far better to fly than be flayed. The nail on its head  
I had hit,  
For he would me to pieces have torn. Whenever two  
dogs shall begin  
To fight with themselves for a bone, with absolute cer-  
tainty must  
The one or the other it lose. Thus seemed it to me  
for the best  
To scamper away from his wrath and utter confusion  
of mind.  
That ferocious he was and remains, how can he deny ?  
Only ask  
Of his wife ; for I will have nothing to say to a liar  
like him.



So soon as he fastened his eyes on his wife, frozen fast  
in the ice,  
He viciously swore and reviled, and came and assisted  
her out.  
If the peasants made after them then, it certainly was  
for their good,  
For thus got in motion their blood, and cold they no  
longer could feel.  
Now what is there further to say? It mean and con-  
temptible is  
For him to dishonour his wife with lies such as these  
which he tells.  
Herself you can ask, she is here; and, if what he says  
is the truth,  
Would surely not fail to complain. Meanwhile I beg  
humbly to ask  
That the case be continued a week, in order my friends  
to consult,  
As to what kind of answer is due to the wolf and  
this charge that he brings.

Greedimund thereupon said: In all of your actions and  
thoughts  
Can nothing be found, as we know, but roguery, false-  
hood, and fraud,  
Villainy, intrigue, and spite. Who your cavilling words  
shall believe  
Will surely be damaged at last; you always take care  
to employ  
Confused and inconsequent words. I found it like this  
at the well.  
Two buckets were hanging therein; in one you had  
stationed yourself,  
For what I have never found out, and down to the  
bottom had gone;

And, finding unable yourself to get again back to the  
top,  
You blackened the air with your groans. By morning  
I came to the well,  
And asked: Who put you down there? You an-  
swered: You just in the nick  
Of time, dear gossip, have come! I yield to you all of  
my gains;  
Get into the bucket up there and down you will come,  
and may eat  
Down here all the fish you can want. At an ill-fated  
moment I went,  
For you I believed, when you said you had eaten such  
numbers of fish,  
That a pain in your belly you had. I suffered myself  
to be fooled,  
And stupidly got in the pail, which quickly began to  
go down,  
While the other began to go up, till opposite me you  
arrived.  
To me it quite wonderful seemed, and I, in perplexity,  
asked:  
How chanced it to come about thus? In answer to  
me you replied:  
Up and down, so it goes in the world, and so goes it  
now with us two;  
The course of things ever is thus, while some must  
abasement endure,  
Are others exalted in turn, in accord with the virtues  
of each.  
Then out of the bucket you jumped and, fast as you  
could, ran away.  
But, grieving, I sat in the well, and all the day long  
was compelled  
Therein to abide; and blows without number, at eve, to  
endure,

Before I made good my escape. Some peasants then  
came to the well,  
And spied me down there in the pail, as I, with grim  
hunger annoyed,  
Was sitting in sorrow and fear, and feeling completely  
undone.  
The peasants among themselves said: Now see!  
Down below in the pail  
Is sitting, at present, the foe that lessens our number  
of sheep.  
Haul him up, then one of them cried; myself I in read-  
iness hold  
To greet him up here at the edge, and he for our lambs  
shall now pay.  
But the kind of a greeting I got! That pitiful was,  
for there fell  
Blow after blow on my hide. Not once, in the whole  
of my life,  
Had I a more sorrowful day, and scarce came I off  
with my life.

In answer to this, Reynard said: The sequel more  
closely regard,  
And you will assuredly find how healthful that whip-  
ping has been;  
Although, with respect to myself, I prefer to dispense  
with the like.  
As then was the state of the case, was one or the other  
compelled  
To burden himself with the blows, for both of us could  
not escape.  
It will aid you to bear this in mind; for then, in a  
similar case,  
You none will so easily trust. The world is brim full  
of deceit.

Indeed, retorted the wolf, what evidence more do we need ?

No one has damaged me more than this rascally, treacherous scamp.

One matter not yet have I told: how he, out in Saxony once,

In the midst of the tribe of the apes, me led into shame and disgrace.

He there, on some pretext, induced me into a pit to descend,

Knowing quite well in advance that mischief on me it would bring.

If I had not quickly run off, my sight and my hearing would there

Have been lost. Before I went in he had said, with plausible words,

His aunt I should find in the place, meaning by that the she-ape.

It irked him to see me escape, for he sent me, with malice prepense,

Down into that horrible nest; I thought I had got into hell.

Said Reynard in answer thereto, before all the lords of the court :

The wolf most distractedly talks, not quite in his senses he seems ;

If he of the ape would report, he plainly should say what he means.

Two years and a half have gone by, since into the Saxon confines

He led with carousal the way, and I thither went in pursuit.

That is true; the rest is a lie. An ape was there not in the place.

He is talking about some baboons; and, never at all,  
will I them  
Acknowledge as kinsmen of mine. But Martin the  
ape and his wife,  
Dame Rückenau, relatives are; I both as my cousins  
respect,  
And of the connection am proud. The life of a jurist  
he leads,  
And knows the whole law like a book. But as to  
those creatures of whom  
Now Isengrim talks, he treats me with scorn. With  
them, let me say,  
I have nothing whatever to do, they never were kins-  
men of mine.  
They resemble the devil in hell, and if the old lady I  
called  
My aunt, at the time in dispute, I did it with prudent  
intent;  
And nothing thereby did I lose, this much I will  
readily own;  
She treated me well as her guest; or else might she  
well have been choked.

Behold you, my lords, we had gone a little aside from  
the road,  
And round to the back of a hill, where we came on a  
cavernous pit,  
Deep and gloomy and long. Now here, as accustomed  
he is,  
With hunger felt Isengrim ill. Whenever has he, of a  
truth,  
Been seen with his stomach so full, that he has con-  
tented appeared?  
And then, unto him I observed: Down here, in this  
cave, may be found,

No doubt, food enough and to spare ; and, doubtless,  
its inmates with us  
Will gladly divide what they have ; we come at an  
opportune time.  
But Isengrim said in response : My uncle, I much  
would prefer  
To wait for you under this tree, for you are, by far,  
the more apt  
At making acquaintances new ; and if food be ex-  
tended to you,  
Let me be informed. The villain thus thought that  
he would, at my risk,  
The outcome await where he was. Thereupon I  
directed my steps  
Down into the cavernous hole ; and, shuddering, wan-  
dered I through  
The lengthy and crooked approach, which seemed as if  
never to end.  
But that which I came upon then ! Such fright  
would I not undergo,  
Twice in the course of my life, for a pile of the rud-  
diest gold.  
Such a nestful of horrible beasts, the large intermixed  
with the small !  
The mother, indeed, of the brood I took for the devil  
himself.  
Capacious and broad was her mouth, with its big and  
detestable teeth ;  
Big claws on her hands and her feet, with long and  
most hideous tail  
Set behind at the end of her back ; a thing so atrocious  
have I  
Not seen, in the whole of my life. The tawny, disgust-  
ing young cubs  
Were all most remarkably formed, like nothing but  
horrible spooks.

Upon me she gruesomely gazed ; I wished I was any-  
where else.  
She bigger than Isengrim was, and some of her cubs  
were, indeed,  
Her equal in stature almost. Imbedded in festering  
hay,  
I came on the sickening brood, all over and over  
besmeared  
With mire up as far as their ears ; while the stink that  
polluted the den  
Was worse than the brimstone of hell. To tell you  
the truth unadorned,  
But little I liked it in there ; for of them such a num-  
ber there was,  
While I was entirely alone ; and dreadful grimaces  
they made.  
I gathered my scattering thoughts, and sought for  
a way of retreat,  
But greeted them well — though this was a sham  
— and friendly behaved,  
As if an acquaintance I was. As aunt I the mother  
addressed,  
And cousins the children I called, and bashful was not  
in my speech.  
May God in his mercy you spare to a long and a pros-  
perous life !  
Are all these dear little ones yours ? But really, I need  
not have asked.  
How pleasant to see them it is. Good heavens ! how  
brim full of life,  
And thoroughly handsome they are. For sons of  
the king they would pass.  
I give you, a thousand times, joy, that you, with  
descendants of worth,  
Thus are augmenting our race ; I rejoice beyond meas-  
ure thereat.

I think myself now in good luck, to know of such kinsmen as these ;  
In critical times it may be, that kindred some help can supply.

When honour so great I bestowed, although I in earnest was not,  
She showed me, on her part, the same, and me as her uncle addressed,  
And like a relation behaved ; little indeed as the crone  
Is any connection of mine. Yet not for this once could it do  
Any harm to address her as aunt. Meanwhile, I was covered with sweat,  
All over and over, through fright ; and yet she most affably said :  
Reynard, dear kinsman and friend, most heartily welcome you are ;  
I earnestly hope you are well. To you, my whole life, I shall feel  
Obliged for this visit of yours ; henceforth, you can rational thoughts  
To the minds of my children impart, that they may to honour attain.

Such was her manner of talk ; and this, in a very few words,  
By calling her aunt and sparing the truth, I richly deserved.  
I still had an earnest desire to get once again to the air,  
But allow me to go she would not, and said : You, uncle, must not,  
Without some refreshment, depart. Remain till some food you have had.



And she brought me a plenty to eat; I could not  
at present recall  
The names of the dishes she set; amazed to the utmost  
I was  
As to how she had come by it all. I feasted on venison  
and fish  
And other most relishing game; the whole of it just to  
my taste.  
When all I could eat I had had, then forward she fur-  
thermore brought  
A hunk from a stag she had got, and wished me  
to carry it home,  
For my wife and my children to eat; and I took  
an affectionate leave.  
Reynard, she said once again, I hope you will visit me  
oft.  
I promised her all that she wished, and managed to get  
from the place.  
Inside so unpleasant it was, as well for the eyes as  
the nose,  
That I was near dying while there; tried all I knew  
how to get out;  
The passage ran nimbly along, till the opening I  
reached at the tree,  
And groaning found Isengrim there. How are you,  
dear uncle? I said.  
Quoth he: I am not at all well, with hunger I soon  
shall be dead.  
I him, out of sympathy, gave the delicate collop of  
roast,  
That with me away I had brought. He this with  
voracity ate,  
And thanked me again and again; but he has for-  
gotten it now.  
When finished he was, he began: Now let me know  
all about those,

Who make in the cavern their home. How did you  
find things within ?  
Good or bad ? And I told him the truth, and nought  
but the truth ;  
Exactly apprised him of all. The nest was atrocious,  
but still,  
Therein was much delicate food. So soon as he felt  
a desire  
His share of the same to receive, his entrance he boldly  
could make ;  
But he, above all, must avoid saying out what exactly  
he thought.  
If things you would have as you wish, be careful to  
husband the truth !  
I repeated it several times, for if it one foolishly  
has,  
For ever, at tip of the tongue, oppression he every-  
where finds ;  
He stands, in all places, behind, and others are called  
to the front.  
In this way I bade him depart, and told him, let  
happen what might,  
That he must be careful to say what each was desirous  
to hear,  
And he then would be kindly received. These were  
exactly the words,  
Most noble monarch and lord, that conscience impelled  
me to say.  
But he just the contrary did ; and, if he got punished  
for that,  
Then let him the punishment bear ; he should listen  
to what he is told.  
In truth, are his shaggy locks gray, yet wisdom beneath  
would be sought,  
Without any chance of success. Such fellows but  
little esteem

Good sense or ingenuous thoughts; the worth of all  
wisdom is kept,  
From gawky and blunt-witted folk, for ever and always  
concealed.  
I faithfully on him enjoined, this once to be frugal of  
truth.  
I know what is proper myself, he proudly responded to  
that;  
And trotted thus into the hole, and well for his trouble  
got paid.

Behind sat the horrible wife, he thought it was Satan  
himself,  
That before him he saw. Moreover, the cubs! Now,  
bewildered, he cried:  
Oh, heavens! What horrible beasts! Are these little  
wretches your whelps?  
They have the appearance, indeed, of a hellish young  
rabble of fiends;  
To drown them would be the best thing, so that the  
brood may itself  
Not spread abroad over the earth. If mine they  
should happen to be,  
I would strangle them every one. With them for  
a bait could be caught  
Young devils, in numbers, with ease; in a bog one  
would only require  
To fasten them well to the reeds, the odious, villainous  
brutes;  
Marsh-monkeys they ought to be called, the name  
would exactly them fit.

With haste did the mother reply, and uttered some  
violent words:  
What demon has sent us this guest? Who you has  
invited to come,

And greet us uncouthly like this? And what with  
my children have you,  
Good-looking or ugly, to do? Just now has departed  
from us  
That learned man, Reynard the fox, who very well  
knows what he means;  
And he did my children affirm, without deviation, to  
be  
Handsome, well-mannered, and good; he was perfectly  
ready and glad  
To recognise them as of kin. Not more than an hour  
has gone by  
Since he, standing here in this place, us all gave  
assurance of that.  
If please you as him they do not, why then I must tell  
you, in truth,  
That no one has asked you to come. Pray, understand,  
Isengrim, that.

At this he demanded of her, that dinner at once she  
provide;  
And said: Fetch it here, or I will it help you to find.  
I desire  
No words any further to hear. And then he attempted,  
by force,  
To confiscate some of her stores; a thing that was  
badly advised.  
She threw herself on him forthwith, and bit him and  
savagely scratched  
His skin with her hideous nails, and viciously tore him  
and clawed.  
Her children did also the same, they terribly champed  
him and rent;  
Then cried he blue murder and howled, his cheeks  
covered over with blood;

Himself he tried not to defend, but ran with quick strides to get out.

Wickedly bitten, I saw him emerge, all torn and in tatters his skin;

Split open was one of his ears, and blood freely flowed from his nose;

They'd nipped him with many a wound, and also his pelt had contrived

To cram all together with filth. I asked, as he trod from the place:

The truth have you spoken to her? And thus he replied to my words:

I said to her just what I thought, and then did the wretched old shrew

Me badly disfigure and lame; I would I could meet her outside,

She then should pay dear for it all. How, Reynard, appears it to you?

Did you ever set eyes on such whelps? So horribly filthy and vile?

No sooner I spoke, than it all came about; and as I in her eyes,

No more any favour could find, very badly I fared in the hole.

Are you crazy? I answered thereto; I cautioned you well against this.

I do you most heartily greet, is the proper thing to have said.

Pray how, my dear aunt, do you do? I would also ask after the health

Of those pretty children of yours. I am glad both my little and big

Young cousins once more to behold. But Isengrim said in reply:

That woman accost as my aunt? And cousins, those  
hideous brats?  
The devil may take the whole lot! Such kinsmen a  
horror would be.  
Oh, faugh! Such a damnable herd! I never will see  
them again.  
For this was he paid with such coin. Your judgment  
now render, Oh king!  
With justice can he now affirm that by me he was  
tricked? Let him state  
If the matter did not come about, as I have this  
instant explained.

Then Isengrim firmly replied: We shall not, I can  
readily see,  
Determine this contest with words. From chiding  
what good do we get?  
Right is right, and wherever it dwells, itself it will  
show in the end.  
You, Reynard, now boldly step forth, if you think its  
abode is with you.  
We now with each other will fight, and then we shall  
know where it is.  
So much you have found to report, as to how, in the  
den of the apes,  
The torments of hunger I bore, and you me so faith-  
fully fed;  
Though how, I can't possibly think. It was only a bit  
of a bone  
That you brought; most likely the meat you had eaten  
already yourself.  
You stand there and ridicule me, and boldly you talk  
in a way  
That closely my honour affects. And you, with most  
scandalous lies,

On me a suspicion have cast, of having a dastardly  
plot  
To injure the king had in mind ; and having conceived  
the desire  
Of putting an end to his life ; no scruples, however,  
have you  
In bragging of treasures to him, which he would be  
troubled to find.  
You shamefully treated my wife, and that you will  
have to atone.  
These things I now lay at your door, with a firm reso-  
lution to fight,  
Concerning the old and the new ; and this I say over :  
That you  
Are a murderer, traitor, and thief ; and now, setting  
life against life,  
We in combat will settle the thing, and chiding and  
scolding will end.  
I tender my gauntlet to you, as always sufficient in law,  
From every challenger, is. You may it retain as a  
gage,  
And soon can our meeting be had. Our monarch my  
challenge has heard,  
And all of his barons as well ; and they, I most ear-  
nestly hope,  
This battle for right will attend. Not a chance shall  
you have to escape,  
Till the matter is finally closed ; and then we shall see  
what is what.

Reynard now thought to himself : At risk are posses-  
sions and life !  
He is big and but little am I, and this time should  
matters with me,  
In any way, take a wrong turn, then all my devices  
and tricks

Of but little avail will have been ; yet let us await the event.

I think some advantage I have ; for lately he lost his front paws.

If cooler the fool does not get, he surely shall not, in the end,

His way in the matter obtain, let the cost be whatever it may.

And then, Reynard said to the wolf: It possible, Isengrim, is

That you are a traitor to me ; and all of the sundry complaints,

You are thinking to bring against me, are made up entirely of lies.

If combat you wish, I will risk it with you, and never shall flinch.

I long such a thing have desired, and here is my glove in exchange.

The monarch the pledges received, and both did them boldly present.

At the end of this function, he said: You each must security give,

That to-morrow you fight without fail. Both of the parties, I think,

Are sadly confused in their minds, I nothing can make of their talk.

In an instant, as Isengrim's bail, came forward the bear and the cat ;

And then, upon Reynard's behalf, as vouchers presented themselves

A son of old Martin, the ape, with Grimbart, the badger, conjoined.

At this, Dame Rückenau said: You, Reynard, must keep yourself calm,



You need all the senses you have. My husband, who  
now is in Rome,  
Your uncle, once taught me a prayer, the subject of  
which was composed  
By the Abbot of Bolton himself; and he to my consort  
it gave,  
To whom he was kindly disposed, on a small scrap of  
paper transcribed.  
This prayer, so the abbot maintained, has very great  
virtue for those  
About to engage in a fight; one, fasting, must read it  
at morn,  
And then shall one daily remain insured against danger  
and want,  
And fully exempted from death, as well as from  
wounds and from pain.  
Take comfort, my nephew in this: that I, in the morn-  
ing betimes,  
Will it over you read, that hope you may have, and  
freedom from fear.  
Dear aunt, then responded the fox, I return you my  
heartiest thanks;  
I shall always be mindful of this. Yet help I must  
ever expect,  
Most, from the right of my cause and the skill I can  
bring into play.

Together abode Reynard's friends the whole of the  
night, and dispelled  
His cares with hilarious talk. But anxious Dame  
Rückenau was,  
And busy with all he might need. With alacrity had  
she him shorn,  
From head to the tip of his tail, as well as his belly  
and breast;

And covered with fat and with oil; and then it was  
made to appear  
That Reynard was fat and rotund, and very well set on  
his legs.  
Take heed, in addition she said, and consider what you  
have to do.  
Hark well to intelligent friends, for that will avail you  
the most;  
Drink well, and retain what you drink; and to the  
arena be sure,  
In the morning, as prudent, to come; then see that you  
moisten your brush  
All over and over till soaked, and try your opponent  
to hit.  
If you manage his eyes to anoint, 'twill be the best  
thing you can do,  
For his sight will be clouded at once; and that will be  
useful to you,  
While him it will greatly impede. At first you must  
fearful appear,  
And at once, in the teeth of the wind, as fast as you  
can, run away.  
If he should give chase, then stir up the dust, in order  
his eyes  
To close with excretion and sand. Then spring to one  
side, and yourself  
Adapt to his every move; and, while he is wiping his  
eyes,  
Improve the advantage obtained, and thoroughly  
sprinkle those eyes  
With your aqua fortis again, till totally blind he  
becomes,  
And longer knows not where he is, then yours shall  
the victory be.  
Dear nephew, just sleep now a bit, and we will you  
surely awake

When the requisite time has arrived. And now I will  
over you read  
The sanctified words I described, that braced you may  
be by their aid.  
Her hand on his head she imposed, and recited the  
words that she had,  
From Martin, her husband, received, as stated above.  
Then she said :  
Good luck you attend ! You now are secure ! The  
same were then said  
By Grimbart, his uncle, as well ; then led they him off  
to his bed,  
And he peaceably slept. At rise of the sun, the otter  
arrived,  
With the badger, their cousin to wake. They gave  
him a friendly salute,  
And told him himself to prepare. The otter then  
brought to the room  
A tender, delicious young duck, and, handing it to him,  
he said :  
Pray eat ; I have it for you, with many a spring and a  
jump,  
At the dam by Pimpernel, caught ; I hope it my  
cousin will please.

Good hansel is that, I declare, quite cheerfully Reynard  
replied,  
A something not lightly to scorn. May God, of his  
grace, you repay,  
For thinking so kindly of me. Now himself up to  
eating he gave,  
And drinking quite freely as well ; and then, with his  
kinsmen, he went  
To the spot on the unwrinkled sand, where they  
were intended to fight.

## CANTO TWELVE.

WHEN eyes upon Reynard he set, as now in the ring  
he appeared,  
With body clean shaven and smooth, and over and  
over bedaubed  
With oil and perfidious fat, with laughter the king was  
convulsed.  
You fox, who that has you taught? he exclaimed.  
With justice, indeed,  
You Reynard, the Fox, may be called; a trickster in-  
cessant you are.  
Some hole you in all places know, and how to make  
use of it too.

Quite low Reynard bowed to the king, and also es-  
pecially low  
To the queen, who sat by his side; then came he; with  
spirited bounds,  
Inside of the ring, where the wolf, with numerous  
kinsmen and friends,  
His appearance already had made, all wishing defeat  
to the fox;  
And many a choleric word, and many a menace he  
heard.  
But Lynx and Lupardus at length, who kept the arena,  
brought forth  
The sacred mementos, on which now both the contest-  
ants made oath,  
The wolf and the fox, regarding the matter which each  
would maintain.

Isengrim swore, with vehement words and threatening  
looks,  
That Reynard a traitor and thief, as well as a murderer,  
was ;  
Involved in all kinds of misdeeds ; in rape and adultery  
caught ;  
In every matter was false ; and life against life must  
be staked.  
Then Reynard made oath, at once, in return, that noth-  
ing he knew  
Of one of these infamous crimes ; as ever did Isengrim  
lie,  
And falsely, as usual, swore ; but still he would never  
succeed  
In passing his falsehoods for truth, at any rate, now he  
would not.  
As follows the stewards then spake : Let each carry  
into effect  
What now is incumbent on each, and soon will the  
right be revealed.  
The big and the little vacated the ring, these two, by  
themselves,  
Therein to confine. Then quickly to whisper the she-  
ape began :  
To what I have told you attend ; forget not my counsel  
to heed.  
With cheerfulness, Reynard replied : The good exhor-  
tation you gave,  
More valorous makes me to feel. Rest easy, for now I  
shall not  
The tricks or the boldness forget, by which I have  
managed to come  
From many a peril more dire, into which I have often  
been thrown,  
When I this and that have acquired, for which nothing  
yet has been paid.

And boldly my life has been risked. At present then  
why should I not  
Come forward the scoundrel to meet? I certainly hope  
to disgrace  
Both him and his genus entire, and honour to bring  
upon mine.  
I him will serve out for his lies. At this, they were both  
of them left  
Together inside of the ring, and the others looked  
eagerly on.

Isengrim wild and ferocious appeared; extending his  
claws,  
Thenceforward he came with forcible springs and jaws  
open wide.  
But Reynard, more active than he, sprang off from his  
furious foe,  
And quickly his rough, shaggy tail with his aqua fortis  
he soaked,  
And whisked it about in the dust, in order to fill  
it with sand.  
Now, Isengrim thought, he is mine; in a moment the  
miscreant struck  
Him over the eyes with his tail, when vanished both  
hearing and sight.  
This trick was an old one of his; already had many  
poor chaps  
Given the virulent strength of his aqua fortis a  
test.  
He had blinded so Isengrim's cubs, as in the beginning  
was told,  
And now he their father would mark. When he his  
antagonist's eyes  
Had lathered like this with the stuff, he sprang away  
sideways and put

Himself in the wind, then beat up the sand, and much  
of the dust  
Drove into the eyes of the wolf, who, by whisking and  
rubbing it in  
In his haste, did the worst he could do, and greatly  
augmented his pain.  
On the other hand Reynard contrived, with acumen,  
his tail to employ ;  
He struck his opponent anew, and rendered him thor-  
oughly blind.  
It wretchedly went with the wolf, for care took the fox  
to improve  
The advantage he thus had obtained ; and, soon as he  
came to observe  
The bedewed, smarting eyes of his foe, he began, with  
impetuous bounds,  
To assail him with powerful blows, and bring into  
vigorous play  
His nails as well as his teeth, and ever his eyes to  
anoint.  
Half crazed, the wolf scrambled about ; then him to  
make game of began  
Reynard more boldly, and said : Sir Wolf, you have  
oft, in the past,  
Choked many an innocent lamb ; and also, in course of  
your life,  
Gulped many immaculate beasts ; I hope they'll be  
able, henceforth,  
The blessings of rest to enjoy ; and that you may, in  
any event,  
Be willing to leave them in peace, and take benediction  
for pay.  
A penance like this will be good for your soul, and  
strikingly so,  
If calmly your end you await. This time, rest assured,  
you will not

From me in escaping succeed ; appease me you must  
with your prayers ;  
Then mercy extend you I will, and see that your life  
is preserved.

Hastily Reynard said this, and had his opponent, mean-  
while,

Steadfastly seized by the throat, expecting him thus to  
subdue ;

But Isengrim, stronger than he, then savagely roused  
himself up,

And tore himself suddenly free. Now Reynard laid  
hold of his face,

Inflicted a terrible wound, and one of his eyes he con-  
trived

Adroitly to pluck from his head ; and blood ran below  
from his nose.

Reynard cried out : This pleases me well ! This means  
my success !

The wolf to lose courage began ; his blood and the loss  
of his eye

Him out of his mind nearly drove ; forgetting his pain  
and his wounds,

Directly on Reynard he sprang, and forced him below  
to the earth.

The fox now began to feel ill, and little his wisdom availed,  
For one of his foremost paws, which he had made use  
of as hands,

Isengrim hurriedly seized, and held with his teeth like  
a vice.

In pain Reynard lay on the ground, and fear, at that  
instant, he felt

Of losing entirely his hand ; and a thousand ideas con-  
ceived.

Then Isengrim bellowed these words, in a deep and  
sepulchral voice :



Your hour, you thief, has arrived! Surrender you now  
on the spot,  
Or else you dead I will strike, for all of your fraudulent  
deeds.  
My debt to you now I will pay; to you little help has  
it been,  
The dust to stir up, your bladder to drain, your hide  
to have shaved,  
And body with grease to besmear. Woe to you now!  
you have done  
Such evil to me with your lies, and ruined the sight of  
my eye;  
But now you shall not get away; surrender, or else I  
will bite.

Thought Reynard at this: I am now in a fix, and what  
can I do?  
If give I not in, he puts me to death; and if I give in,  
Dishonour for ever is mine. This punishment well I  
deserve,  
For him I too badly have used, too grossly offensive  
have been.  
And then honied phrases he tried, in order his foe to  
appease.  
Dear uncle, to him he remarked, I shall, with much  
pleasure, become  
One of your vassals at once, with everything I possess:  
And gladly will go as a pilgrim for you to the sacred  
tomb,  
To the Holy Land, into every church, and bring you  
therefrom  
Indulgences plentiful back. The same will undoubt-  
edly tend  
To the profit and good of your soul; and over enough  
shall be left

For both of your parents, as well, that in life everlasting they may

This benefit also enjoy; who does such assistance not need?

I honour you much as the Pope; and now, by the gods, do I swear

A sacred, inviolate oath, that from now to futurity's end,

I will, with the whole of my kin, be ever in bondage to you.

Without intermission we all at your service will be. This I swear!

What I to the king would not grant, is now freely offered to you.

If you my proposal accept, one day shall the kingdom be yours.

Then all I am able to catch will I order to you to be brought, —

Geese and ducks and poultry and fish, — ere I the least part

Of any such food shall consume; to you and your children and wife

Shall the pick of it always be left. I will, in addition, with zeal,

Take care that your life is made safe, no evil shall ever you touch.

I crafty am called, and you have the strength, so together we can

Great deeds, I imagine, perform. If each by the other we stand,

The one with his might, the other with skill, who can us subdue?

If one with the other we fight, it only vexation will bring.

This thing I should never have done, if I but a decent excuse

Had known for refusing to fight ; you challenged, however, and I  
Had nothing to do but accept, if only in honour's behalf.  
But courtly myself I have borne, and, during the course of the strife,  
Not all of my strength have displayed ; for seemed it to me that it must  
To honour most fully redound, my uncle forbearance to show.  
If hatred to you I had borne, it otherwise with you had gone.  
Slight are the wounds you've received ; and if, by unlucky mischance,  
The use of your eye is impaired, for that I am heartily grieved.  
The best of the matter is this : that I a restorative know,  
And if it to you I impart, then thankful to me you will feel.  
Though even your eye should be gone, yet well if you otherwise get,  
That always a comfort will be ; for, when you lie down to your sleep,  
One window alone you must close, while we shall have double the care.  
In order your anger to calm, my relatives all, straight away,  
Themselves shall before you prostrate ; my wife and my children, as well,  
In the presence, at once, of the king, and in this assemblage's sight,  
Shall make intercession for me, and beg that you will me forgive,  
And let me depart with my life. I then will in public avow

That I have been telling untruths, and done you much  
harm with my lies,  
Deceiving you all that I could. And further I promise  
to swear,  
That of you nothing evil I know, and will, from the  
present time on,  
Not injure you, even in thought. Now, how could  
you ever demand  
Any greater atonement from me than what I am ready  
to make ?  
If you put me to death, what get you by that ? There  
will always remain  
My friends and relations to fear ; and then, beyond  
this, bear in mind  
That, should you me spare, you will quit, with glory  
and honour, the field,  
And to all will seem noble and wise ; for higher is  
capable none  
Himself to exalt, than when he forgives. A chance  
such as this  
Will not again soon to you come. Take it up ! For  
the rest, it is now  
The same altogether to me, whether I am to live or  
to die.

Hypocrite ! answered the wolf, what pleasure to you  
it would be,  
If I should again set you free ; but of gold if the world  
were composed,  
And it you should offer to me, now in the hour of  
your need,  
I would not again let you go. Thus oft you have  
taken vain oaths,  
Lying rascal, to me ! In truth, not the shell of an  
egg should I get,

If I were to part with you now. Your kinsmen not  
much do I reckon;  
I am ready for all they can do, and think it quite  
proper that I  
Their enmity thus should acquire. Malevolent rascal,  
how would  
You not scoff, if you I let go on these protestations  
you make.  
Who you did not know would be duped. You say  
you have spared me to-day,  
You scurvy, detestable thief! And is there not one  
of my eyes  
Now hanging far out of my head? You wretch, have  
you also my skin  
Not damaged in places a score? The chance should  
I ever have had  
Again to recover my breath, if you the advantage had  
gained?  
Most stupidly would it be done if I, for this scandal  
and shame,  
To you grace and pity now showed. You traitor, on  
me and my wife  
You harm and dishonour have brought, and now you  
shall pay with your life.

As the wolf was addressing the fox, in some way the  
rascal contrived  
His paw that was free to ingraft between his antago-  
nist's thighs,  
And clutch his most sensitive parts, inhumanly rend-  
ing him there.  
But of this nothing more will I say, except that the  
wolf now began  
In a pitiful manner to cry and to howl, with his  
mouth open wide.

Reynard now swiftly withdrew his paw from the close  
pinching teeth ;  
With both he held on to the wolf, with ever more  
tightening grasp,  
And pinched and grappled and pulled, till cried the  
poor fellow so hard,  
That blood he began to throw up. His pain was so  
great that the sweat,  
All over his body, broke out, and terror now loosened  
his bowels.  
The fox was delighted at this ; and, hoping the contest  
to win,  
Held on to him now with hands and with teeth, till  
such awful distress,  
Such torture, came over the wolf, that he gave himself  
over as lost.  
The blood from his eye ran over his head, and he fell  
in a swoon  
To the ground. The fox, at this moment, would not  
an abundance of gold,  
For a sight such as this, have exchanged ; and thus he  
continued to hold,  
To drag, and to worry the wolf, that all might behold  
his distress ;  
He pulled, he pinched, and he bit, and clawed the poor  
impotent brute,  
Till he with convulsions was seized, and in his own  
filth and the dust,  
He rolled with unearthly howls, in a truly unmannerly  
way.

His friends now lamented aloud, and proceeded the  
king to entreat  
The combat to bring to an end, if so it should please  
him to do.

The king thus replied to their prayer: So soon as you  
all are agreed,  
And it pleases you all that so it shall be, then I am  
content.

The king then gave a command to the keepers both  
of the ring,  
Lupardus and Lynx, that they now to the two belli-  
gerents go.  
So within the arena they went, and to Reynard, the  
victor, they said  
That now it had gone far enough, and the king had  
expressed a desire  
The combat himself to assume, and the quarrel see  
brought to an end.  
He wishes that you, they went on, your opponent sur-  
render to him,  
And now, to your overcome foe, be willing his life to  
accord.  
For if in this duel should one, by act of the other, be  
killed,  
Harm would on both sides be done. The advantage  
you certainly have!  
All, little and big, have it seen, and all the best men of  
the state  
Accord you support and applause. For ever you've  
won them as friends.

Reynard, with feeling, then said: For this I shall  
thankful be found!  
With pleasure I follow the will of the king, and that  
which is fit  
I gladly shall do; I have conquered, and no greater  
honour than that  
Can wish to achieve. But one thing I hope the king  
will permit:

That counsel I take with my friends. Then shouted  
 aloud all the friends  
 Of Reynard, each one: It seems to us good with the  
 wish of the king,  
 At once, to comply; and running they came to the  
 victor in crowds;  
 His relatives all, the badger, the otter, the beaver, the  
 ape.  
 Now too could be classed the marten and weasel as  
 friends of the fox,  
 The ermine and squirrel as well, and many who bore  
 him ill-will,  
 And would not have uttered his name; they all of  
 them ran to him now.  
 There also appearance put in, those who had charged  
 him with crime,  
 As if now relations they were; with wives and with  
 children they came,  
 The big and the small and between, and even their  
 infants in arms.  
 They fondled and flattered him all, as if not enough  
 could they do.

It ever goes thus in the world. The fortunate always  
 are wished  
 Enjoyment of lasting good health, and friends in abun-  
 dance they find;  
 But he whom misfortune assails, in patience his soul  
 must possess.  
 Just so did it here come to pass; and, next to the  
 victor, was each  
 Himself fully ready to puff. Some played on the  
 flute and trombone;  
 While others were singing with joy, or beating, at inter-  
 vals, drums.



Said Reynard's adherents to him: Rejoice, in that you  
have, to-day,  
Exalted yourself and your race, by what you have done  
in the ring;  
Excessively troubled we felt, when it looked as if you  
had succumbed.

But the aspect was speedily changed, and splendidly  
played was the piece.

Reynard remarked: I have won! and tendered his  
thanks to his friends.

At this their departure they took, with plenty of bustle  
and noise,

And Reynard in front of them all, by both the ring  
stewards upheld,

Until they arrived at the throne, where Reynard fell  
down on his knees.

The king bade him get on his feet, and said, before all  
of his lords:

The day you have saved in good style; with glory and  
honour have you

This matter conducted all through, for which I acquit  
you of guilt;

All penalties now are revoked, and about it I fully intend,  
In my council of nobles, to speak, on the very first day  
that again

Isengrim's health is restored; the matter is closed for  
to-day.

Your advice, most gracious of lords, Reynard discreetly  
replied,

Is good into practice to put; your knowledge is best  
in the case.

When hither I came, so many complained; they lied  
to the wolf,

My resolute foe to oblige, who thought he would me  
overthrow,

And got me well-nigh in his power ; then also the  
others cried out :  
To the cross ! and joined in complaint, in order to com-  
pass my death ;  
And all to be pleasing to him, for clearly it was to be  
seen,  
That with you he stood better than I ; and none had  
the slightest idea  
Of how it would end ; nor where, peradventure, the  
truth might reside.  
To you dogs I compare them, indeed, the which in great  
numbers were wont  
In front of the kitchen to stand, in hope that the  
good-natured cook  
Them would remember, perchance, with one or two  
bones now and then.  
These wide-awake, open-mouthed dogs now one of  
their fellows observed,  
Who managed to steal from the cook a portion of meat  
that was boiled,  
And, haplessly, got not away sufficiently fast from the  
place ;  
For the cook, coming on him behind, hot water upon  
him had thrown,  
And badly had scalded his tail. Yet let he his booty  
not fall,  
But mingled himself with the rest, who one to another  
remarked :  
Just notice how him does the cook, above all the others,  
befriend ;  
And see what a precious tid-bit he him gave ! And  
then he replied :  
You little the bearings perceive ; you praise and com-  
mend me in front,  
Where possibly pleasure you get, by feasting your eyes  
on the meat ;

But look at me now from behind; and, if you me  
happy account,  
You soon your opinion will change. They fully ex-  
amined him then,  
And found him so terribly burned, that fast coming out  
was his hair,  
And shrivelled was all of his skin. With terror they  
all were now seized,  
And went to the kitchen no more, but bolted and left  
him alone.  
My lord, it's the greedy I'm aiming at here; while  
mighty they are,  
Quite ready and willing are all, to have them as com-  
rades and friends.  
All hours of the day they are bearing off meat in their  
mouths.  
Who does not conform to their ways, will for it to  
suffer be made.  
Our praise they must always receive, how badly soever  
they act,  
And thus we encourage their criminal deeds. In this  
way does each  
Who does not reflect on his end. Such fellows, how-  
ever, become  
Very frequently punished, indeed, and their power has  
a sorrowful end.  
No one will bear with them more; and thus, to the  
right and the left,  
Falls off from their bodies the hair. Their friends of  
the former days,  
Both little and big, recede from them now, and naked  
them leave,  
As did in a body the dogs, at once their companion  
forsake,  
When they had his injury seen, and noticed his badly  
used half.

Gracious lord, you know very well that none can of  
Reynard so talk.

For me shall my friends never have any reason what-  
ever to blush.

Accept for your favour my thanks, and if but I could,  
at all times,

Learn with precision your will, I gladly would bring it  
to pass.

Much talking will do us no good, responded to Reynard  
the king ;

To all I attention have paid, and know very well what  
you mean.

You now as a baron I'll have in council again as before,  
And make it a duty of yours, at every season and  
hour,

With my privy council to meet. And thus I restore  
you again

Completely to honour and power, and this you will  
merit, I hope.

Help all to be done for the best! I cannot you spare  
from the court.

And if you take care to combine uprightness with  
wisdom, I trow

That none will you ever surpass, or with greater  
acumen and skill,

Advice and contrivances plan. I will, in the future,  
complaints

Not hear about you any more ; and ever shall you, in  
my stead,

As chancellor speak and perform ; the seal of the  
empire, as well,

Committed shall be to your hands, and what you may  
do or indite,

Shall remain as indited and done. Thus fairly has  
Reynard again

Himself into favour propelled, and everything has to  
be done  
In accord with his counsel and will, be it either for  
evil or good.

In thanking the king, Reynard said: My noble com-  
mander and prince,  
You grant to me honour too great, in mind I shall  
ever it bear,  
As I hope understanding to keep. That clearly by  
you shall be seen.

What happened meanwhile to the wolf, let us briefly  
endeavour to find.

Defeated he lay in the ring, and treated with insult  
and shame;

His wife and his friends to him went, as also did  
Tybert the cat,

And Bruin the bear, and children and servants and all  
of his kin;

With manifestations of grief, their friend on a stretcher  
they laid —

Which they had well padded with hay, in order to  
furnish him warmth —

And carried him out of the ring. His wounds being  
seen to, they found

That he twenty-six had received. A number of sur-  
geons arrived,

Who bandaged him up out of hand, and administered  
curative drugs.

He was crippled in every limb. They likewise applied  
to his ear

A salve made of herbs, and loudly he sneezed both  
before and behind.

They, after consulting, resolved to bathe him and rub  
him with oil.

Such was the way that the wolf was cheered by his  
sorrowing friends ;  
They carefully put him to bed, and he slept, though  
not very long,  
But woke in confusion and grief ; his shame and the  
pain of his wounds  
Him greatly upset ; he lamented aloud and seemed in  
despair.  
Him tenderly Greedimund nursed, though bearing a  
sorrowful heart,  
As she of his injuries thought. With manifold spasms  
and pains,  
There stood she and pitied herself, as also her children  
and friends ;  
Then looked at the suffering man, and thought he  
could never get well ;  
He was raving with pain, his anguish was great, the  
sequel was sad.

But Reynard, half crazy with joy, an agreeable gossip  
enjoyed,  
On various things, with his friends ; he heard his own  
praises resound,  
And went in high feather from there. The gracious  
and worshipful king  
Sent with him an escort along, and heartily said, as he  
left :  
Come back again soon ! The fox on the ground then  
knelt at the throne,  
And said : I give you my cordial thanks, and also my  
lady the queen,  
Your council, and all of the lords. My sovereign  
master, may God  
Many honours in store for you keep, and what it may  
be you desire

I gladly shall do; I love you indeed, as in duty I'm bound.

At present, if you will permit, I purpose to go to my home,

My wife and dear children to see, who are sadly awaiting me there.

Go at once, responded the king, you further have nothing to fear.

And Reynard thus took himself off, raised higher in favour than all.

Great numbers there are of his kind, who practise the very same art;

Red beards do not all of them wear, but still are they kept out of sight.

Proudly now Reynard withdrew, with all of his race, from the court,

With forty relations, who felt much pleased at the honour received.

Reynard stepped forth like a lord, the others all marching behind.

He seemed in good spirits just then, his brush had much broader become,

He had, by his luck and success, found favour again with the king,

Was now in the council once more, and thought how to put it to use.

All those whom I love, it shall aid, and benefit all of my friends,

He resolved; more highly is wisdom, by far, to be honoured than gold.

Thus Reynard betook himself off, attended by all of his friends,

Toward Malepartus his fort, whither now he directed his steps.

Himself he showed thankful to all who friendship to  
him had displayed,  
And who, at the moment of doubt, had rallied them-  
selves to his side.  
He offered his services now in return, as they parted  
and went,  
Each one of them all, to his own; and he, when he  
came to his home,  
Found his wife, Dame Ermelyn, well; she joyfully  
welcomed him back,  
About his vexations inquired, and how he again had  
escaped.  
All right, Reynard said, I came off! Once more have  
I managed myself  
Into favour to raise with the king; I shall, as in  
seasons gone by,  
In council again have my place, and this, for the whole  
of our race,  
Will to honour and glory redound. He has, as prime  
minister, me  
Appointed in presence of all, and to me has entrusted  
his seal.  
All Reynard may do or may write, shall now and for  
ever remain  
Exactly as written and done, and well may all bear  
this in mind.

A lesson I've taught to the wolf, and not many minutes  
it took,  
So he will impeach me no more. Sore wounded and  
blinded he is;  
And dishonoured, the whole of his race; my mark I  
upon him have left.  
Small use after this will he be to the world. Together  
we fought,



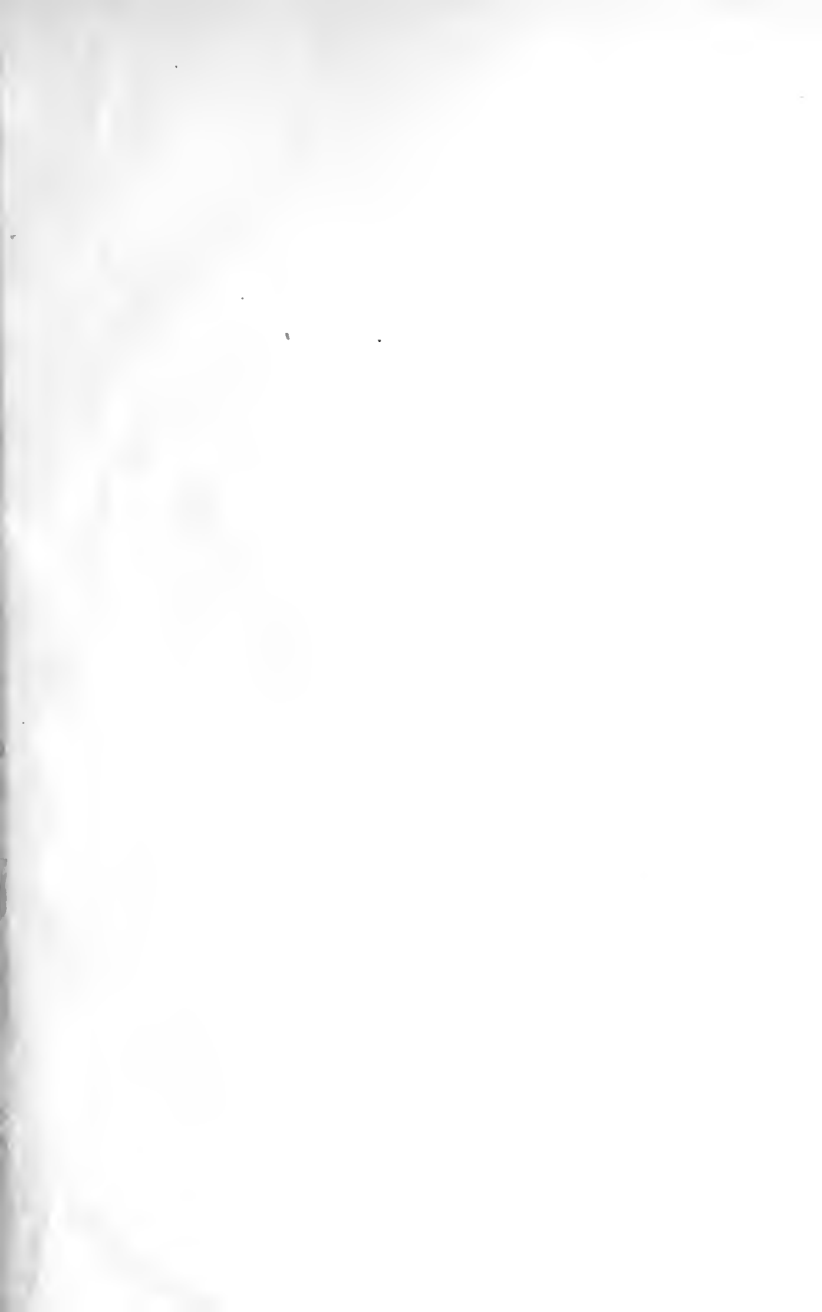
And I have come out on the top. I think he will  
hardly again  
Recover his health. What care I for that? Above  
him I am,  
And all of his comrades as well, who with him have  
taken their stand.

His wife was now greatly rejoiced; more resolute also  
became  
Both of his two little boys, at their father's promotion  
and fame.  
With joy to each other they said: Delectable days we  
shall have,  
Respected and honoured by all; meanwhile we must  
do what we can,  
Our citadel's strength to increase, and cheerful and  
fearless to live.

High honour has Reynard just now! And now unto  
wisdom let each  
Himself at once turn, all evil avoid, and virtue esteem!  
This is the sense of the song, in which has the poet  
seen fit  
To mingle both fable and fact, that evil from good one  
may learn  
To winnow, and wisdom may prize; that buyers like-  
wise of this book  
May daily instruction receive in the ways and affairs  
of the world.  
As in the beginning it was, is now and will ever  
remain.  
And thus doth our narrative end of Reynard the fox  
and his ways,  
The Lord in his mercy us help to glory eternal!  
AMEN.

THE END.







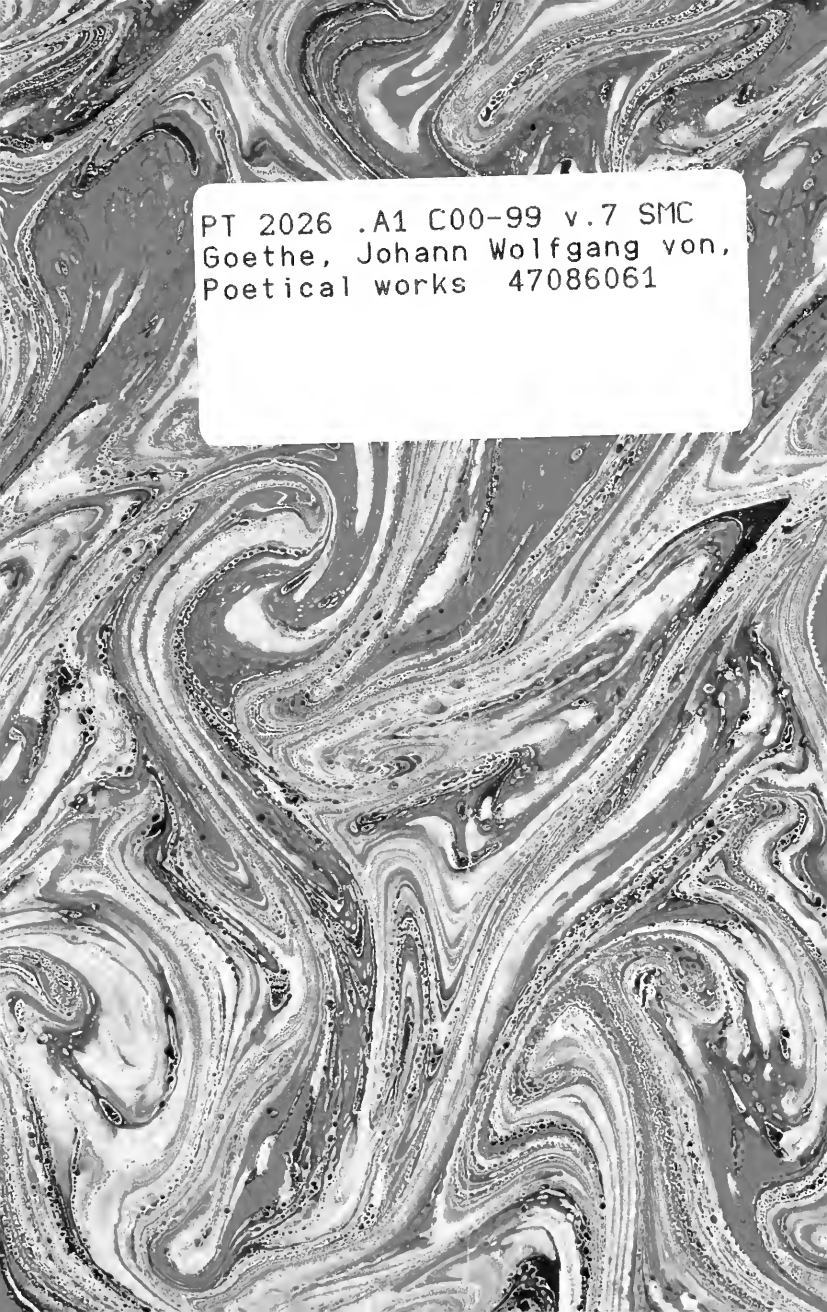










The background of the image is a complex, swirling marbled paper pattern in shades of grey, black, and white. The patterns are organic and fluid, resembling marbled paper or stone. A white rectangular label is pasted onto the upper portion of the image, containing text.

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Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von,  
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